PAMELA:

OR,

VIRTUE Rewarded.

In a SERIES of

FAMILIAR LETTERS

From a Beautiful

Young DAMSEL to her PARENTS:

And afterwards,

In her EXALTED CONDITION,

BETWEEN

HER, and Perſons of *Figure* and *Quality*,

UPON THE MOST

Important and Entertaining SUBJECTS,

In GENTEEL LIFE.

Publiſh'd in order to cultivate the Principles of VIRTUE and RELIGION in the Minds of the YOUTH of BOTH SEXES.

By the Editor of the *TWO FIRST*.

VOL. IV.

DUBLIN:

Printed for G. EWING, and W. SMITH, in *Dame-ſtreet*, and G. FAULKNER, in *Eſſex-ſtreet*, Bookſellers.

MDCCXLII.

MAY

PAMELA;

OR,

VIRTUE Rewarded.

In a Series of FAMILIAR LETTERS.

VOL. IV.

LETTER I.

From Miſs Darnford *to Mrs.* B.

My deareſt Mrs. B.

WE are greatly obliged to you for every particular Article in your entertaining Journal, which you have brought ſooner than we wiſh'd to a Concluſion. We cannot expreſs how much we admire you for your judicious Charities, ſo eaſy to be practiſed, yet ſo uncommon in the Manner; and for your inimitable Conduct in the Affair of your frail *Polly*, and the ſilly Mr. *H.*

Your Account of the Viſit of the Four Rakes, and of your Parting with your noble Gueſts; your Verſes, and Mr. *H*'s Letter, (an Original indeed!) have all greatly entertain'd us, as your Prerogative Hints have amus'd us: But we defer our Opinions of thoſe Hints, till we have the Caſe more fully explain'd.

But, my dear Friend, are you not in Danger of falling into a too thoughtful and gloomy way? By the latter Part of your Letter, we are afraid you are; and my Mamma, and Mrs. *Jones*, and Mrs. *Peters*, injoin me to write, to caution you on that Head. But there is the leſs need of it, becauſe your Prudence will always ſuggeſt to you Reaſons, as it does in that very Letter, that muſt out-balance your Fears. *Think* little, and *hope* much, is a good Leſſon in your Caſe, and to a Lady of your Temper; and I hope Lady *Davers* will not in vain have given you that Caution. After all, I dare ſay, your Thoughtfulneſs is but ſymptomatical, and will go off, in proper Time.

Mean time, permit me to chuſe you a Subject, that will certainly divert you. You muſt know, that I have been a diligent Obſerver of the Conduct of People in the marry'd Life to each other, and have often pronounced, that there cannot be any tolerable Happineſs in it, unleſs the one or the other makes ſuch Sacrifices of their Inclinations and Humours, as renders it a State very little deſirable to free and generous Minds. Of this I ſee an Inſtance in our own Family; for tho' my Papa and Mamma live very happily, it is all owing to one Side, I need not ſay which. And this, I am ſure, muſt be the Caſe between Mr. *B.* and you: For you muſt, even thro' Fire, if requir'd, ſacrifice to *Moloch*. I know your Prudence will oblige you to make the beſt of it; and, like a contented good Wife, you will ſay, You have your own Will in every thing: A good Reaſon why, Becauſe you make your own Will his. This, long ago, we all decreed, any Lady muſt do, be her Quality ever ſo great, who would be happy with Mr. *B.*——Yet my Siſter once hoped (*entre nous*) to be the Perſon. Fine Work would there have been between two ſuch Spirits, you may believe!——

But to wave this: Let me ask you, Mrs. *B.* Is your Monarch's Conduct to you as *reſpectful*, I don't mean fond, when you are alone together, as when

when in Company?——Forgive me, Madam——But you have hinted two or three times, in your Letters, that he always is moſt complaiſant to you in Company; and you obſerve, that *wiſely* does he act in this, Becauſe he thereby does Credit with every body to his own Choice. I make no doubt, that the many charming Scenes which your Genius and fine Behaviour furniſh out to him, muſt, as often as they happen, inſpire him with Joy, and even Rapture; and muſt make him love you more for your Mind than for your Perſon:——But theſe rapturous Scenes laſt very little longer than the preſent Moment. What I want to know, is, Whether in the *ſteadier* Parts of Life, when you are both nearer the Level of us common Folks, he gives up any thing of his own Will in Compliment to yours? Whether he acts the Part of a reſpectful, polite Gentleman, in his Behaviour to you; and breaks not into your Retirements, in the Dreſs, and with the brutal Roughneſs, of a Fox-hunter?——Making no Difference, perhaps, between the Field or his Stud, I will not ſay Kennel, and your Chamber or Cloſet?——Policy, for his own Credit-ſake, as I mention'd, accounts to me well, for his Complaiſance to you in Publick. But his regular and uniform Behaviour to you in your Retirements, when the Converſation between you turns upon uſual and common Subjects, and you have not obliged him to riſe to Admiration of you, by ſuch Scenes as thoſe of your two Parſons, Sir *Jacob Swynford*, and the like; are what would moſt engage my Curioſity, if you pleaſe to give me an Inſtance or two of it.

Now, my deareſt Mrs. *B.* if you can give me a Caſe partly or nearly thus circumſtanced, you will highly oblige me:

Firſt, Where he has borne with ſome Infirmity of your own; and I know of none where you can be guilty of any, except you get into a vapouriſh Habit, by giving way to a Temper too thoughtful and apprehenſive:

Next, That, in Complaiſance to *your* Will, he recedes from *his own*, in any one Inſtance:

Next, Whether he breaks not into your Retirements unceremoniouſly, and without Apology or Concern; as I hinted above.

You know, my dear Mrs. *B.* all I mean, by what I have ſaid; and if you have any pretty Converſation in Memory, where this my bold Curioſity may be anſwer'd, pray oblige me with it; and we ſhall be able to judge by it, not only of the inborn Generoſity which all that know Mr. *B.* have been willing to attribute to him, but of the Likelihood of the Continuance of both your Felicities, upon Terms ſuitable to the Characters of a fine Lady and fine Gentleman; and, of conſequence, worthy of the Imitation of the moſt delicate of our own Sex.

This is the Taſk your *Polly Darnford* preſumes to ſet to her beloved Mrs. *B.* And why? For your own Diverſion, in the *firſt* Place. For my Edification, in the *next*. And that when I have the Pleaſure I hope for, of attending you in *London*, I may ſee what there is in the Conduct of you both, to admire, or to remonſtrate againſt, in the *Third*. For, where there is ſo little wanting to Perfection between you, I ſhall be very free with you both, in my Cenſures, if he impoſes, thro' Prerogative, or you permit, thro' an undue Compliance, what I ſhall imagine ought not to be in either Caſe. I know, you will excuſe me for what I have ſaid; and well you may, ſince I am ſure, I ſhall have nothing to do, when I am with you, but to admire, and to imitate *you*; and to wiſh, if ever I marry, I may have juſt ſuch an Huſband (tho' not quite ſo haughty perhaps) as Mr. *B.* But pray, let not the lordly Man ſee this Letter, nor your Anſwer, nor the Copy of it, till you may conclude I have the latter, if then; that you may not be under any undue Influences.

Your obliging *Langings*, my beloved dear Lady, for my Company, I hope, will be ſoon, very ſoon, anſwer'd. My Papa was ſo pleaſed with your ſweet Earneſtneſs on this Occaſion, that he join'd with my

Mamma,

Mamma, and both with equal Chearfulneſs, ſaid, You ſhould not be many Days in *London* before me. *Murray* and his Miſtreſs go on ſwimmingly, and have not yet had one Quarrel. The only Perſon, he, of either Sex, that ever knew *Nancy* ſo intimately, and ſo long, without one!

This is all I have to ſay, at preſent, when I have aſſured you, my dear Mrs. *B.* how much I am

Your obliged and affectionate
POLLY DARNFORD.

I muſt add, however, that I expect, from you, almoſt as many Letters as there are Poſt-Days, between this and the Time I ſee you; for I will not part with my Correſpondent for any body; no, not for Lady *Davers*.

But I muſt inſiſt upon your giving me the Converſation with the young Ladies related to Mrs. *Towers* and Mrs. *Arthur*.

I will obſerve every thing you ſay in relation to Mrs. *Jewkes*; who is much as ſhe was, but not better.

LETTER II.

My deareſt Miſs Darnford,

I Was afraid I ended my laſt Letter in a gloomy way; and I am obliged to you for the kind and friendly Notice you take of it. It was owing to a Train of Thinking which ſometimes I get into, of late; I hope, only ſymptomatically, as you ſay, and that the Cauſe and Effect will ſoon vaniſh together.

But what a Taſk, my dear Miſs, I'll warrant, you think you have ſet me! I thought, in the Progreſs of my Journal, and in my Letters, I had given ſo many Inſtances of Mr. *B*'s polite Tenderneſs to me, that no new ones would be requir'd at my Hands; and when I ſaid he was always *moſt* complaiſant before Company, I little expected, that ſuch an Inference would be drawn from my Words, as would tend to queſtion the Uniformity of his Behaviour to

me, when there were no Witneſſes to it. But I am glad you give me an Opportunity to clear up all your Doubts on this Subject. To begin then,

You firſt deſire an Inſtance, Where Mr. *B.* has borne with ſome Infirmity of mine:

Next, That in Complaiſance to my Will, he has receded from his own:

And, laſtly, Whether he breaks not into my Retirements unceremoniouſly, and without Apology or Concern, making no Difference between the Field or the Stud, and my Chamber or Cloſet.

I know not, my dear Miſs, what the Diſtance is, at which the polite Ladies, and thoſe of Rank, think it proper to endeavour to keep their Huſbands: But I will give you, by-and-by, the Subject of one Converſation only, which will anſwer all you mean, as I apprehend, and at the ſame time acquaint you with the Notions and Behaviour of us both, with reſpect to this Diſtance, and my Retirements; and then leave you to judge as you think fit.

As to the firſt, his bearing with my Infirmities, he is daily giving Inſtances of his Goodneſs to me on this Head; and I am aſham'd to ſay, that of late I give him ſo much Occaſion for them as I do: But he ſees my Apprehenſiveneſs, at times, tho' I endeavour to conceal it; and no Huſband was ever ſo ſoothing and ſo indulgent as Mr. *B.* He gives me the beſt Advice, as to my Malady, if I may call it one: Treats me with redoubled Tenderneſs; talks to me upon the Subjects I moſt delight to dwell upon; as of my worthy Parents; what they are doing at this time, and at that; of our intended Journey to *London*; of the Diverſions of the Town; of Miſs *Darnford*'s Company; and when he goes abroad, ſends up my good Mrs. *Jervis* to me, becauſe I ſhould not be alone. At other times, takes me abroad with him; brings this Neighbour and that Neighbour to viſit me; and carries me to viſit them: Talks of our Journey to *Kent*, and into *Lincolnſhire*, and to my Lady *Davers*'s, to *Bath*, to *Tunbridge*, and I can't tell whither, when the apprehended

hended Time ſhall be over.——In fine, my dear Miſs *Darnford*, you cannot imagine one half of his tender Goodneſs and Politeneſs to me! Indeed you cannot!——Then, as to what you call *reſpectful*, he watches every Motion of my Eye, every Turn of my Countenance; ſeldom gives his Opinion upon Subjects that he kindly imagines within my Capacity, till he has heard mine; and I have the leſs Fear of falling into mean Compliances, becauſe his Generoſity is my Guardian, and never fails to exalt me, more than I can debaſe myſelf, or than it is poſſible I can deſerve. Then he hardly ever goes out to any Diſtance, but he brings me ſome pretty Preſent, that he thinks will be grateful to me: When at home, is ſeldom out of my Company; delights to teach me *French* and *Italian*, and reads me Pieces of manuſcript Poetry, in ſeveral of the modern Tongues (for he ſpeaks them all;) explains to me every thing I underſtand not; delights to anſwer all my Queſtions, and to incourage my Inquiſitiveneſs and Curioſity; tries to give me a Notion of Pictures and Medals, and reads me Lectures upon them, for he has a fine Collection of both; and every now and then will have it, that he has been improved by my Queſtions and Obſervations.

What ſay you to theſe things, my dear Miſs? Do they come up to your firſt Queſtion? or do they not? Or is not what I have ſaid, a full Anſwer, were I to ſay no more, to *all* your Inquiries? Can there be any ſuch thing as *undue Compliances* to ſuch an Huſband, on my Side, think you? And when I have charm'd to ſleep, by my grateful Duty, that watchful Dragon *Prerogative*, as Lady *Davers*, in one of her Letters, calls it; and am reſolved not to awake it, if I can help it, by the leaſt diſobliging or wilfully perverſe Act, what have I to apprehend from it?

O my dear Miſs, I am thoroughly convinc'd, that half the Miſunderſtandings among marry'd People, are owing to Trifles, to petty Diſtinctions, to mere Words, and little captious Follies, to Over-weenings,

or unguarded Petulances: And who would forego the ſolid Satisfactions of Life, for the ſake of triumphing in ſuch poor Contentions, if one could triumph?

Are ſuch Foibles as theſe to be dignify'd by the Name of *Inclinations*, and *Humours*, which, to be given up, would be making ſuch a *Sacrifice, as ſhall render the married Life little deſirable to free and generous Minds?*——

But ſay not, my dear Miſs, to *free* and *generous Minds:* For every high Spirit deſerves not thoſe Epithets; Nor think what I ſay, a Partiality in behalf of my own Conduct, and an Argument for Tameneſs of Spirit, and ſuch an one as would lick the Duſt; for, let me tell you, my dear Friend, that dearly as I love and honour my Mr. *B.* if he were to require of me any thing that I thought it was my Duty not to comply with, I ſhould be the unhappieſt Creature in the World; becauſe I am ſure I ſhould withſtand his Will, and deſire him to excuſe my Compliance.

But then I would reſerve my Strength for theſe *greater* Points, and would never diſpute with him the *ſmaller*, altho' they were not intirely to my Liking: And this would give both Force and Merit to the Oppoſition, when I found it neceſſary: But to conteſt every little Point, where nothing but one's ſtubborn Will was in the Queſtion, what an inexcuſable Perverſeneſs would that be! How ready to enter the Liſts againſt an Huſband, would it make one appear to him? And where, beſides, is the Merit of Obliging, were we only to yield to what will oblige ourſelves?

But you next require of me an Inſtance, where, in Complaiſance to *my* Will, he has receded from *his own?* I don't know, Miſs, what to ſay to this. When Mr. *B.* is all Tenderneſs and Indulgence, as I have ſaid, and requires of me nothing, that I can have a material Objection to; ought I *not* to oblige him? *Can* I have a Will, that is not his? Or would it be excuſable, if I *had?* All little Matters, as I have ſaid,

ſaid, I chearfully give up: Great ones have not yet occurr'd between us, and I hope never will. One Point, indeed, I have ſome Apprehenſion *may* happen; and that, to be plain with you, is, We have had a Debate or two on the Subject (which I maintain) of a Mother's Duty to nurſe her own Child; and, I am ſorry to ſay it, he ſeems more determin'd than I wiſh he were againſt it.

I hope it will not proceed ſo far, as to awaken the ſleeping Dragon I mention'd, *Prerogative* by Name; but I doubt I cannot give up this Point very contentedly. But as to leſſer Points, had I been a Ducheſs born, I think I would not have conteſted them with my Huſband.

Upon the Whole of this Queſtion then, I have really had no Will of my own to contend for, ſo generous is Mr. *B.* and ſo obſervant and ſo grateful have I thought it my Duty to be; yet I could give you many reſpectful Inſtances too, of his receding, when he has deſir'd to ſee what I have been writing, and I have told him to whom, and begg'd to be excus'd. One ſuch Inſtance I can give ſince I began his Letter. This is it.

I put it in my Boſom, when he came up: He ſaw me do ſo.

Are you writing, my Dear, what I muſt not ſee?

I am writing to Miſs *Darnford*, Sir; and ſhe begg'd, you might not, at preſent.

This augments my Curioſity, *Pamela*. What can two ſuch Ladies write, that I may not ſee?

If you won't be diſpleaſed, Sir, I had rather you would not, becauſe Miſs deſires you may not ſee her Letter, nor this my Anſwer, till the latter is in her Hands.

Then I will not, return'd Mr. *B.*

Will this Inſtance, my dear Miſs, come up to your Demand for one, where he recedes from his own Will, in Complaiſance to mine?

But now, as to what both our Notions and our Practice are on the Article of my Retirements, and whether he breaks in upon them unceremoniouſly,

and without Apology, let the Converſation I promiſed, inform you, which began on the following Occaſion:

Mr. *B.* rode out early one Morning, within a few Days paſt, and did not return till the Afternoon, an Abſence I had not been uſed to of late; and breakfaſting and dining without him being alſo a new thing to me, I had ſuch an Impatiency to ſee him, having expected him at Dinner, that I was forced to retire to my Cloſet, to try to divert it off, by writing; and the gloomy Concluſion of my laſt, was then the Subject. He return'd about Four o' Clock, and indeed did *not* tarry to change his Riding-dreſs, as your Politeneſs, my dear Friend, would perhaps have expected, but came directly up to me, with an Impatiency to ſee me, equal to my own, when he was told, upon Inquiry, that I was in my Cloſet.

I heard his welcome Step, as he came up-ſtairs; which generally, after a longer Abſence than I expect, has ſuch an Effect upon my fond Heart, that it gives a reſponſive Throb for every Step he takes towards me, and beats quicker and faſter, as he comes nearer and nearer, till, tapping my Breaſt, I ſay to it ſometimes, Lie ſtill, buſy Fool as thou art! Canſt thou not forbear letting thy diſcerning Lord ſee thy nonſenſical Emotions? I love to indulge thee, in them, myſelf, 'tis true; but then let nobody elſe obſerve them; for, generous as thy Maſter is, thou mayſt not perhaps meet with ſuch favourable Interpretations as thou deſerveſt, when thou art always fluttering thus, as he approaches, and playeſt off all thy little joyful Frolicks into the glowing Cheek, and brighten'd Eye, of thy Miſtreſs; which makes her look, as if ſhe were conſcious of ſome Miſdemeanor; when all the time, it is nothing in the world but grateful Joy, and a Love ſo innocent, that the pureſt Mind might own it.

This little Flutter and Chiding of the buſy Simpleton, made me meet him but at the Cloſet-door, inſtead of the Entrance of my Chamber, as ſometimes I do.——So, my dear Love, how do you? folding

folding his kind Arms about me, and saluting me with Ardour. Whenever I have been but a few Hours from you, my Impatience to see my Beloved, will not permit me to stand upon the Formality of a Message to know how you are ingag'd; but I break in upon you, even in my Riding-dress, as you see.

Dear Sir, you are very obliging. But I have no Notion of *mere* Formalities of this kind (How unpolite this, my dear Miss, in your Friend!) in a married State; since 'tis impossible a virtuous Wife can be imploy'd about any thing, that her Husband may not know; and so need not fear Surprizes.

I am glad to hear you say this, my *Pamela*; for I have always thought the extraordinary Civilities and Distances of this kind, which I have observed among several Persons of Rank, altogether unaccountable. For, if they are exacted by the Lady, I should suspect she had Reserves, which she herself believ'd I could not approve of. If not exacted but practised of Choice by the Gentleman, it carries with it, in my Opinion, a false Air of Politeness, little less than affrontive to the Lady, and dishonourable to himself; for does it not look, as if he supposed, and *allowed*, that, probably, she might be so imployed, that it was necessary to apprise her of his Visit, lest he should make Discoveries not to her Credit, or his own?

One would not, Sir, (for I thought his Conclusion too severe) make such a harsh Supposition as this, neither: For there are little Delicacies and Moments of Retirement, no doubt, in which a modest Lady would be glad to be indulged by the tendereſt Husband.

It may be so, in an *early* Matrimony, before the Lady's Confidence in the Honour and Discretion of the Man she has chosen, has disingag'd her from her Bridal Reserves.

Bridal Reserves! dear Sir; permit me to give it, as my humble Opinion, That a Wife's Behaviour ought to be as pure and as circumspect, in Degree, as that of a Bride, or even of a maiden Lady, be her Confidence

ſidence in her Huſband's Honour and Diſcretion, ever ſo great. For, indeed, I think, a groſs or a careleſs Demeanour little becomes that Modeſty, which is the peculiar Excellency and Diſtinction of our Sex.

You account very well, my Dear, by what you now ſay, for your own over-nice Behaviour, as I have ſometimes thought it. But are we not all apt to argue for a Practice we make our own, becauſe we *do* make it our own, rather than from the Reaſon of the Thing?

I hope, Sir, that is not the preſent Caſe with me; for, permit me to ſay, That an over-free or negligent Behaviour in a Lady in the marry'd State, muſt be a Mark of Diſrepect to her Conſort; and would ſhew, as if ſhe was very little ſolicitous about what Appearance ſhe made in his Eye, and muſt not this beget in him, a ſlight Opinion of her, and her Sex too, as if, ſuppoſing the Gentleman had been a free Liver, ſhe would convince him, there was no other Difference in the Sex, but as they were within or without the Pale; licens'd by the Law, or acting in Defiance of it?

I underſtand the Force of your Argument, *Pamela*: But you was going to ſay ſomething more.

Only, Sir, permit me to add, That when, in my particular Caſe, you injoin me to appear before you always * dreſs'd, even in the early Part of the Day, it would be wrong, if I was leſs regardful of my Behaviour and Actions, than of my Appearance.

I believe you are right, my Dear, if a preciſe or unneceſſary Scrupulouſneſs be avoided, and where all is unaffected, eaſy, and natural, as in my *Pamela*. For I have ſeen marry'd Ladies, both in *England* and *France*, who have kept a Huſband at greater Diſtance, than they have exacted from ſome of his Sex, who have been more intitled to his Reſentment, than to his Wife's Intimacies.

But to wave a Subject, in which, as I can with Pleaſure ſay, neither of us have much Concern, tell

* *See* Vol. II. *p.* 150, 156.

tell me, my Deareſt, how you were imploy'd before I came up? Here are Pen and Ink: Here too is Paper; but it is as ſpotleſs as your Mind. To whom was you directing your Favours now? May I not know your Subject?

Mr. *H*'s Letter was a Part of it; and ſo I had put it by, at his Approach; and not chuſing he ſhould ſee that I am writing, reply'd I, to Miſs *Darnford*: But I think you muſt not aſk me to ſee what I have written *this* time. I put it aſide, that you ſhould not, when I heard your welcome Step. The Subject is our parting with our noble Gueſts; and a little of my Apprehenſiveneſs, on an Occaſion upon which our Sex may write to one another; but, for ſome of the Reaſons we have been mentioning, Gentlemen ſhould not deſire to ſee.

Then I will not, my deareſt Love (So here, Miſs, is another Inſtance——I could give you an hundred ſuch,—of his receding from his own Will, in Complaiſance to mine): Only, continued he, let me warn you againſt too much Apprehenſiveneſs, for your own ſake, as well as mine; for ſuch a Mind, as my *Pamela*'s, I cannot permit to be habitually over-clouded. And yet there now hangs upon your Brow an Over-thoughtfulneſs, which you muſt not indulge.

Indeed, Sir, I was a little too thoughtful, from my Subject, before you came; but your Preſence, like the Sun, has diſſipated the Miſts that hung upon my Mind. See you not, and I preſs'd his Hand with my Lips, they are all gone already? ſmiling upon him, with a Delight unfeigned.

Not quite, my obliging Charmer; and therefore, if you have no Objection, I will change my Dreſs, and attend you in the Chariot for an Hour or two, whither you pleaſe, that not one Shadow may remain viſible in this dear Face. And then he ſaluted me with Ardour.

Whither you pleaſe, Sir. A little Airing with you, will be highly agreeable to me.

The dear Obliger went and chang'd his Dreſs in an Inſtant; and he led me to the Chariot, with his uſual tender Politeneſs, and we had a charming Airing of ſeveral Miles; returning quite happy, chearful, and delighted with each other's Converſation, without calling in upon any of our good Neighbours: For what need of that, my dear Miſs, when we could be the beſt Company in the World to each other?

Now, Miſs, do theſe Inſtances come up to your Queſtions? Do they, or do they not?——If you think not, I could give you our Converſation in the Chariot; for I wrote it down, at my firſt Leiſure, ſo highly was I delighted with it: For the Subject was my deareſt Parents; a Subject ſtarted by himſelf, becauſe he knew it would oblige me. But being tir'd with writing, I may reſerve it, till I have the Pleaſure of ſeeing you, if you think it worth aſking for. And ſo I will haſten to a Concluſion of this long Letter.

You will perceive, my dear Miſs, by what I have written, in what Senſe it may be *juſtly* ſaid, That Mr. *B.* is *moſt* complaiſant to me before Company, perhaps, politically, as you ſay, to do Credit to his own generous Choice:——But that he is more tender, yea, *reſpectfully* tender, (for that's the Word with you) and not leſs polite to me, in our retired Hours, you will have no Doubt, from what I have related; and could further relate, if it was neceſſary: For every Day produces Inſtances equal to what I have given you.

Then, my dear Miſs, let me ſay to you, what I could not ſo freely ſay to any other young Lady; That I never could have hoped I ſhould be ſo happy as I am, in other Particulars, from a Gentleman who has given himſelf the Liberties Mr. *B.* has done: For I never hear from him, in Company, or when alone, the leaſt ſhocking Expreſſion, or ſuch frothy Jeſts, as tend to convey impure Ideas to the moſt apprehenſive Mind. There is indeed the leſs Wonder in this, and that we can glory in a true conju-

gal

gal Chaſtity, as I have the Vanity to think, his Love, as well as my own, is the Love of the Mind, rather than that of Perſon; and our tendereſt and moſt affecting Moments, are thoſe which lift us up above Senſe, and all that Senſe can imagine. But this is a Subject too delicate to be dwelt upon, even to you: And you'll better comprehend all I mean, when your pure Mind meets with a Gentleman of exalted Senſe, like Mr. *B.* whom, if you *find* not ſo good as you wiſh, your Example will *make* ſo.

Permit me to add, for the ſake of you, my dear Parents, as well as for thoſe of my much-reſpected Friends, who have join'd in the kind Caution you give me, my dear Miſs, againſt getting into too thoughtful and gloomy a way, that there is no great Fear, that I ſhould continue long in it, when I have ſo kind and ſo generous a Comforter as Mr. *B.* For, at his Preſence, all my fearful Apprehenſions are diſſipated, and vaniſh like a Morning Dream. And depend upon it, that ſo ſure as the Day ſucceeds to the Night, ſo ſure will my Mind, while capable of the leaſt Senſe of Gratitude, be illuminated the Moment he ſhines out upon me, let it be ever ſo over-caſt in his Abſence, thro' imaginary Doubts and apprehended Evils.

I have only further to add, for my Comfort, that next *Thurſday* Sev'nnight, if nothing hinders, we are to ſet out for *London*. And why do you think I ſay *for my Comfort?* Only that I ſhall then ſoon have the Opportunity, to aſſure you perſonally, as you give me Hope, how much I am, my dear Miſs *Darnford*,

Your truly affectionate

P. B.

I will ſhew you, when I ſee you, the Converſation you require about the young Ladies.

LETTER

LETTER III.

My dear Miſs,

ONE more Letter, and I have done for a great while; becauſe I hope your Preſence will put an End to the Occaſion. I ſhall now tell you of my ſecond Viſit to the Dairy-houſe, where we went to Breakfaſt, in the Chariot and Four, becauſe of the Diſtance, which is Ten pretty long Miles.

I tranſcrib'd for you, from Letters written formerly to my dear Parents, an * Account of my former Dairy-houſe Viſit, and what the People were, and whom I ſaw there; and altho' I beſought you to keep that Affair to yourſelf, as too touching a Point to the Reputation of my Mr. *B.* to be known but to you only, and even to deſtroy it, when you had peruſed it; yet, I make no doubt, you remember the Story, and ſo I need not repeat any Part of that Account.

When we arrived there, we found at the Door, expecting us, (for they heard the Chariot-wheels at a Diſtance) my pretty Miſs *Goodwin*, accompanied by two other Miſſes, who had earned their Ride, and attended by the Governeſs's Daughter, a diſcreet young Gentlewoman. As ſoon as I ſtepp'd out, Miſs ran into my Arms with great Eagerneſs, and I as tenderly embraced her, and leading her into the Parlour, aſked her abundance of Queſtions about her Work, and her Leſſons; and among the reſt, If ſhe had merited this Diſtinction of the Chaiſe and Dairy-houſe Breakfaſt, or if it were owing to her Uncle's Favour, and to that of her Governeſs? The young Gentlewoman aſſur'd me it was to both, and ſhew'd me Miſs's Needleworks, and Penmanſhip, and the Child was highly pleaſed with my Commendations.

I took a good deal of Notice of the other two Miſſes, for their Schoolfellow's ſake, and made each of them a Preſent of ſome little Toys; and my Miſs, of

* *See* Vol. II. *p.* 283.

of a Number of pretty Trinkets, with which ſhe was highly delighted, and I told her, that I would wait upon her Governeſs, when I came from *London* into the Country again, and ſee in what Order ſhe kept her little Matters; for, above all Things, I loved pretty houſewifely Miſſes; and then, I would bring her more.

Mr. *B.* obſerv'd, with no ſmall Satisfaction, the Child's Behaviour, which is very pretty, and appeared as fond of her, as if he had been *more* than her *Uncle*, and yet ſeemed under ſome Reſtraint, leſt it ſhould be taken, that he *was*. Such Power has ſecret Guilt, poor dear Gentleman! to leſſen and reſtrain a Pleaſure, that would, in a happier Light, have been ſo laudable to have manifeſted! But how commendable is this his Love to the dear Child, compar'd to that of moſt wicked Libertines, who have no Delight, but in deſtroying Innocence; and care not what becomes of the unhappy Infant, or of the ſtill more unhappy Mother!

I am going to let you into a charming Scene, reſulting from this Perplexity of the dear Gentleman! A Scene that has afforded me high Delight ever ſince; and always will, when I think of it: But I will lead to it, as gradually as it happen'd.

The Child was very fond of her Uncle, and told him, She loved him dearly, and always would love and honour him, for giving her ſuch a good Aunt. —You talked, Madam, ſaid ſhe, when I ſaw you before, that I ſhould come and live with you—— Will you let me, Madam? Indeed I will be very good, and do every thing you bid me, and mind my Book, and my Needle; indeed I will.

Ask your Uncle, my deareſt Miſs, ſaid I; I ſhould like your pretty Company of all Things.

She went to Mr. *B.* and ſaid, ſhall I, Sir, go and live with my Aunt? Pray, let me, when you come from *London* again.

You have a very good Governeſs, Miſs, ſaid he; and ſhe can't part with you.

Yes,

Yes, but ſhe can, Sir; ſhe has a great many Miſſes, and can ſpare me well enough; and if you pleaſe to let me ride in your Coach ſometimes, I can go and viſit my Governeſs, and beg a Holiday for the Miſſes, now and then, when I am almoſt a Woman, and then all the Miſſes will love me.

Don't the Miſſes love you now, Miſs *Goodwin*? ſaid he. Yes, they love me well-enough, for matter of that; but they'll love me better, when I can beg them a Holiday. Do, dear Sir, let me go home to my new Aunt, next time you come into the Country.

I was much pleaſed with the dear Child's Earneſtneſs; and permitted her to have her full Argument with her beloved Uncle; but was much moved, and he himſelf was under ſome Concern, when the dear Miſs ſaid,—But you ſhould, in Pity, let me live with you, Sir; for I have no Papa, nor Mamma neither: They are ſo far off!—But I will love you both as if you were my own Papa and Mamma; ſo, dear now, my good Uncle, promiſe the poor Girl that has never a Papa nor Mamma!—

I withdrew to the Door: It will rain, I believe, ſaid I, and looked up. And, indeed, I had almoſt a Shower in my Eye; and had I kept my Place, could not have refrained ſhowing how much I was affected.

Mr. *B.* as I ſaid, was a little mov'd; but for fear the young Gentlewoman ſhould take notice of it, How! my Dear, ſaid he, No Papa and Mamma!—Did they not ſend you a pretty Black Boy to wait upon you, a while ago? Have you not forgot that?—That's true, reply'd Miſs: But what's a Black Boy to living with my new Aunt?—That's better a great deal than a Black Boy! Indeed it is.

Well, your Aunt and I will conſider of it, when we come from *London*. Be a good Girl mean time, and do as your Governeſs would have you, and then you don't know what we may do for you! Well then, Miſs *Bett*, ſaid ſhe to her young Governeſs, let me be ſet two Tasks inſtead of one, and I will learn all can, to deſerve to go to my Aunt.

In

In this manner the little Prattler diverted herſelf. And as we returned from them, the Scene I hinted at, open'd as follows:

Mr. *B.* was pleaſed to ſay, What a poor Figure does the proudeſt Mind make, my dear *Pamela*, under the Senſe of a concealed Guilt, in Company of the Innocent who know it, and thoſe who do not! Even the caſual Expreſſion of a Baby ſhall ſtrike back Shame upon a guilty Heart, and make one unable to look up without Confuſion. I bluſh'd for myſelf, continued he, to ſee how you was affected for me, and yet withdrew, to avoid reproaching me ſo much as with your Eye; for then, the whole Power of Innocence, triumphing over my Guilt, how like a Fool I look'd! Surely I made a moſt contemptible Figure, *Pamela!*—Did you not diſdain me, at that Moment?

Deareſt Sir! how can you ſpeak ſuch a Word? A Word I cannot repeat after you! For at that very Time, I beheld you with the more Reverence, for ſeeing your noble Heart touch'd with a Senſe of your Error; and it was ſuch an Earneſt to me of the happieſt Change I could ever wiſh for, and in ſo young a Gentleman, that it was one half Joy for that, and the other half Concern at the little Charmer's accidental Plea, to her beſt and neareſt Friend, for coming home to her new Aunt, that affected me ſo ſenſibly as you ſaw.

You muſt not talk to me of the Child's coming home, after this Viſit, *Pamela*; for how, at this rate, ſhall I ſtand the Reproaches of my own Mind, were I to ſee the little Prater every Day before me, and to think of what her poor Mamma has ſuffered on my Account! 'Tis enough, that in *you* my Dear, I have an hourly Reproach before me, for my Attempts on your Virtue; and I have nothing to boaſt, but that I gave way to your Triumphs: And what then is my Boaſt?

What is your Boaſt, deareſt Sir? You have every thing to boaſt, that is worthy of being boaſted of:

—Brought

——Brought up to an affluent Fortune, uncontroulable in your Will, your Paſſions unbridled; God has touched your truly noble Heart, and you have ſeen your Error, at a Time of Life, when others are ruſhing into Vices, in the midſt of which, perhaps, they are cut off.

You act generouſly, and with a laudable Affection, to a deſerving Baby, which ſome would have left friendleſs to the wide World, and have made more miſerable, perhaps, than they had made the very miſerable Mother: And you have the Comfort to think, that thro' God's Goodneſs, this *Mother* is not unhappy; and that there is not a loſt *Soul*, any more than a loſt *Body*, to lay to your Charge.

You have inſpirited, by your generous Example, and enabled, by your ſplendid Fortune, another Perſon, whom you have made the happieſt Creature in the World, to do more Good, if ſhe may ſay ſo without Vanity, than Twenty wicked Libertines have done Miſchief; beſides making every one, that approaches you, eaſy and happy, with the Bounty of your own Hands.

You are the beſt of Husbands, the beſt of Landlords, the beſt of Maſters, the beſt of Friends; and with all theſe Excellencies, and a Mind, as I hope, continually improving, and more and more affected with the Senſe of its paſt Miſtakes, will you ask, dear Sir, what is your Boaſt?

O my deareſt, dear Mr. *B.* and then I preſs'd his Hand with my Lips, whatever you are to yourſelf, when you give way to Reflections ſo hopeful, you are the Glory and the Boaſt of your grateful *Pamela!* And permit me to add, Tears ſtanding in my Eyes, and holding his Hand between mine, That I never beheld you in my Life, in a more amiable Light, than when I ſaw your manly Countenance manifeſting the Struggle your Heart labour'd with, as it ſeem'd to me, between Grace and Conſciouſneſs. O Sir! this was a ſight of Joy, of true Joy! to one who loves you for your dear Soul's ſake, more than for that of your Perſon; and who looks forward to

a Companionſhip with you, beyond the Term of this tranſitory Life!

The dear Gentleman look'd down ſometimes, and ſometimes upon me, without offering to interrupt me; and when I had done ſpeaking, I began to fear, by his Silence, that I had offended him, remembering, juſt then, one of his former * Cautions to me, not to throw a Gloom, by my Over-ſeriouſneſs, upon his innocent Injoyments; and I ſaid, putting my Arms round his Arm, as I ſat, my fearful Eye watching his, I fear, Sir, I have been too ſerious! I have perhaps broken one of your Injunctions! Have caſt a Gloomineſs over your Mind! And if I have, dear, Sir, forgive me!

He claſped his Arm around me: O my beloved *Pamela*, ſaid he; thou dear Augmenter of my Honour! and Confirmer of all my better Purpoſes! how ſhall I acknowledge (for reward I never can) your inexpreſſible Goodneſs to me? I ſee every Day more and more, my dear Love, what Confidence I may repoſe in your Generoſity and Diſcretion! You want no Forgiveneſs; and my Silence was owing to much better Motives, than to thoſe you were apprehenſive of.

Judge ye, my honoured Parents, and you, my dear Miſs, the Joy that overſpread my Heart, incouraged in a manner ſo agreeable to all my Wiſhes. O Sir, Sir! ſaid I, after a ſhort Pauſe, your Goodneſs had ſtruck me dumb for a Moment; but my ſilence could hold but for that moment: For had I been naturally dumb, and never ſpoken before, my Joy for this your Kindneſs, and the future Hope you raiſe in my Breaſt, would have unbarr'd the Doors of my Speech, or my Heart would have been made vocal, had my Tongue remained ſilent.

Forgive me, my deareſt Miſs, theſe flighty Expreſſions: I know they are above myſelf, and perhaps out of Nature; but ſo, in a manner, was your Friend, when ſhe ſpoke them. If ever it be your Lot

* *See* Vol. II. *p.* 105.

Lot to marry ſuch a Gentleman as Mr. *B.* one who is capable of generous and noble Sentiments, and yet has not been ſo good as you wiſh him to be; whenever it ſhall happen, that the Divine Grace, and your Example, ſhall touch his Heart, and awaken his better Faculties, you'll then know a Joy like this which I have deſcribed; which will not only exalt your Heart and Speech, but, upon Reflection, will irradiate many a gloomy Apprehenſion, that, at times, will caſt a Shadow over the brighteſt and happieſt Proſpects.

The Chariot brought us home ſooner than I wiſhed, and Mr. *B.* handed me into the Parlour. Here, Mrs. *Jervis*, ſaid he, meeting her in the Paſſage, receive your Angel-Lady. I muſt take a little Tour without you, *Pamela*; for I have had *too much* of your dear Company, and muſt leave you, to deſcend again into myſelf; for you have raiſed me to ſuch a Pitch, that it is with Pain I bear it.

He kiſſed my Hand, and went into his Chariot again; for it was but half an hour after Twelve, and ſaid, he would be back by Two, at Dinner. He left Mrs. *Jervis* wondering at his Words, and at the ſolemn Air with which he utter'd them. But when I told that good Friend the Occaſion, I had a new Joy in the Pleaſure and Gratulations of the dear good Woman, on what had paſſed.

Were I, my dear Friends, to recount to you every Converſation that gives me Delight, when we are *alone*, (my Miſs *Darnford*) as well as when we are in Company, I ſhould do nothing but write. Imagine the reſt from what I have (but as ſo many Specimens of my Felicity) informed you of, and then think, if there can poſſibly be a happier Creature on Earth, than I am at preſent.

My next Letter will be from *London*, and to you, my honoured Parents (for to you, my dear Miſs, I ſhall not write again, expecting to ſee you ſoon). But I muſt now write ſeldomer, becauſe I am to renew my Correſpondence with Lady *Davers*; with whom I cannot be ſo free, as I have been with

Miſs

Miſs *Darnford*; and ſo I doubt, my dear Father and Mother, you cannot have the Particulars of that Correſpondence; for I ſhall never find Time to tranſcribe. But every Opportunity that offers, you may aſſure yourſelf, ſhall be laid hold of, by

Your ever-dutiful Daughter,
P. B.

Excuſe me, dear Miſs, a ſecond Subſcription; for you need not be told, how much I am, and ever ſhall be,

Your affectionate, P. B.

LETTER IV.

My dear Father and Mother,

I Know you will be pleaſed to hear, that we arrived ſafely in Town laſt Night. We found a ſtately, well-furniſh'd, and convenient Houſe; and I had my Cloſet, or Library, and my Withdrawing-room, all in complete Order, which Mr. *B.* gave me Poſſeſſion of, in a manner the moſt obliging that can be imagined.

I am in a new World, as I may ſay, and ſee ſuch vaſt Piles of Building every-where, and ſuch a Concourſe of People, and hear ſuch a Rattling of Coaches in the Day, that I hardly know what to make of it, as yet. Then the nightly Watch, going their hourly Rounds, diſturbed me laſt Night. But I ſhall ſoon be us'd to that, and ſleep the ſounder perhaps, for the Security it aſſures to us.

Mr. *B.* is impatient to ſhew me what is curious in and about this vaſt City; and to hear, as he is pleaſed to ſay, my Obſervations upon what I ſhall ſee; and he has carried me thro' ſeveral of the fine Streets this Day, in his Chariot: But, at preſent, I have too confuſed a Notion of Things, to give any Account of them: Nor ſhall I trouble you with Deſcriptions of that kind; for you being within a Day's Journey of *London*, I hope for the Pleaſure of

of ſeeing you oftener, than I could expect before; and ſhall therefore leave theſe Matters to your own Obſervations, and what you'll hear from others.

I am impatient for the Arrival of my dear Miſs *Darnford*; whoſe Company and Converſation will reconcile me, in a great meaſure, to this new World.

Our Family, at preſent, are Mr. *Colbrand*, Mr. *Jonathan*, and ſix Men-ſervants, including the Coachman. The four Maids are alſo with us.

But my good Mrs. *Jervis* was indiſpoſed, ſo came not up with us; but we expect her, and Mr. *Longman*, in a Day or two: For Mr. *B.* has given her to my Wiſhes; and *Arthur* the Gardener, and his Wife, with *Benjamin*, are to keep Houſe in the Country. And as Mr. *Longman*'s Buſineſs will require him to be up and down frequently, Mrs. *Jervis*'s Care will be the better diſpens'd with there; and I long to ſee the dear good Woman, and ſhall be more in my Element, when I do.

Then I have, beſides, my penitent *Polly Barlow*: But the poor Girl has never held up her Head ſince that deplorable Inſtance of her Weakneſs, which I mentioned to you and Miſs *Darnford*; yet am I as kind to her, as if nothing had happen'd. I wiſh, however, ſome good Huſband would offer for her.

Mr. *Adams*, our worthy Chaplain, is, at preſent, with Mr. *Williams*. He purpoſes to give us his Company here till *Chriſtmas*, when matters will be adjuſted, probably, ſo that he can take Poſſeſſion of his Living. Mean time, that we may not let fall a good Cuſtom, when perhaps we ſhall have moſt Occaſion for it, I make Mr. *Jonathan*, who is reverend by his Years, and ſilver Hairs, ſupply his Place, appointing him the Subjects.

God preſerve you both in Health, and continue to me, I beſeech you, your Prayers and Bleſſings, concludes me

Your ever-dutiful Daughter,

P. B.

LETTER V.

From Mrs. B. *to Lady* Davers.

My deareſt Lady,

I Muſt beg Pardon, for having been in this great Town, more than a Week, and not having found an Opportunity to tender my Devoirs to your Ladyſhip. You know, dear Madam, what Hurries and Fatigues muſt attend ſuch a Journey, to one in my way, and to an intire new Settlement, in which an hundred things muſt be done, and attended to, with a Preference to other Occaſions, however delightful. Yet, I muſt own, we found a ſtately, a well-order'd, and a convenient Houſe: But although it is not far from Fields, and has an airy Opening to its back Part, and its Front a Square, as it is called, yet I am not reconcil'd to it, ſo intirely as to the beloved Manſion we left.

My dear Mr. *B.* has been, and is, buſily imploy'd in ordering ſome few Alterations, to make things ſtill more commodious. He has furniſh'd me out a little pretty Library; and has allotted me very convenient Apartments beſides: And the Furniture of every Place is rich, as befits the Mind and Fortune of the generous Owner. But I ſhall not offer at Particulars, becauſe we hope to have the Honour of a Viſit from my good Lord, and your Ladyſhip, before the Winter Weather ſets in, to make the Roads too dirty and deep; but it is proper to mention, that the Houſe is ſo large, that we make a great Number of Beds, the more conveniently to receive the Honours your Ladyſhip, and my Lord, and Mr. *B.*'s other Friends will do us.

I have not yet been at any of the publick Diverſions. Mr. *B.* has carry'd me, by gentle Turns, out of his Workmens way, Ten Miles round this over-grown Capital, and through the principal of its numerous Streets. The Villages, that lie ſpangled about this vaſt Circumference, as well on the other

Side the noble *Thames*, (which I had before a Notion of, from Sir *John Denham*'s celebrated *Cooper*'s *Hill*) as well as on the *Middlesex* Side, are beautiful, both by Buildings and Situation, beyond what I could conceive, and several of them seem larger than many of our Country Towns of Note. But it would be impertinent to trouble your Ladyship with these Matters, who are no Stranger to what is worthy of Notice in *London*. But I was surpris'd, when Mr. *B.* observed to me, that this whole County, and the two Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, are represented by no more than Eight Members of Parliament, when so many Borough Towns in *England* are inferior to the meanest Villages about *London*.

I am in daily Expectation of the Arrival of Miss *Darnford*, and then I shall wish (accompanied by a young Lady of so polite a Taste) to see a good Play. Mr. *B.* has already shewn me the Opera-house, and the Two Play-houses, tho' silent, as I may say; that, as he was pleased to observe, they should not be new to me, and that the Sight might not take off my Attention to the Performance, when I went to the Play: So that I can conceive a tolerable Notion of every Thing, from the Disposition of the Seats, the Boxes, the Galleries, the Pit, the Musick, the Scenes, and the Stage; and so shall have no Occasion to gaze about me like a Country Novice, whereby I might attract a Notice, that I should not wish, either for my own Credit, or your dear Brother's Honour.

I have had a Pleasure, which I wished for, and had not in *Bedfordshire*; and that is, that on *Sunday* I was at Church, without gaping Crouds to attend us, and Wishes too loud for my own. Yet, I was more gaz'd at, (and so was Mr. *B*) than I expected, considering there were so many well-dress'd Gentry, and some Nobility there; and *they* star'd as much as any body; but will not do so, I hope, when we cease to be a Novelty.

We have already had several Visitors to welcome Mr. *B.* to Town, and to congratulate him on his Marriage;——but some, no doubt, to see, and to find

find Fault with, his Ruſtick; for it is impoſſible, you know, Madam, that a Gentleman ſo diſtinguiſh'd by his Merit and Fortune, ſhould have taken a Step of ſuch Conſequence to himſelf and Family, and not be known by every body ſo to have done.

Sir *Thomas Atkyns* is in Town, and has taken Apartments in the new-built ſtately Pile of Edifices, called *Hanover-ſquare*; and he brought with him a younger Brother of Mr. *Arthur*'s, who, it ſeems, is a Merchant.

Lord *F.* has been to pay his Reſpects to Mr. *B.* likewiſe, whoſe School-fellow he was at *Eaton*, the little time Mr. *B.* was there. His Lordſhip promiſes, that his Lady ſhall make me a Viſit, and accompany me to the Opera, as ſoon as we are fully ſettled.

A Gentleman of the *Temple*, Mr. *Turner* by Name, and Mr. *Fanſhaw*, of *Grey's-Inn*, both Lawyers, and of Mr. *B.*'s former Acquaintance, very ſprightly and modiſh Gentlemen, have alſo welcom'd us to Town, and made Mr. *B.* abundance of gay Compliments on my account, to my Face, all in the common frothy Run——

They may be polite Gentlemen; but I can't ſay, I over-much like them.——There is ſomething ſo forward, ſo opinionated, ſo ſeemingly inſenſible of Rebuke, either from *within* or *without*, and yet not promiſing to avoid deſerving one occaſionally, that I could as *lieve* wiſh Mr. *B.* and they would not renew their former Acquaintance.

I am very bold your Ladyſhip will ſay?——But you command me to write freely: Yet I would not be thought to be uneaſy, with regard to your dear Brother's Morals, from theſe Gentlemen; for, Oh, Madam, I am a bleſſed Creature, and am hourly happier and happier in the Confidence I have as to that Particular: But I imagine they will force themſelves upon him, more than he himſelf may wiſh, or would permit, were the Acquaintance now to begin; for they are not of his Turn of Mind, as it ſeems to me; being, by a Sentence or two that dropt

from them, very free, and very frothy, in their Converſation; and by their laughing at what they ſay themſelves, taking that for Wit, which will not ſtand the Teſt, if I may be allow'd to ſay ſo.

But they have heard, no doubt, what a Character Mr. *B.*'s Goodneſs to me, has lifted into Notice; and they think themſelves warranted to ſay any thing before his Country Girl.

He was pleaſed to aſk me, when they were gone, How I liked his two Lawyers? And ſaid, they were Perſons of Family and Fortune.

I am glad of it, Sir, ſaid I; for their own ſakes.

Then you don't approve of them, *Pamela?*——

They are *your* Friends, Sir: and I cannot have any Diſlike to them.

They ſay good Things *ſometimes*, returned he.

I don't doubt it, Sir: But you ſay good Things *always*.

'Tis happy for me, my Dear, you think ſo. But tell me, What think you of 'em?

I ſhall be better able, Sir, to anſwer your Queſtion, if I ſee them a ſecond time.

But we form Notions of Perſons, at firſt Sight, ſometimes, my Dear; and you are ſeldom miſtaken in yours.

I only think, Sir, That they have neither of them any Diffidence: But their Profeſſion, perhaps, may ſet them above that.

They don't *practiſe*, my Dear; their Fortunes require it not of them; and they are too ſtudious of their Pleaſures, to give themſelves any Trouble they are not oblig'd to take.

They ſeem to me, Sir, to be *qualified* for Practice: They would make great Figures at the Bar, I fancy.

Why ſo?

Becauſe, Sir, they ſeem, if I *muſt* ſpeak, Gentlemen of great Elocution!——

How do you diſcover that, my Dear?——

Only, that they ſeem prepared to think *well* of what they ſhall ſay *themſelves*; and *lightly* of what *other People* ſay, or may think of *them*.— That

That indeed, my Dear, is the neceſſary Character of a publick Speaker, be he Lawyer, or what he will: The Man who cannot doubt himſelf, and can judge contemptibly of his Auditors, never fails to ſpeak with *Self-applauſe* at leaſt.

But you'll pardon me, good Sir, for ſpeaking my Mind ſo freely, and ſo early, of theſe *your Friends.*

I never, my Love, aſk you a Queſtion, I wiſh you not to anſwer; and always expect your Anſwer ſhould be without Reſerve; for many times I may aſk your Opinion, as a Corrective or a Confirmation of my own Judgment.

How kind, how indulgent was this, my good Lady?——But you know, how generouſly your dear Brother treats me, on all Occaſions; and this makes me ſo bold as I often am.

It may be neceſſary, my dear Lady, to give you an Account of our Viſitors, in order to make the future Parts of my Writing the more intelligible; becauſe what I may have to write, may turn ſometimes upon the Company we ſee: For which Reaſon, I ſhall alſo juſt mention Sir *George Stuart*, a *Scotiſh* Gentleman, with whom Mr. *B.* came acquainted in his Travels, who ſeems to be a polite, and (Mr. *B.* ſays, is) a learned Man, and a Virtuoſo: He, and a Nephew of his of the ſame Name, a baſhful Gentleman, and who, for that Reaſon, I imagine, has a Merit that lies deeper than a firſt Obſervation can reach, are juſt gone from us, and were received with ſo much Civility by Mr. *B.* as intitles them to my reſpectful Regard.

Thus, Madam, do I run on, in a manner, without Materials; and only to ſhew you the Pleaſure I take in obeying you. I hope my good Lord *Davers* continues in Health, and me in his Favour; which I value extremely, as well as your Ladyſhip's. Mr. *H.* I hope, likewiſe enjoys his Health. But let me not forget my particular and thankful Reſpects to the Counteſs, for her Ladyſhip's Favour and Goodneſs to me, which I ſhall ever place next, in my grateful Eſteem, to the Honours I have received from your

Ladyſhip on ſo many Occaſions; and which bind me to be, with the greateſt Reſpect, my dear Lady,

Your faithful and obliged Servant, P. B.

LETTER VI.

My dear Father and Mother,

I Write to you both, at this Time, for your Advice in a particular Caſe, that is the only one, that I have had, or I hope ever ſhall have, with my dear Benefactor, by way of Diſpute; and as he is pleaſed to inſiſt upon his Way, and it is a Point of Conſcience with me, I muſt reſolve, I think, to be determin'd by your joint Advice; and if my Father and Mother, and Huſband, are of one Opinion, I muſt yield up my own:

This is the Subject: I think a Mother ought, if ſhe can, to be the Nurſe to her own Children.

Mr. *B.* ſays, he will not permit it.

It is the firſt *will not* I have heard from him, or given Occaſion for: And I tell him, that as it is a Point of Conſcience with me, I hope he will indulge me: But the dear Gentleman has an odd way of arguing, that ſometimes puzzles me. He pretends to anſwer me from Scripture; but I have ſome Doubts of *his* Expoſition; and he gives me Leave to write to you, tho' yet he won't promiſe to be determin'd by your Opinions, if they are not the ſame with his own; and I ſay to him, Is this fair, my deareſt Mr. *B?* Is it?——

He has got the Dean's Opinion with him; for our Debate began before we came to Town: But then he would not let me ſtate the Caſe; but did it himſelf; and yet 'tis but an half Opinion, as I may ſay, neither. For it is, That if the Huſband is ſet upon it, it is a Wife's Duty to obey.

But I can't ſee how that is; for if it be the *natural* Duty of a Mother, it is a *Divine* Duty; and how can a Huſband have Power to diſcharge a Divine Duty?—As great as a Wife's Obligation is to

obey

obey her Huſband, which is, I own, one Indiſpenſable of the Marriage Contract, it ought not to interfere with what one takes to be a ſuperior Duty: And muſt not one be one's own Judge of Actions, by which we muſt ſtand or fall?——

I'll tell you my Plea:

I ſay, That where a Mother is unhealthy; ſubject to communicative Diſtempers, as ſcrophulous, or ſcorbutick, or conſumptive Diſorders, which have infected the Blood or Lungs; or where they have not Plenty of Nouriſhment for the Child, as, I have heard, is the Caſe of ſome; that in theſe Caſes, a Diſpenſation lies of courſe.

But where there is good Health, free Spirits, and plentiful Nouriſhment; I think it an indiſpenſable Duty.

For this was the Cuſtom, of old, of all the good Wives we read of in Scripture.

Then the Nouriſhment of the Mother muſt be moſt natural to the Child.

Then a Nurſe may have a bad Huſband, may have Diſtempers, may have private Vices, as to Liquors, *&c.* may be careleſs, and a Self-lover; while a Mother prefers the Health of her Child to her own private Satisfactions, or Appetites.

A Nurſe may be of a ſordid Nature; and when I have heard Mr. *B.* ſo ſatirical on Lords and Gentlemen in Coach-boxes, why may not Charity make one think, that the Lady of the Family was innocent of ſordid and unpardonable Crimes, imputed by ſevere Judges; and that the Child, when grown up, owes its Taſte to the Coach-box, to its Nurſe's being the Coachman's Wife, or the Wife of one of like Degree, who may not have a Mind or Qualities above that Degree; for, as the Blood and Spirits are augmented, with the Child's Growth, by the Food it takes in, a ſordid Nature may as well be communicated from a ſound Woman, as bad Health by an unſound, as I ſhould imagine.

Then the Child, by the Deſignation of Nature, generally brings its Nouriſhment into the World with it: And Art muſt be uſed, as I preſume, to dry up the Fountains of ſuch its Nouriſhment: And is not this quite unnatural? And is not what is unnatural ſinful?

Then I have lately read, my Circumſtances having made me curious on this Subject; that a new-born Child has, in its little Bowels, a pitchy Subſtance, that wants to be purged off; and when it is not, occaſions thoſe Gripings and Convulſions which deſtroy ſo many miſerable Infants, even (as one finds by the weekly Bills here in Town) more than half of thoſe who die in Infancy: Whereas Nature has deſign'd, it ſeems, a Cure for this, in the purgative Quality, and fine thin Blueneſs given to the firſt Milk, which in three Weeks or a Month, or may-be leſs, carries off that pitchy Subſtance, and gives Freedom and Eaſe to the Bowels of Babies; a Quality which, not being in ſtaler Milk, the poor Child often falls a Sacrifice to this Negligence or Inattention; and the Mother's Pains, and Hazards, are all caſt away; and her Griefs, at loſing the dear Infant, are much greater than her Joys, at its Birth, when all the Danger was over.

Then, dear Sir, ſaid I, there is another Point, reſpecting the Health of our Sex.—Great Hurts to one's Conſtitution may ariſe from too frequently being in this Circumſtance; and, for my own Part, you have made me ſo happy, that I cannot help being *covetous* of Life, if I may ſo ſay.—But the Sin, dear Sir, the Sin of committing that Taſk to others, which is ſo right to be performed by one's ſelf, if one has Health and Strength to perform it, is the chief Thing with me; and, you know, Sir, that even a Huſband's Will is not ſufficient to excuſe one from a natural or divine Obligation.

Theſe were my Pleas, among others: And this is his Anſwer; for he was ſo good to give it me in writing:

"As to what you alledge, my Dear, of old Cuſtoms; Times and Faſhions are much changed. "If you tell me of *Sarah*'s, or *Rachel*'s, or *Rebekah*'s, "or *Leah*'s nurſing their own Children, I can anſwer, that the one drew Water at a Well, for "her Father's Flocks; another kneaded Cakes, and "baked them on the Hearth, for her Gueſts; another perſonally dreſs'd ſavoury Meat, for her Huſband; and all of them performed the common "Offices of the Houſhold: And when our modern "Ladies are willing to follow ſuch Examples in "*every thing*, their Plea ought to be allow'd in "this.

"As to the matter of ſordid Natures—We read, "that there were among *Jacob*'s twelve Sons, bad "as well as good Natures, tho' born of, and nurſed "by, the ſame Mothers; *Reuben* particularly committed an unpardonable Crime: You are too well "read in Scripture-hiſtory, to need being told what "it was. Two others were Murderers, treacherous "Murderers, in cold Blood; and how did all their "Hearts burn with ſordid and unbrotherly Envy "againſt their Father's favourite Son?

"Then it requires but the more Care in finding "out a wholſome Woman, who has an honeſt and "good-natur'd Huſband: And, let me tell you, "*Pamela*, that the beſt Natures, and the beſt Conſtitutions, (tho' your Caſe is an Exception) are "not always to be met with in High-life; and the "leſs, perhaps, becauſe they don't exerciſe themſelves, as the patriarchal Nurſes you hinted at, "uſed to do. Indeed I have ſeen Spirits, in ſome "of the High-born of your Sex, that one would not "wiſh to be propagated; but contrarily (if there be "ſo much in the Nature of the Nouriſhment) I "ſhould think it matter of Prudence, that the Child "ſhould have any other Nurſe than its Mother.

"As to the Nurſe's private Vices, with regard to

" Liquors, Diſtempers, *&c.* this will be anſwer'd, " by what I have hinted, of the greater Care to be " taken in the Choice of the Nurſe. And I am ſo " well pleaſed with your Apprehenſions of this Na- " ture, that it is a moral Security to me, that you " will make a proper Choice; and I ſhall be intirely " eaſy, in committing this Province to ſo prudent " and diſcreet a Wife.

" I allow, that there is a great deal in what you " ſay, as to the pitchy Subſtance in new-born Chil- " dren; and I think it very proper, that the Child " ſhould have the firſt Milk: But cannot ſuch a " Nurſe be found, as may anſwer this Intention?— " If ſhe cannot, I will, provided you deal by me " with your uſual Sincerity, and not make Scruples " againſt a Recommendation, on purpoſe to carry " your own Point, permit you to be your own " Nurſe, for one Month, or ſo, if, by the Opinion " of proper Judges, it be found neceſſary. But " then, as I know the pretty wire-drawing ways of " your Sex, you muſt not ſo much as aſk to go " farther; for I ſhall not care to have my Reſt " diſturbed; and it may not be quite ſo well, per- " haps, to lay us under the Neceſſity of ſeparate " Beds.

" Beſides, my Fondneſs for your perſonal Graces, " and the laudable, and, I will ſay, honeſt Pleaſure, " I take in that eaſy, genteel Form, which every " body admires in you, at firſt Sight, oblige me to " declare, that I can by no means conſent to ſacri- " fice theſe to the Careleſsneſs into which I have " ſeen very nice Ladies ſink, when they became " Nurſes. Moreover, my chief Delight in you is " for the Beauties of your Mind; and, unequall'd as " they are, in my Opinion, you have ſtill a Genius " capable of great Improvement; and I ſhan't care, " when I want to hear my *Pamela* read her *French* " and *Latin* Leſſons, which I take ſo much Delight " to teach her, (and to endeavour to improve my- " ſelf from her Virtue and Piety, at the ſame time) " to ſeek my Beloved in the Nurſery; or to permit

" her

" her to be ingroſs'd by thoſe Baby Offices, which
" will better befit weaker Minds.

" No, my Dear, you muſt allow me to look
" upon you as my Scholar, in one Senſe; as my
" Companion, in another; and as my Inſtructreſs,
" in a third. You know I am not govern'd by the
" worſt Motives: I am half overcome by your
" Virtue; and you muſt take care, that you leave
" not your Work half-done. But I cannot help
" looking upon the Nurſe's Office, as an Office be-
" neath my *Pamela*. Let it have your Inſpection,
" your Direction, and your ſole Attention, if you
" pleaſe, when I am abroad: But when I am at
" home, even a Son and Heir, ſo jealous am I of
" your Affections, ſhall not be my Rival in them:
" Nor will I have my Reſt broken in upon, by
" your Servants bringing to you, as you once pro-
" pos'd, your dear Little one, at Times, perhaps, as
" unſuitable to my Repoſe, and your own, as to
" the Child's Neceſſities; for I have no Notion of
" ſtifling even a Cry, by cramming its little Sto-
" mach, when that very Cry, ſhall, perhaps, be ne-
" ceſſary for Exerciſe to its Lungs, and to open its
" little Organs.

" You have been often ſomewhat uneaſy, when I
" have talked, for Argument's ſake, in favour of
" Polygamy. But when you mention the Deſigna-
" tions of Nature, and form from thence your
" Notions of Duty on this Subject, what will you
" ſay, if I could, from your very Arguments of this
" kind, plead for that Practice, and bring all your
" good patriarchal Folks on my ſide, on whom you
" lay ſuch Streſs, in one Inſtance?—For Example,
" my Dear: Suppoſe I put you in mind, that while
" *Rachel* was giving her Little-one all her Attention,
" as a good Nurſe, the worthy Patriarch had ſeve-
" ral other Wives.—Don't be ſhock'd, my deareſt
" Love.—The Laws of one's own Country, are a
" ſufficient Objection to me againſt Polygamy; at
" leaſt, I will not think of any more Wives, till
" you convince me, by your Adherence to the

" Example

" Example given you by the Patriarch Wives, that " I ought to follow thoſe of the Patriarch Huſ- " bands."

So here is that naſty Word *Polygamy* again! Mr. *B.* knows, I had rather he ſhould mention any thing than that.—But be ſo good as to mind his next Argument: He is pleaſed to entertain very high Notions (tho' he puts them not in Practice; and, indeed, I think it my Duty to avoid giving him Occaſion for it) of the Prerogative of a Huſband. Upon my Word, he ſometimes, for Argument's ſake, makes a body think a Wife ſhould not have the leaſt Will of her own. He ſets up a diſpenſing Power, in ſhort, altho' he knows, that that Doctrine once coſt a Prince his Crown. And thus, proceeding with his Anſwer to my Plea, he argues:

" The chief Thing, that ſticks with you, my dear " *Pamela*, is, that you think it unnatural in a Mother " not to be a Nurſe to her own Child, if ſhe can; " and what is unnatural, you ſay, is a Sin. Now, " my Dear, altho' your *Practice* be ſo unexception- " able, you ſeem not to have a right Notion of the " Obedience which a Wife naturally *owes*, as well " as voluntarily *vows*, to a Huſband's Will.—

" In all *lawful* Things, you'll ſay—But ſuppoſe, " my Dear, you were to make a ſolemn Vow, either " as a ſingle Woman, or as a Wife, to do any thing " that you had a natural Power to do. No doubt you " would think yourſelf under an Obligation to per- " form it, let the Conſequence be what it would. " But to ſhew *you*, who are ſo learned in the old " Law, of how little Force even the *Vows* of your " Sex are, and how much you are under the Con- " troul of ours, read the following Verſes in " *Numbers* xxx. *If a* MAN *vow a Vow unto the* " *Lord, or ſwear an Oath to bind his Soul with a* " *Bond, he ſhall not break his Word; he ſhall do* " *according to all that proceedeth out of his Mouth.* " The Reaſon of this is, he is ſole and independent, " and Maſter of his own Will and Actions.—But

" what

" what follows? *If a* WOMAN *alſo vow a Vow*
" *unto the Lord, and bind herſelf by a Bond, being*
" *in her Father's Houſe, in her Youth; and her*
" *Father hear her Vow, and her Bond, wherewith ſhe*
" *hath bound her Soul, and her Father ſhall hold his*
" *Peace at her: Then all her Vows ſhall ſtand; and*
" *every Bond wherewith ſhe hath bound her Soul,*
" *ſhall ſtand. But if her Father diſallow her in the*
" *Day that he heareth, not any of her Vows, or of*
" *her Bonds, wherewith ſhe hath bound her Soul, ſhall*
" *ſtand: And the Lord ſhall forgive her, becauſe her*
" *Father diſallowed her.*

" The very ſame Thing is, with equal Strength,
" expreſſed in the Verſes immediately following, in
" relation to a HUSBAND's allowing or diſallowing
" his WIFE's Vows; nor is it diſtinguiſh'd at all,
" whether the Vow be juſt or unjuſt: And it is
" worthy of Obſervation too, that the Laws of
" *England*, in Conſideration of the Obedience a
" Wife owes to a Huſband, will acquit a WOMAN
" of certain Crimes, for which they will puniſh a
" MAN with Death.

" What I have mentioned, therefore, ſhews how
" much the *Daughter* is under the abſolute Controul
" of her *Father*, and the *Wife* of her *Husband:* So
" that, you ſee, my Dear, even in ſuch a ſtrong
" Point as a *ſolemn Vow to the Lord*, the Wife may
" be abſolv'd by the Huſband, from the Perform-
" ance of it.

" And by the way, this is no bad Piece of Informa-
" tion to young Ladies, who are urged by their de-
" ſigning Lovers to enter into Vows and Contracts in
" their Favour: Not one of which, you ſee, is of
" Force, unleſs the Father, and, by the ſame Rule,
" thoſe who have Authority over her, and ſtand in
" the Father's Place, approve and confirm it.

" If this therefore be the Caſe in ſo ſolemn a
" Point, ſurely, an Huſband may take upon him-
" ſelf to diſpenſe with ſuch a ſuppoſed Obligation,
" as that which you ſeem ſo loth to give up,
" even although you had made a Vow, that you

" would

" would nurſe your own Child.—And the rather, " if the Principle an Huſband acts upon, is laud- " able, a Deſire to continue his affectionate and " faithful Regards to his Wife, to preſerve in her, " as long as may be preſerved, thoſe Graces, and " thoſe Delicacies of Perſon, which he admires in " her, and which it is impoſſible a thorough Nurſe " ſhould keep up; and as, moreover, in your Caſe, " her Time may be imploy'd to ſo much greater " Improvement to her own Mind, and her Huſ- " band's Morals, while he can look upon her in a " Light above that of an inſipid prattling Nurſe, " who muſt become a Fool and a Baby herſelf, " before ſhe can be complete in the Character, into " which you, my Dear, want to dwindle.

" Some Gentlemen may be fond of having their " Ladies undertake this Province, and very good " Reaſons may be aſſigned for ſuch their Fondneſs; " but it ſuits not me at all. And yet no Man " would be thought to have a greater Affection for " Children than myſelf, or be more deſirous to do " them Juſtice; for I think every one ſhould look " forward to Poſterity with a Preference: But if " my *Pamela* can be *better* imploy'd: If the Office " can be equally well perform'd: If your Direction " and Superintendence will be ſufficient; and if I " cannot look upon you in that way with equal " Delight, as if it was otherwiſe; I inſiſt upon it, " my *Pamela*, that you acquieſce with my *Diſpenſa-* " *tion*, and don't think to let me loſe my beloved " Wife, and have an indelicate Nurſe put upon me " inſtead of her.

" As to that Hint, the neareſt to me of all, of " Dangers to your Conſtitution; there is as much " Reaſon to hope it may *not* be ſo, as to fear that " it *may*. For Children ſometimes bring Health " with them as well as Infirmity; and it is not a " little likely, that the *Nurſe*'s Office may affect the " Health of a dear Lady, who has no very robuſt " Conſtitution, and thinks it ſo much her Duty to " attend it, that ſhe will abridge herſelf of half the

" Pleaſures

" Pleaſures of Life, and on that Account confine " herſelf within Doors, or, in the other Caſe, muſt " take with her, her Infant and her Nurſery-maid, " where-ever ſhe goes; and I ſhall either have very " fine Company (ſhall I not?) or be obliged to deny " myſelf yours.

" Then, as I propoſe to give you a Smattering " of the *French* and *Italian*, I know not but I may " take you with me on a little Tour into *France* " and *Italy*; at leaſt to *Bath*, to *Tunbridge*, to " *Oxford*, to *York*, and the principal Places of " *England*: Wherefore as I love to look upon you " as the Companion of my Pleaſures, I adviſe you, " my deareſt Love, not to weaken, or, to ſpeak in " a Phraſe proper to the preſent Subject, *wean* me " from that Love *to* you, and Admiration *of* you, " which hitherto has been rather increaſing than " otherwiſe, as your Merit, and Regard for me, " have increaſed."

Theſe, my dear Parents, are charming Allurements, almoſt irreſiſtible Temptations! And that makes me miſtruſt myſelf the more, and be the more diffident—For we are but too apt to be perſuaded into any thing, when the Motives are ſo tempting as theſe laſt!—But do you take it *indeed*, that a Huſband has ſuch a vaſt Prerogative? Can it be, now under the *Goſpel*, that this ſetting themſelves, as it were, in God's place, and *diſpenſing* with our Wills as pleaſes theirs, is ſtill in Force?—Yet it is ſaid, that our Saviour came not to *break the Law, but to fulfil it.*

I take it for granted, that many Ladies will not chuſe to diſpute this Point ſo earneſtly as I have done; for we have had ſeveral little Debates about it; and it is the only Point I have ever yet debated with him: But one would not be altogether implicit neither. It is no Compliment to him to be quite paſſive, and to have no Will at all of one's own: Yet would I not diſpute one Point, but in Suppoſition of a ſuperior Obligation: And this, he ſays, he can *diſpenſe* with: —But, alas! my dear Mr. *B.* was never yet thought

ſo

ſo intirely fit to fill up the Character of a Caſuiſtical Divine, as that one may abſolutely rely upon his Deciſions in theſe ſerious Points: And you know we muſt all ſtand or fall by our own Judgments.

Upon Condition, therefore, that he requires not to ſee this my Letter, nor your Anſwer to it, unleſs I pleaſe, I write for your Advice; for you both have always made a Conſcience of your Duties, and taught me to do ſo too, or perhaps I had not been what I am; and I know, moreover, that nobody is more converſant with the Scriptures than you are; and, ſome how or other, he has got the Dean againſt me; and I care not to be ſo free with the worthy Miniſter of our Pariſh here, and ſtill leſs with the younger Clergymen I am acquainted with.

But this I ſee plainly enough, that he will have his own Way; and if I cannot get over my Scruples, what ſhall I do? For if I think it a *Sin* to ſubmit to the Diſpenſation he inſiſts upon as in his Power to grant, and yet *do* ſubmit to it, what will become of my Peace of Mind? For it is not in our Power to believe as one will. Then weak Minds will have their Doubts, and the Law allows a Toleration for ſcrupulous and tender Conſciences: But my beloved Huſband, my Lawgiver, and my Prince, I doubt, will allow none to poor me!

As to the Liberty he gives me for a Month, I ſhould be loth to take it; for one does not know the Inconveniences that may attend a Change of Nouriſhment; or if I did, I ſhould rather—But I know not what I would ſay; for I am but a young Creature to be in this Way, and very unequal to it in every reſpect! So I commit myſelf to God's Direction, and your Advice, as becomes

Your ever-dutiful Daughter, P. B.

LETTER VII.

My deareſt Child,

YOUR Mother and I have as well conſidered the Caſe you put, as we are able; and we think your

your own Reaſons very good; and it is pity, a thouſand Pities, your honoured Husband will not allow them, as you, my Dear, make it ſuch a Point with you. Very few Ladies would give their Spouſes, we believe, the Trouble of this Debate; and few Gentlemen are ſo very nice as yours in this reſpect; for I (but what ſignifies what ſuch a mean Soul as I think, compar'd to ſo learned and brave a Gentleman; yet I) always thought your dear Mother, and ſhe has been a pretty Woman too in her Time, never look'd ſo lovely, as when I ſaw the dear Creature, like the *Pelican* in the Wilderneſs, feeding her young ones from her kind Breaſt:— And had I had ever ſo noble an Eſtate, I am ſure I ſhould have thought ſo.

But ſince the good 'Squire cannot take this Pleaſure; ſince he ſo much values your Perſon; ſince he gives you Warning, that it may eſtrange his Affections; ſince he is impatient of Denial, and thinks ſo highly of his Prerogative; ſince he may, if diſobliged, reſume ſome bad Habits, and ſo you may have all your Prayers and Hopes in his perfect Reformation fruſtrated, and find your own Power to do Good more narrow'd, as I may ſay; we think, beſides the Obedience you have vowed to him, and is the Duty of every good Wife, you ought to give up the Point, and acquieſce; for this ſeemeth to us, to be the leſſer Evil; and God Almighty, if it ſhould be your Duty, will not be leſs merciful than Men; who, as his Honour ſays, by the Laws of the Realm, excuſe a Wife when ſhe is faulty by the Command of the Husband; and we hope, the Fault he is pleaſed to make you commit, (if a Fault, for he really gives very praiſe-worthy Motives for his Diſpenſation) will not lie at his own Door. So e'en reſolve, my deareſt Child, to ſubmit to it, and with Chearfulneſs too.

God ſend you an happy Hour! but who knows, when the Time comes, whether it may not be proper to diſpenſe with this Duty, as you deem it, on other Accounts? for every young Perſon is not inabled

inabled to perform it. So, to ſhew his Honour, that you will chearfully acquieſce, your dear Mother adviſes, that you would look out for a wholſome, good-humour'd, honeſt Body, as near your Complexion, and Temper, and Conſtitution, as may be; and it may not be the worſe, ſhe thinks, if ſhe is Twenty, or One or Two-and-twenty; for ſhe will have more Strength and Perfection, as one may ſay, than even you can have at your tender Age: And, above all, for the wiſe Reaſon you give from your Reading, that ſhe may be brought to-bed much about your Time, if it be poſſible——We will look out, if you pleaſe, about us for ſuch an one. And as Mr. *B.* is not averſe to have the dear Child in the Houſe with you, you will have as much Delight, and the dear Baby may fare as well, under your prudent and careful Eye, as if you were to be obliged in the Way you would chuſe.

So, God direct you, my deareſt Child, in all your Ways, and make you acquieſce in this Point with Chearfulneſs, (altho', as you ſay, one cannot believe as one pleaſes; for we verily are of Opinion you ſafely may, as matters ſtand) and continue to you, and your beloved and honoured Huſband, Health and all manner of Happineſs, are the Prayers of

Your moſt affectionate Father and Mother,

J. and E. ANDREWS.

I have privately ſhew'd our worthy Miniſter your Letter: You know, my Dear, he is a learned and judicious Gentleman: And he is of our Opinion, that it is beſt for you, on all Accounts, to acquieſce. Beſides, it may diſoblige the 'Squire, and it will ſignify nothing, after all; for he will have his Way, that's ſure enough.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

I Thank you, my deareſt Parents, for your kind Letter; it was given to Mr. *B.* and he brought it to me himſelf, and was angry at me: Indeed he was; as you ſhall hear:

'Tis from the good Couple, my Dear, I ſee. I hope they are of my Opinion. But whether they be or not——But I will leave you; and do you, *Pamela*, ſtep down to my Cloſet when you have perus'd it.

He was pleaſed to withdraw; and I read it, and ſat down, and conſider'd it well; but, as you know I made it always my maxim to do that I could not avoid to do, with as good a Grace as poſſible, I waited on the dear Gentleman.

Well, *Pamela*, ſaid he, a little ſeriouſly, what ſay the worthy Pair?

Oh Sir! they declare for you! They ſay, it is beſt for me to yield up this Point.

They are certainly in the right—But were you not a dear little perverſe Slut to give me all this Trouble about your ſaucy Scruples?

Nay, Sir, don't call them ſo, ſaid I; little thinking he was diſpleaſed with me—I ſtill am ſomewhat wavering; tho' they adviſe me to acquieſce: And. as it is your Will, and you have determined how it ſhall be, it is my Duty to yield up the Point.

But do you yield it up chearfully, my Dear?——

I do, Sir; and will never more diſpute it, let what will happen!—And I beg Pardon for having ſo often enter'd into this Subject with you.—But you know, Sir, if a Body's Weakneſs of Mind gives one Scruples, one ſhould not yield implicitly, till they are ſatisfy'd; for that would look as if one gave you not the Obedience of a free mind.——

You are very obliging, *juſt now*, my Dear: But I can tell you, you had made me half ſerious; yet I would not ſhew it, in Compliment to your preſent

Circumſtance;

Circumſtance; for I did not expect, that you would have thought *any* Appeal neceſſary, tho' to your Father and Mother, in a Point that I was determin'd upon, as you muſt ſee, every Time we talk'd of it.

This ſtruck me all in a Heap. I look'd down to the Ground; having no Courage to look up to his Face, for fear I ſhould behold his Aſpect as mortifying to me as his Words. But he took both my Hands, and drew me kindly to him, and ſaluted me———Excuſe me, my deareſt Love! I am not angry with you.——Speak to me, my Dear.——— Why drops this precious Pearl, and kiſs'd my Cheek ——Speak to me, *Pamela!* —

I will, Sir——I will—as ſoon as I can—for this being my firſt Check, ſo ſeriouſly given, my Heart was full. But as I knew he would be angry, and think me obſtinate, if I did not ſpeak; I ſaid, full of Concern— I wiſh, Sir—I wiſh —— you had been pleaſed to ſpare me longer, a little longer, for the ſame kind, very kind Conſideration!——

But it is not better, my Dear, to tell you I *was* a little out of Humour, than that I *am*?—But you had been very earneſt with me on this Point more than once; and you put me upon a hated, becauſe an ungenerous, Neceſſity of pleading my Prerogative, as I call it: And yet this would not do, but you would appeal againſt me in the Point I was determin'd upon, for Reaſons altogether generous, and in your Favour; and if this was not like my *Pamela*, excuſe me, my deareſt Love, that I could not help being a little unlike myſelf.

Ah! thought I, this is not ſo very unlike your dear Self, if I were to give the leaſt Shadow of an Occaſion; for it is of a Piece with your Leſſons formerly *.

I am ſure, ſaid I, I was not in the leaſt aware, that I had offended!——But I was too little circumſpect. I had been uſed to your Goodneſs for ſo long a Time, that I expected it, it ſeems; and thought I was ſure of your favourable Conſtruction. Why-

* *See* Vol. II. *p.* 241, 242, *&c.*

Why ſo you may be, my Dear, in every thing *almoſt*. But I don't love to ſpeak † twice my Mind on the ſame Subject; you know I don't; and you have really diſputed this Point with me Five or Six times: Inſomuch, that I wonder'd what was come to my Deareſt!———

I thought, Sir, you would have diſtinguiſh'd between a Command where my Conſcience was concerned, and a common Point: You know, Sir, I never had any Will but yours in common Points. ——But indeed you make me fearful, becauſe my Task is render'd too difficult for my own weak Judgment. But then, Sir—— But I ſhall offend again——

And then what? Say all you would ſay, *Pamela*. ——And then what?

Why, Sir, if I muſt ſpeak— You threaten me ſo at every Turn with that cruel Word *Polygamy*, that it ſhews me, it is too much in your Mind—— But I ſhall make you angry again.

Was not the Patriarch Husbands Practice, *Pamela*, a fit Thing to be oppos'd to that of the Patriarch Wives? But do you ſay, I *threaten* you with that Word? Take care, my Love: You have been a *faultleſs Angel* hitherto. Don't let me find you ready to make ſuch harſh Conſtructions as a *mere Woman* is accuſtom'd to make, when ſhe is diſpos'd to be captious; altho' a better Conſtruction lies before her.

I was ſilent, but by my Tears.

Now I doubt, *Pamela*, your Spirit is high. You won't ſpeak, becauſe you are out of Humour at what I ſay. I will have no ſullen Reſerves, my Deareſt. What means that heaving Sob? I know, my dear Love, that this is a Time with your Sex, when, ſadden'd with your Apprehenſions, and indulged becauſe of them, by the fond Husband, it is needful, for both their ſakes, to watch over the Changes of

† Ibid. *p.* 246.

of their Temper. For Ladies in your Way, are often like incroaching Subjects: They are apt to extend what they call their Privileges, on the Indulgence ſhewed them; and the Huſband never again recovers the Aſcendant he had before.

You know theſe Things better than I, Mr. *B.* But I had no intention to invade your Province, or go out of my own. Yet I thought I had a Right to a little Free-will, a very little; eſpecially on ſome greater Occaſions.

Why ſo you have, my Dear. But you muſt not plead one Text of Scripture in behalf of your own Will; and refuſe to another its due Weight, when it makes for mine.

Well, Sir, I muſt needs ſay, I have one Advantage above others of my Sex: For if Wives in my Circumſtance are apt to grow upon Indulgence, I am very happy, that your kind and watchful Care will hinder me from falling into that Danger.

He gave me a kind Tap on the Neck: Let me beat my beloved Sawcebox, ſaid he: Is it thus you railly my watchful Care over you for your own Good? But tell me truly, *Pamela*, are you not a little ſullen? Look up to me, my Dear——Are you not?

I believe I am; but 'tis but a very little, Sir—It will ſoon go off—Pleaſe to let me withdraw, that I may take myſelf to Task about it; ——for at preſent, I know not what to do, becauſe I did not expect the Diſpleaſure I have incurr'd.

Is it not the ſame Thing, reply'd he, if this our firſt Quarrel end here, without your withdrawing?—I forgive you heartily, my *Pamela*; and give me one Kiſs, and I will think of your ſaucy Appeal againſt me no more.

I will comply with your Conditions, dear Sir; but I have a great Mind to be ſaucy. I wiſh you would let me for this once.

What would you ſay, my Deareſt? Be ſaucy then, as you call it, as ſaucy as you can.

Why

Why then, Sir, I am a little ſullen at preſent, that I am:—And I am not fully convinc'd, whether it muſt be I that forgive you, or you me.—— For indeed, till I can recollect, I cannot think my Fault ſo great in this Point, that was a Point of Conſcience to me, as (pardon me) Sir, to ſtand in need of your Forgiveneſs.

Well then, my Deareſt, ſaid he, claſping his kind Arms about me, we will forgive one another; but take this with you, That it is my Love to you, that makes me more delicate than otherwiſe I ſhould be; and you have inur'd me ſo much to a faultleſs Conduct, that I can hardly bear with natural Infirmities from you.—But, giving me another Tap, Get you gone; I leave you to your Recollection; and let me know what Fruits it produces; for I muſt not be put off with a Half-compliance; I muſt have your whole *Will* with me, if poſſible.

So I went up, and recollecting every thing, *ſacrific'd to my Sex*, as Mr. *B.* calls it, when he talks of a Wife's Reluctance to give up a favourite Point; for I ſhed a good many Tears, becauſe my Heart was ſet upon it; and this Patriarchal Retort hung heavy upon my Mind.

And ſo, my dear Father and Mother, Twenty charming Ideas and Pleaſures, which I had formed to myſelf, had I obtained this Permiſſion, are vaniſhed from me, and my Meaſures are quite broken. But after my Heart was relieved by my Eye, I was lighter and eaſier. And the Reſult is, we have heard of a good ſort of Body, that is to be my poor *Baby's Mother*, when it comes; and ſo your kindly-offer'd Inquiries are needleſs, I believe.

I can't tell but this ſort of Rebuff might be a little neceſſary, after all; for I have forgotten, thro' Mr. *B*'s paſt Indulgence for ſo long a Time, his Injunctions and Leſſons *; and this awfully-inforced Remembrance ſhews me, that the Rules he formerly preſcribed, were not Words of Courſe, but that he intended

* *See* Vol. II. *p.* 241, &c. *before cited.*

intended to keep me up to the Letter of them.—So I muſt be a little more circumſpect, I find that, than of late I thought I had Occaſion to be.

But he is the beſt and tendereſt of Husbands, for all this; and yet I was forced to accept of *his* Forgiveneſs, and he did not think himſelf obliged to me for *mine*; and has carry'd his Point all to nothing, as the Racing Gentlemen ſay. But I can ſee one Thing, nevertheleſs, on this Occaſion, that the Words *Command* and *Obey* are not quite blotted out of his Vocabulary, as he ſaid they ſhould be*.

But, truly, I did not imagine before, that the Husband had ſo very extenſive a Prerogative neither.—Nor do I believe, that many Ladies would ſit down ſo ſatisfy'd with it, as I am forced to do.——Yet he vows, that it muſt have been ſo, had he marry'd a *Princeſs*;——and that it is not becauſe of the former Inequality of Condition between us.

I can't tell what to ſay to that: But I fancy there would then have been ſome *princely* Struggles between them, had it been ſo.——It may be, if he could not have conquer'd, he would not have liv'd with her; or, perhaps, would have run into his wicked Polygamy Notions.

Mr. *B.* to my further great *Comfort*, has juſt been telling me, how little a Wife of his muſt expect from her Tears; and has moſt nicely been diſtinguiſhing between Tears of *Sullenneſs*, and Tears of *Penitence*: The one, he declares, ſhall always meet with his Indulgence and Kindneſs, and never paſs unrewarded: But the other, being the laſt Reſources of the Sex, after they are diſarmed of all others, and by which they too often, as he ſays, carry all their Purpoſes, he will never ſuffer to have any Force at all upon him.

Very heroick, truly!—One ſtands a poor Chance in a Conteſt with ſuch an Husband.——It muſt be all pure unmixed Obedience and Submiſſion! And I find half the Tears a poor Wife might ſhed in matri-

* *See* Vol. II. *p.* 246,

matrimonial Bickerings, (ſo frequent with ſome, even of thoſe not unhappily married, as the World goes) would be of no Effect, were all Men of his Mind.

'Tis well for our Sex in general, that there are not many Gentlemen who diſtinguiſh thus nicely. For, I doubt, there are but very few ſo well intitled to their Ladies Obſervances as Mr. *B.* is; and who would act ſo generouſly and ſo tenderly by a Wife as he does, in every material Inſtance on which the Happineſs of Life depends.

But we are quite reconciled, altho', as I ſaid, upon his own Terms: And ſo I can ſtill ſtyle myſelf,

My dear honoured Parents,

Your happy, *as well as dutiful Daughter,*

P. B.

LETTER IX.

From Lady Davers *to Mrs.* B.

My dear Pamela,

I HAVE ſent you a Preſent, the completeſt I could procure, of every Thing that may ſuit your approaching happy Circumſtance; as I hope it will be to you, and to us all. But it is with a Hope annex'd, That altho' both Sexes are thought of in it, yet that you will not put us off with a Girl: No, Child, we will not permit, may we have our Wills, that you ſhall *think* of giving us a Girl, till you have preſented us with half a dozen fine Boys. For our Line is gone ſo low, that we expect that human Security from you in your firſt Seven Years, or we ſhall be diſappointed, I can tell you that.

And now, *Pamela*, I will give you their Names, if my Brother and you approve of them: Your Firſt ſhall be BILLY; my Lord *Davers*, and the Earl of *C*——, ſhall be Godfathers; and it muſt be doubly God-mother'd too, or I am afraid the Counteſs and I ſhall fall out about it. Your Second, ſhall

be DAVERS; beſure remember that——Your Third, ſhall be CHARLEY? your Fourth, JEMMY; your Fifth, HARRY; your Sixth—DUDLEY, if you will —and your Girl, if you had not rather call it PAMELA, ſhall be BARBARA—The reſt you muſt name as you pleaſe.—And ſo, my Dear, I wiſh all Seven happily over with you.

I am glad you got ſafe to Town; and long to hear of Miſs *Darnford*'s Arrival, becauſe I know you'll be out of your Biaſs in your new Settlement till then. She is a fine Lady; and writes the moſt to my Taſte of any one of her Sex, that I know, next to you. I wiſh ſhe'd be ſo kind to correſpond with me. But beſure don't omit to give me the Sequel of her Siſter and *Murray*'s Affair, and what you think will pleaſe me in relation to her. You do well to ſave yourſelf the Trouble of deſcribing the Town and the publick Places. We are no Strangers to them; and they are too much our Table-talk, when any Country Lady has, for the firſt Time, been carried to Town, and return'd: Beſides, what *London* affords, is nothing that deſerves Mention, compar'd to what we have ſeen at *Paris*, and at *Verſailles*, and other of the *French* Palaces. You exactly, therefore, hit our Taſtes, and anſwer our Expectations, when you give us, in your peculiar manner, Sentiments on what we may call the *Soul of Things*, and ſuch Characters as you draw with a Pencil borrow'd from the Hand of Nature, intermingled with thoſe fine Lights and Shades, of Reflections and Obſervations that make your Pictures glow, and inſtruct as well as inform.

There, *Pamela*, is Encouragement for you to proceed in obliging us. We are all of one Mind in this reſpect; and more than ever, ſince we have ſeen your Actions ſo well anſwer to your Writings; and that Theory and Practice, with regard to every Excellence that can adorn a Lady, is the ſame thing with you.

We are pleas'd with your Lawyers Characters. There are Life and Nature in them; but never avoid giving

giving all the Characters that occur to you; for that ſeems to be one of your Talents; and in the ugliеſt you can draw, there will be Matter of Inſtruction; eſpecially as you ſeem naturally to fall upon ſuch as are ſo general, that no one who converſes, but muſt ſee in them the Picture of one or other he is acquainted with.

By this Time, perhaps, Miſs *Darnford* will be with you—Our Reſpects to her, if ſo.—And you will have been at ſome of the Theatrical Entertainments. So will not want Subjects to oblige us.——'Twas a good Thought of your dear Man's, to carry you to ſee the ſeveral Houſes, and to make you a Judge, by that Means of the Diſpoſition and Faſhion of every Thing in them. Tell him, I love him better and better. I am proud of my Brother, and do nothing but talk of what a charming Huſband he makes. But then, he gives an Example to all who know him, and his uncontrouled Temper, (which makes againſt many of us) that it is poſſible for a good Wife to make even a bad Man a worthy Huſband: And this affords an Inſtruction, which may ſtand all our Sex in good ſtead.——But then they muſt have been cautious firſt, that they have choſen a Man of natural good Senſe, and good Manners, and not a brutal or abandon'd Debauchee.

But hark-ye-me, my ſweet Girl, what have I done to you, that you won't write yourſelf *Siſter* to me? I could find in my Heart to be angry with you on this Account. Before my laſt Viſit, indeed, I was ſcrupulous to ſubſcribe myſelf ſo to *you*. But ſince I have ſeen myſelf ſo much ſurpaſs'd in all manner of Excellence, that I would take Pleaſure in the Name, you aſſume a Pride in your Turn, and think it an undervaluing of yourſelf, I ſuppoſe, to call *me* ſo.—Ay, that's the Thing, I doubt—Altho', I can tell you, I have endeavour'd, by ſeveral Regulations ſince my Return, (and the Counteſs, too, keeps your Example in diſtant View, as well as I) to be more worthy of the Appellation. If, therefore, you would avoid the Reproaches of ſecret Pride, under the Shadow of ſo

remarkable an Humility, for the future never omit ſubſcribing, as I do, with great Pleaſure,

Your truly affectionate Siſter, and Friend,

B. Davers.

I always take it for granted, that my worthy Brother ſends his Reſpects to us; as you muſt, that Lord *Davers*, the good Counteſs, and *Jackey*, (who, as well as his Uncle, talks of nothing elſe but you) ſend theirs; and ſo unneceſſary Compliment will be always excluded our Correſpondence.

LETTER X.

In Anſwer to the preceding.

HOW you overwhelm me with your Goodneſs, my deareſt Lady, in every Word of your laſt welcome Letter, is beyond my Power to expreſs! How nobly has your Lady contrived, in your ever-valu'd Preſent, to encourage a doubting and apprehenſive Mind! And how does it contribute to my Joy and my Glory, that I am deemed by the noble Siſter of my beſt Beloved, not wholly unworthy of being the humble Means to continue, and, perhaps, to perpetuate, a Family ſo antient and ſo honourable!——

This, Madam, when I contemplate, and look upon what I was—What can I ſay!—How ſhall I expreſs the Senſe of the Honour, done me!—And when, ſkipping over for a few Moments, the other engaging Particulars in your Ladyſhip's Letter, I come to the laſt charming Paragraph, I am doubly affected to ſee myſelf ſeemingly upbraided, but ſo politely imbolden'd to aſſume an Appellation, that otherwiſe I hardly dar'd to aſſume.

I—*humble I*—who never had a Siſter before!—To find one now in *Lady* DAVERS! O Madam, you, and *only* you, can teach me Words fit to expreſs the Joy and the Gratitude that fill my delighted Heart!

Heart! — But thus much I am taught, and thus much I can ſay, tho' at a Loſs for other Words, that there is ſomething more than the Low-born can imagine in Birth and Education. This is ſo evident in your Lady's Actions, Words, and Manner, that it ſtrikes one with a becoming Reverence; and we look up with Awe to a Condition we emulate in vain, when raiſed by partial Favour, like what I have found; and are confounded, when we ſee Grandeur of Soul join'd with Grandeur of Birth and Condition; and a noble Lady acting thus nobly, as Lady *Davers* acts.

My beſt Wiſhes, and a thouſand Bleſſings, attend your Ladyſhip in all you undertake! And I am perſuaded the latter will, and a Peace and Satisfaction of Mind incomparably to be preferr'd to whatever elſe this World can afford, in the new Regulations, which you, and my dear Lady Counteſs, have ſet on Foot in your Families: And when I can have the Happineſs to know what they are, I ſhall, I am confident, greatly improve my own Methods by them. Were we to live for ever in this Life, we might be careleſs and indifferent about theſe Matters; but when ſuch an Uncertainty as to the Time, and ſuch a Certainty as to the Event, is before us, a prudent Mind will be always preparing, till prepared; and what can be a better Preparative, than charitable Actions to our Fellow-creatures in the Eye of that Majeſty, which wants nothing of us himſelf, but to do juſt and merciful Things to one another? Pardon me, my deareſt Lady, for this my free Style. Methinks I am out of myſelf; I know not how to deſcend all at once from the Height to which you have raiſed me: And you muſt forgive the Reflections to which you yourſelf, and your own noble Actions, have given Birth!

Here, having taken Reſpite a little, I find I naturally enough ſink into *Body* again.—And will not your Ladyſhip confine your Expectations from me within narrower Limits? — I hope you will. — For, Oh!

my excellent Lady, I cannot, even with my Wiſhes, ſo ſwiftly follow your Expectations, if ſuch they are! But, however, leaving Futurity to HIM, who only can govern Futurity, and who conducts us all, and our Affairs, as ſhall beſt anſwer his own Divine Purpoſes, I will proceed, as well as I can, to obey your Ladyſhip in thoſe Articles, which are, at preſent, more within my own Power.

My dear Miſs *Darnford*, then, let me acquaint your Ladyſhip, arrived here on *Thurſday* laſt: She had given us Notice, by a Line, of the Day ſhe ſet out; and Sir *Simon* and Lady *Darnford* ſaw her Ten Miles on the Way to the Stage coach in Sir *Simon*'s Coach, Mr. *Murray* attending her on Horſeback; they parted with her, as was eaſy to gueſs from her Merit, with great Tenderneſs; and we are to look upon the Viſit, (as we do) as a high Favour from her Papa and Mamma; who, however, charge her not to exceed a Month in and out, which I regret much. Mr. *B.* kindly propoſed to me, as Miſs came in the Stage-coach, attended with one Maid-ſervant, to meet her Part of the Way in his Coach and Six, if, as he was pleaſed to ſay, it would not be too fatiguing to me; and we would go ſo early, as to dine at *St. Albans*. I gladly conſented, and we got thither about One o' Clock, attended by Mr. *Colbrand*, *Abraham*, and *John*; and while Dinner was preparing, he was pleaſed to ſhew me the great Church there, and the curious Vault of the Good Duke of *Glouceſter*, and alſo the Monument of the great Lord Chancellor *Bacon* in St. *Michael*'s Church; all which, no doubt, your Ladyſhip has ſeen.

There happen'd to be Six Paſſengers in the Stage-coach, and Miſs was exceedingly glad to be relieved from them, tho' the Weather was cold enough, Two of the Paſſengers being not very agreeable Company, one a rough military Man, the other a poſitive humourſome old Gentlewoman; and the other Two, not ſuch as ſhe had Reaſon to regret parting with; Two Siſters, who jangled now-and-then, ſaid Miſs, as much as *my* Siſter, and my Siſter's *Siſter*.

Your

Your Ladyſhip will judge how joyful this Meeting was to Miſs and to me. Mr. *B.* was no leſs delighted, and ſaid, He was infinitely obliged to Sir *Simon* for this precious Truſt.

Miſs ſaid, I came with double Pleaſure to ſee the greateſt Curioſity in *England*, an Huſband and a Wife, who have not, in ſo many Months, that you have been marry'd, if I may believe Report, and your Letters, Mrs. *B.* once repented. You are ſevere, Miſs, ſaid Mr. *B.* upon People in the marry'd State: I hope there are many ſuch Inſtances.

There might, ſaid ſhe, if there were more ſuch Huſbands as Mr. *B.* makes.—Oh! you are a charming Man! I hated you once, and I thought you very wicked; but I revere you now.

If you will *revere* any body, my dear Miſs, ſaid he, let it be this good Girl; for it is all owing to her Conduct and Diſcretion, that I make a tolerable Huſband: Were there more ſuch Wives, I am perſuaded, there would be more ſuch Huſbands, than there are.

You ſee, my dear Miſs, ſaid I, what it is to be wedded to a generous Mind! Mr. *B.* by his noble Treatment of me, creates a Merit in me, and diſclaims the natural Effects of his own Goodneſs.

Well, you're a charming Couple — Perſon and Mind, I know not any Equal either of you have.— But, Mr. *B.* I will not compliment you too highly. I may make *you* proud, for Men are ſaucy Creatures; but I cannot make your *Lady* ſo: And in this Doubt of the one, and Confidence in the other, I muſt join with you, that *her* Merit is the greateſt—Since, excuſe me, bold Gentleman, as I know you have been! her Example has reformed her Rake; and you have only confirm'd in her the Virtues you found ready formed to your Hand.

That Diſtinction, ſaid Mr. *B.* is worthy of Miſs *Darnford*'s Judgment.

My deareſt Miſs, my deareſt Mr. *B.* ſaid I, taking each by the Hand, how can you go on thus!——

—As I look upon every kind Thing, Two ſuch dear Friends ſay to me, as Incentives for me, to endeavour to deſerve them, you muſt not taſk me too high; for then, inſtead of encouraging, you'll give me Deſpair.

The dear Gentleman claſped us both in his Arms, and ſaluted each——And called us his Two Nonpareils.

He led us into the Coach, placing Miſs and me on the Front-ſeat, and himſelf on the other, with Miſs's Maid-ſervant, a genteel, prudent young Body, whom her Lady would fain have left in the Stage, to avoid the Honour of ſitting with Mr. *B.* And in a free, eaſy, joyful Manner, not in the leaſt tir'd or fatigu'd, did we reach the Town and Mr. *B.*'s Houſe; with which, and its Furniture, and the Apartments allotted for her, Miſs is highly pleaſed.

But the dear Lady put me into ſome little Confuſion, when ſhe ſaw me firſt, taking Notice of my Improvements, as ſhe called them, before Mr. *B.* I look'd at him, and look'd at her——Dear Miſs! ſaid I, with a bluſhing Cheek and down-caſt Eye. He ſmiled at Miſs, and ſaid, Would *you*, my good Miſs, look ſo ſilly, after ſuch a Length of Time, with an Huſband you had no Occaſion to be aſham'd of?—No, indeed, Sir, not I, I'll aſſure you; nor will I forgive thoſe Maiden Airs in a Wife ſo happy as you are. I ſaid nothing. But I wiſh'd myſelf, in Mind and Behaviour, to be juſt what Miſs *Darnford* is.

But, my dear Lady, Miſs *Darnford* has had thoſe early Advantages from Converſation, which I had not; and ſo I muſt never expect to know how to deport myſelf with that modeſt Freedom and Eaſe, which, altho' ſome of my Favourers attribute to me, yet I know I want, and ſhall always want. For, I am every Day more and more ſenſible of the great Difference there is in being us'd to the politeſt Converſation as an Inferior, and in being born to bear a Part in it: In the one, all is ſet, ſtiff, awk-

ward,

ward, and the Perſon juſt ſuch an Ape of Imitation as poor I. In the other, all is natural Eaſe and Sweetneſs—like Miſs *Darnford.*——

Knowing this, I don't indeed aim at what I am ſenſible I cannot attain; and ſo, I hope, am leſs expoſed to Ridicule, than I ſhould be, if I did. For, I have heard Mr. *B.* obſerve with regard to Gentlemen who build fine Houſes, and make fine Gardens, and open fine Proſpects, that Art ſhould never take place of, but be ſubſervient to Nature; and a Gentleman, if he is confin'd to a Situation, had better conform his Deſigns to that, than to do as at *Chatſworth* was done, that is to ſay, level a Mountain at a monſtrous Expence; which, had it been ſuffered to remain, in ſo wild and romantick a Scene as *Chatſworth* affords, might have been made one of the greateſt Beauties of the Place.

So I, Madam, think I had better endeavour to make the beſt of thoſe natural Defects I cannot maſter, than by aſſuming Airs and Dignities in Appearance, to which I was not born, act neither Part tolerably. By this means, inſtead of being thought neither Gentlewoman nor Ruſtick, as Sir *Jacob* hinted, (*Linſey-wolſey*, I think, was his Term too) I may be look'd upon as an Original in my Way; and all Originals paſs Muſter well enough, you know, Madam, even with Judges.

Now I am upon this Subject, I can form to myſelf, if your Ladyſhip will excuſe me, two ſuch polite Gentlemen, as my Lawyers, mention'd in my former, who, with a true *London* Magnanimity and Penetration,——(For, Madam, I fancy your *London* Criticks will be the ſevereſt upon the Country Girl) will put on mighty ſignificant Looks, forgetting, may-be, they have any Faults themſelves, and apprehending they have nothing to do, but to ſit in Judgment upon others, expreſſing themſelves after this manner: "Why, truly, *Jack*, the Girl is well "enough!—*conſidering*—I can't ſay"—(then a Pinch of Snuff, perhaps, adds Importance to their Air) "but a Man might love her for a Month or two."

(Theſe Sparks talk'd in this manner of other Ladies before me)—" She behaves better than I expected " from her—*conſidering*"—again will follow—" So " I think, cries the other; and toſſes his Tye behind " him with an Air partly of Contempt, and partly " of Rakery.—As you ſay, *Jemmy*, I expected to " find an aukward Country Girl; but ſhe tops her " Part, I'll aſſure ye!—Nay, for that matter, be- " haves very tolerably for *what ſhe was*—And is " right, not to ſeem deſirous to drown the Remem- " brance of her Original in her Elevation—And, I " can't but ſay"—(for ſomething like it they did ſay) " is mighty pretty, and paſſably genteel" And thus, with their poor Praiſe of Mr. *B.*'s Girl, they think they have made a fine Compliment to his Judgment.

But for *his* ſake—for as to my own, I am not ſolicitous about *ſuch* Gentlemens good Opinions, I owe them a Spite; and believe, I ſhall find an Opportunity to come out of their Debt. For I have the Vanity to think, now your Ladyſhip has made me proud by your kind Encouragements and Approbation, that the Country Girl will make 'em look about 'em with all their *genteel Contempts*, which they miſcal *Praiſe*.

But how I run on! Your Ladyſhip expects me to write as freely, as I uſed to do to my Parents. I have the Merit of obeying you, that I have; but, I doubt, too much to the Exerciſe of your Patience. This (like all mine) is a long Letter, and I will only add to it Miſs *Darnford*'s humble Reſpects and Thanks for your Ladyſhip's kind Mention of her, which ſhe receives as no ſmall Honour.

And now, Madam, with a greater Pleaſure than I can expreſs, will I make uſe of the Liberty your Ladyſhip ſo kindly allows me to take, of ſubſcribing myſelf, with that profound Reſpect which becomes me,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged Siſter and Servant,

P. B.

Mr.

Mr. *Adams*, Mr. *Longman*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, are juſt arrived; and our Houſhold is now complete.

LETTER XI.

From Lady Davers *to Mrs.* B.

My dear Pamela,

AFTER I have thanked you for your laſt agreeable Letter, which has added the Earl, and Lord *John*, and Lady *Jenny*, to the Number of your Admirers, (you know Lady *Betty*, their Siſter, was ſo before) I ſhall tell you, that I now write, at all their Requeſts, as well as at thoſe of my Lord *Davers*, the Counteſs you ſo dearly love, and Lady *Betty*, for your Deciſion of an odd Diſpute, that, on reading your Letter, and talking of your domeſtick Excellencies, happen'd among us.

Lady *Betty* would have it, That notwithſtanding any Aukwardneſs which you attribute to yourſelf, ſhe cannot but decide, by all ſhe has ſeen of you, and has heard us ſay, that yours is the perfecteſt Character ſhe ever heard or read of.

The Counteſs ſaid, That you wrong yourſelf, in ſuppoſing, that you are not every Thing that is polite and genteel, in your Behaviour, as well as Perſon; and that ſhe knows not any Lady in *England*, who better becomes her Station than you do.

Why then, ſaid Lady *Jenny*, Mrs. *B.* muſt be quite perfect; that's certain. So ſaid her Brother, Lord *John*. So ſaid the Earl, their Father. So ſaid they all. And Lord *Davers* confirm'd, that you were. And *Jackey ſwore* to it.

Yet, as we are ſure, there cannot be ſuch a Character, in this Life, as has not one Fault, altho' we could not tell where to fix it, the Counteſs ſtarted a whimſical Motion:—Lady *Davers*, ſaid ſhe, pray do you write to Mrs. *B.* and acquaint her with our Subject; and as it is impoſſible, that one who can

act

act as ſhe does, ſhould not know herſelf better than any body elſe can do, deſire her to acquaint us with ſome of thoſe ſecret Foibles, that leave room for her to be ſtill more perfect.

A good Thought! ſaid I: A good Thought! ſaid they all.—And this is the preſent Occaſion of my writing; and pray ſee, that you accuſe yourſelf of no more than you know yourſelf guilty: For Over-modeſty borders ſo nearly on Pride, and too liberal Accuſations ſeem to be but ſo many Traps for Acquittal with Applauſe, that you (whatever other Ladies might) will not be forgiven, if you deal with us in a Way ſo poorly artful: Let them, therefore, be ſuch Faults, as you think we can ſubſcribe to, from what we have *ſeen* of *you*, and *read* of *yours*; and you muſt try to extenuate them too, as you give them, leſt we ſhould think you above that Nature, which in the moſt and *beſt* Caſes is your undoubted Talent.

I congratulate you and Miſs *Darnford*, on her Arrival: She is a charming young Lady; but tell her, that we ſhall not allow her to take you at your Word, and to think, that ſhe excels you in any one Thing: Only, indeed, we think you nicer in ſome Points, than you need to be, as to your preſent agreeable Circumſtance. And yet, let me tell you, that the eaſy and unaffected conjugal Purity, in Word and Behaviour, between your good Man and you, is worthy of Imitation, and what the Counteſs and I have with Pleaſure contemplated ſince we left you, an hundred times, and admire in you both: And 'tis good Policy too, Child, as well as high Decorum; for it is what will make you ever new and reſpectful to one another.

But *You* have the Honour of it all, whoſe ſweet, natural, and eaſy Modeſty, in Perſon, Behaviour, and Converſation, forbid Indecency, even in Thought, much more in Word, to approach you; inſomuch that no Rakes can be Rakes in your Preſence, and yet they hardly know to what they owe their Reſtraint.

However,

However, as People who ſee you, will take it for granted, that you and Mr. *B.* have been very intimate together, I ſhould think you need not be aſham'd of your Appearance, becauſe, as he rightly obſerves, you have no Reaſon to be aſham'd of your Huſband.

Excuſe my Pleaſantry, my Dear: And anſwer our Demand upon you, as ſoon as you can; which will oblige us all; particularly

Your affectionate Siſter,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XII.

My deareſt Lady,

WHAT a Taſk have you impoſed upon me! And, according to the Terms you annex to it, how ſhall I acquit myſelf of it, without incurring the Cenſure of Affectation, if I freely accuſe myſelf as I may deſerve, or of Vanity, if I do not? Indeed, Madam, I have a great many Failings; and you don't know the Labour it coſts me to keep them under; not ſo much for fear the World ſhould ſee them, for, I bleſs GOD, I can hope they are not capital, as for fear they ſhould become capital, if I were to let them grow upon me.

And this, ſurely, I need not have told your Ladyſhip, and my Lady Counteſs, who have read my Papers, and ſeen my Behaviour in the kind Viſit you made to your dear Brother, and had from *both* but too much Reaſon to cenſure me, did not your generous and partial Favour make you overlook my greater Failings, and paſs under a kinder Name many of my leſſer: For, ſurely, my good Ladies, you muſt both of you have obſerved, in what you have read and ſeen, that I am naturally of a ſpiteful, ſaucy Temper; and, with all my appearing Meekneſs and Humility, can reſent, and ſting too, when I think myſelf provoked.

I have alſo diſcover'd in myſelf, on many Occaſions, (of ſome of which I will by-and-by remind your Ladyſhip) a Malignancy of Heart, that, it is true, laſts but a little while—nor had it need—but for which I have often called myſelf to Account—to very little Purpoſe, hitherto.

And, indeed, Madam, (now for a little Extenuation, as you expect from me) I have ſome Difficulty, whether I ought, in the Station to which I am raiſed, to take much Pains to ſubdue myſelf in ſome Inſtances, that otherwiſe it would have become me to attempt to do: For it is no eaſy Taſk, for a Perſon in my Circumſtances, to diſtinguiſh between the *ought* and the *ought not*; to be humble without Meanneſs, and decent without Arrogance. And let me add, That if every body thought as juſtly as I flatter myſelf I do, of the Inconveniencies, as well as Conveniencies, which attend the being rais'd to a Condition above them, they would not imagine all the World was their own, when they come to be diſtinguiſh'd as I have been: For, what with the Contempts of ſuperior Relations on one ſide, (which all ſuch muſt undergo at firſt) the Envy of the World, and low Reflections ariſing from that Envy, on the other, from which no one muſt hope to be totally exempted, and the Aukwardneſs, beſides, with which they ſupport their elevated Condition, if they have Senſe to judge of their own Imperfections; and if the Gentleman be not ſuch an one as mine—(and where will ſuch another be found?)—On all theſe Accounts, I ſay, they will be made ſenſible, That whatever they might once think, Happineſs and an high Eſtate, are Two very different things.

But I ſhall be too grave, when your Ladyſhip, and all my kind and noble Friends, expect, perhaps, I ſhould give the uncommon Subject a pleaſanter Air: Yet what muſt that Mind be, that is not ſerious, when it is oblig'd to recollect, and give Account of, its Defects?

But I muſt not *only* accuſe myſelf, it ſeems: I muſt give *Proofs*, ſuch as your Ladyſhip can ſub-

ſcribe to, of my Imperfections. There is ſo much *real Kindneſs* imply'd in this *ſeeming Hardſhip*, that I will obey you, Madam, and produce Proofs in a Moment, which cannot be controverted.

Let me then, in the firſt Place, as to the Self-accuſation of *Spitefulneſs*, refer your Ladyſhip, and thoſe of my noble Friends who have read my Papers, to the Character I gave in them of poor Mrs. *Jewkes* *; alſo to honeſt Mr. *Colbrand*'s Character, as I gave it, when I ſuſpected he was to be imploy'd for the worſt Purpoſes †; both of which, tho' not untrue in the main, are ſo drawn, as to ſhew a very ſpiteful Nature in the Characterizer.

And as to my *Saucineſs*, thoſe Papers will give an hundred Inſtances againſt me—as well to your dear Brother, as to others—Indeed, to extenuate, as you command me, as I go along, theſe were moſtly when I was apprehenſive for my Honour, that they were.

And then, my dear Lady, I have a little Tincture of *Jealouſy*, which ſometimes has made me more uneaſy than I ought to be, as the Papers you have not ſeen, would have demonſtrated, particularly in Miſs *Godfrey*'s Caſe ‡, and in my Converſation with your Ladyſhips, in which I have frequently betray'd my Apprehenſions of what might happen when we came to *London*: Yet, to extenuate again, I have examin'd myſelf very ſtrictly on this Head; and I really think, that I can aſcribe a great Part of this Jealouſy to laudable Motives; no leſs than the Concern I have for your dear Brother's future Happineſs, in the Hope, that I may be an humble Means in the Hands of Providence, to induce him to abhor thoſe Crimes in which young Gentlemen too often indulge themſelves, and to bring him over to the Practice of thoſe Virtues, in which he will for ever have Cauſe to rejoice.—Yet, my Lady, ſome other Parts

* *See* Vol. I. *p.* 129. † Ibid, *p.* 194.
‡ *See* Vol. II. *p.* 253, &c.

Parts of the Charge muſt ſtand againſt me; for, as, to be ſure, I love his Perſon, as well as his Mind, I have Pride in my Jealouſy, that would not permit me, I verily think, to ſupport myſelf as I ought, under the Trial of a Competition, in this tender, very tender Point.

And this obliges me to own, that I have a little—not a little, perhaps——Spark of *ſecret Pride* and *Vanity*, that will ariſe, now-and-then, on the Honours done me; but which I keep under as much as I can: And to this Pride, let me tell your Ladyſhip, I know no one contributes, or can contribute, more largely than yourſelf.

So you ſee, my dear Lady, what a naughty Heart I have, and how far I am from being a faultleſs Creature—I hope I ſhall be better and better, however, as I live longer, and have more Grace, and more Wit: For, here, to recapitulate my Faults, is, in the firſt Place, *Vindictiveneſs*, I will not call it downright Revenge, that I will not—For, as the Poet ſays,

Revenge is but a Frailty, incident
To craz'd and fickly Minds; the poor Content
Of little Souls, unable to ſurmount
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront.

And I would not be thought to have a *little Mind*, becauſe I know I would not do a *little Thing*. *Vindictiveneſs*, then, let it ſtand, tho' that's a harſh Word to accuſe one's ſelf of—*Spitefulneſs*—*Jealouſy*——*Secret Pride*—*Vanity*—which I cannot, for my Life, keep totally under——O dear Madam, are not here Faults enow, without naming any more?—And, how much room do all theſe leave for Amendment, and greater Perfection!

Had your Ladyſhip, and my Lady Counteſs, favour'd us longer, in your late kind Viſit, it had been impoſſible but I muſt have improv'd, every Day, by your delightful Converſations, ſo as to have got over ſuch of theſe Foibles as are not rooted in Nature: For, to behold that natural Eaſe and Dignity, which accompany every thing your Ladyſhips do and ſay, muſt

muſt have made me more than emulate thoſe Perfections, which, at preſent, I can only at an awful Diſtance revere; as becomes,

My dear Ladies,

You moſt humble Admirer, and obliged Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XIII.

From Miſs Darnford, *to her Father and Mother.*

My ever-honoured Papa and Mamma,

I Arriv'd ſafely in *London* on *Thurſday*, after a tolerable Journey, conſidering *Deb.* and I made Six in the Coach, (Two having been taken up on the Way, after you left me) and none of the Six highly agreeable. Mr. *B.* and his Lady, who looks very ſtately upon us, (from the Circumſtance of *Perſon*, rather than of *Mind*, however) were ſo good as to meet me at *St. Albans*, in their Coach and Six. They have a fine Houſe here, richly furniſh'd in every Part, and allotted me the beſt Apartments in it.

We are happy beyond Expreſſion: Mr. *B.* is a charming Huſband; ſo eaſy, ſo pleas'd with, and ſo tender of his Lady; and ſhe ſo much All that we ſaw her in the Country, as to Humility and Affability, and improv'd in every thing elſe, which we hardly thought poſſible ſhe could be—that I never knew ſo happy a Matrimony.—All that *Prerogative-Saucineſs*, which we apprehended would ſo eminently diſplay itſelf in his Behaviour to his Lady, had ſhe been ever ſo diſtinguiſh'd by Birth and Fortune, is vaniſh'd, and no Traces of it left. I did not think it was in the Power of an Angel, if our Sex could have produc'd one, to have made ſo tender and ſo fond an Huſband of Mr. *B.* as he makes. And ſhould I have the Senſe to follow Mrs. *B.*'s Example, if ever I marry, I ſhould not deſpair of making myſelf happy, let it be to whom it would, provided

provided he was not a Brute, nor forbid in his Temper, which two Characters, are too obvious to be conceal'd, if Perſons take due Care, and make proper Inquiries, and if they are not led by blind Paſſion. May Mr. *Murray*, and Miſs *Nancy*, make juſt ſuch an happy Pair!

You commanded me, my honour'd Mamma, to write to you an Account of every thing that pleas'd me—I ſaid I would: But what a Taſk ſhould I then have!—I did not think I had undertaken to write Volumes!—You muſt therefore allow me to be more brief than I had intended.

In the firſt place, It would take up five or ſix long Letters to do Juſtice to the Oeconomy obſerved in this happy Family. You know, (and we have often admir'd and applauded her for it) that Mrs. *B.* has not chang'd one of the Servants of the Family, and only added her *Polly* to the Number. This is an unexampled thing, eſpecially as they were all her *Fellow-ſervants*, as we may ſay: But ſince they have the Senſe to admire ſo good an Example, and are proud to follow it, each to his and her Power, I think it one of her peculiar Felicities to have continued them, and to chuſe to reform ſuch as were exceptionable, rather than diſmiſs them.

Their Mouths, *Deb.* tells me, are continually full of their Lady's Praiſes, and Prayers, and Bleſſings, utter'd with ſuch Delight and Fervour for the happy Pair, that it makes her Eyes, ſhe ſays, ready to run over to hear them.

Moreover, I think it an extraordinary Piece of Policy, whether deſign'd or not, to keep them (as they were honeſt and worthy Folks;) for had ſhe turn'd them all off, what had ſhe done but made as many Enemies as Perſons; and as many more, as thoſe Perſons had Friends and Acquaintance? And we all know, how much the Reputation of Families lies at the Mercy of Servants; and 'tis eaſy to gueſs to what Cauſe each would have imputed their Diſmiſſion. And ſo ſhe has eſcaped, as ſhe ought to eſcape, the Character of Pride; and has made every one,

one, inſtead of reproaching her with her Deſcent, find thoſe Graces in her, which turn that very Diſadvantage to her Glory.

She is exceeding affable to every one of them; always ſpeaks to them with a Smile; but yet has ſuch a Dignity in her Manner, that it ſecures her their Reſpect and Reverence; and they are ready to fly at a Look, and ſeem proud to have any Commands of hers to execute: Inſomuch that the Words, *My Lady commands ſo or ſo*, from one Servant to another, are ſure to meet with an indiſputable Obedience, be the Duty requir'd what it will.

If any one of them is the leaſt out of Order, her Care and Tenderneſs for them ingage the Duty, and the Veneration, and Gratitude, of all the reſt, who ſee in that Inſtance, how kindly they will be treated, ſhould they ail any thing themſelves. And in all this, I muſt needs ſay ſhe is very happy in Mrs. *Jervis*, who is an excellent Second to her admirable Lady; and is treated by her with as much Reſpect and Affection, as if ſhe was her Mother.

You may remember, Madam, that in the Account ſhe gave us of her *benevolent Round*, as Lady *Davers* calls it, ſhe ſays, That as ſhe was going to *London*, ſhe ſhould leave Directions with Mrs. *Jervis* about ſome of her *Clients*, as I find ſhe calls her Poor, to avoid a Word, that her Delicacy accounts harſh with regard to them, and oſtentatious with reſpect to herſelf. I aſk'd her, how (ſince, contrary to her then Deſign, Mrs. *Jervis* was permitted to be in Town with her) ſhe had provided to anſwer her Intention as to thoſe her Clients, whom ſhe had referr'd to the Care of that good Woman?

She ſaid, That Mr. *Barlow* her Apothecary was a very worthy Man, and ſhe had given him a plenary Power in that Particular, and likewiſe deſir'd him to recommend any new and worthy Caſe to her, that no diſtreſsful Circumſtance among the deſerving and deſtitute ſick Poor, might be unreliev'd by reaſon of her Abſence.

And

And here in *London* ſhe has applied herſelf to Dr. —— (her Pariſh miniſter, a fine Preacher, and ſound Divine, who promiſes at all Opportunities to pay his Reſpects to Mr. *B.*) to recommend to her any poor Houſekeepers, who will be glad to accept of ſome private Benefactions, and yet, having liv'd creditably, till reduced by Misfortunes, are aſham'd to apply for publick Relief: And ſhe has ſeveral of theſe already on her *benevolent Liſt*, to ſome of whom ſhe ſends Coals now on the Entrance of the wintry Seaſon, to ſome a Piece of *Iriſh* and *Scottiſh* Linen, or ſo many Yards of *Norwich* Stuff, for Gowns and Coats for Girls, or *Yorkſhire* Cloth for the Boys; and to ſome, (of whoſe Prudence ſhe is moſt aſſur'd in laying it out in the way they beſt can judge of) Money. And ſhe has moreover *mortify'd*, as the *Scots* call it, 150 *l.* as a Fund for Loans, without Intereſt, of 5, 10, or 15, but not exceeding 20 *l.* to anſwer ſome preſent Exigence in ſome worthy Families, who find the beſt Security they can to repay it in a given Time; and this Fund ſhe purpoſes, as ſhe grows richer, ſhe ſays, to increaſe; and prides herſelf every now-and-then, upon her Frugality, to have ſav'd ſo much Money already; and eſtimates pleaſantly her Worth by this Sum, ſaying ſometimes, Who would ever have thought I ſhould have been worth 150 *l.* already? I ſhall be a rich Body in time. But in all theſe things ſhe injoins Secrecy, which the Doctor has promis'd.

She told the Doctor, what Mr. *Adams*'s Office was in her Family; and hop'd, ſhe ſaid, he would give her his Sanction to it; aſſuring him, That ſhe thought it her Duty to aſk it, as ſhe was one of his Flock, and he, on that account, her principal Shepherd, which made a ſpiritual Relation between them, the Requiſites of which, on her Part, were not to be diſpenſed with. You may be ſure, the good Gentleman very chearfully and applaudingly gave her his Conſent; and when ſhe told him, how well Mr. *Adams* was provided for, and that ſhe ſhould apply to him to ſupply her with a Town-Chaplain,

Chaplain, when ſhe was deprived of him, he wiſh'd, that the other Duties of his Function (for he has a large Pariſh) would permit him to be the happy Perſon himſelf; ſaying, That till ſhe was ſupply'd to her Mind, either he or his Curate would take care, that ſo laudable a Method ſhould be kept up.

You will do me the Juſtice, Madam, to believe, that I very chearfully join in my dear Friend's *Sunday* Duties, and am not a little edify'd with the good Example, and with the Serioufneſs, Harmony, and Good-will, that this lovely Method contributes to keep up in the Family.

I muſt own, I never ſaw ſuch a Family of Love in my Life: For here, under the Eye of the beſt and moſt reſpected of Miſtreſſes, they twice every *Sunday* ſee one another altogether, as in the Country, in a Body, ſuperior as well as inferior Servants; and *Deb.* tells me, after Mrs. *B.* and I are withdrawn, there are ſuch friendly Salutations among them, that ſhe never heard the like—Your Servant, good Maſter *Longman*; Your Servant, Maſter *Colbrand*, cries one and another: How do you, *John*? I'm glad to ſee you, *Abraham!*——All bleſſedly met once more! cries *Jonathan* the venerable Butler, with his Silver Hairs, as Mrs. *B.* always diſtinguiſhes him: Good Madam *Jervis*, cries another, you look purely this bleſſed Day, thank GOD!—And they return to their ſeveral Vocations, ſo light, ſo eaſy, ſo pleas'd, ſo even-temper'd in their Minds, as their chearful Countenances, as well as Expreſſions, teſtify, that it is an Heaven of an Houſe: And being wound up thus conſtantly once a Week, like a good Eight-day Clock, no Piece of Machinery, that ever was made, is ſo regular and uniform, as this Family is.

What an Example does this dear Lady ſet to all who ſee her, to all who know her, and to all who hear of her, and have the Grace to imitate her!—What a publick Bleſſing would ſuch a Mind as hers be, could it be veſted with the Robes of Royalty, and adorn the Sovereign Dignity!—But what are the Princes of the Earth, look at them, in every Nation,

Nation, and what have they been for Ages paſt, compar'd to this Lady? who acts from the Impulſes of her own Heart, unaided by any human Example. And how can one avoid thinking of Inſpiration in this Caſe; or that ſhe was dropp'd down, when the creating MIND was forming Angels, (forgive the Enthuſiaſm, which the Contemplation of her innumerable Excellencies raiſes) to be received into bodily Organs, and to live among Men and Women, in order to ſhew what the firſt of the Species was deſigned to be?

This reminds me of what my honoured Papa ſaid once at our own Houſe to Mr. *B.* * That there was but one ſuch Angel deſcended from Heaven in a thouſand Years, and he had got her.

And yet, here is the Admiration: That one ſees all theſe Duties performed in ſuch an eaſy and pleaſant manner, as any body may perform them; for they interfere not with any Parts of the Family Management; take up no Time from the moſt neceſſary Imployments; but rather aid and inſpirit every one in the Diſcharge of all their domeſtick Services; and, moreover, keep their Minds in a State of Preparation for the more ſolemn Duties of the Day; and all without the leaſt Intermixture of Affectation, Enthuſiaſm, or Oſtentation. O my dear Papa and Mamma! permit me but to tarry here till I am perfect in all theſe good Leſſons, and how happy ſhall I be!

I am mindful, my dear Mamma, of yours and our good Neighbours Requeſts to Mrs. *B.* to oblige you with the Converſations ſhe mentioned, the one with the young Ladies related to Mrs. *Towers* and Mrs. *Arthur*; the other with Mr. *B.* on her Father and Mother; a Subject, which always, however humble, raiſes her admired Pen, and of Conſequence our Expectations; and I will prevail upon her to let me tranſcribe them for your Entertainment. She writes down every thing that paſſes, which ſhe thinks may

* *See* Vol. II. *p.* 201.

may one Day be of Uſe to Miſs *Goodwin*, and to her own Children, if ſhe ſhall live to have any, and to ſee them grown up. What a charming Mamma, as well as Wife and Miſtreſs, will this dear Lady make!

As to the Town, and the Diverſions of it, I ſhall not trouble you with any Accounts of them, becauſe you know the one, and from the Time we paſſed here laſt Winter, as well as your former thorough Knowledge of both, you will want no Information about the other; for, generally ſpeaking, all who reſide conſtantly in *London*, allow, that there is little other Difference in the Diverſions of one Winter and another, than ſuch as are in Cloaths; a few Variations of the Faſhions only, which are moſtly owing to the ingenious Contrivances of Perſons who are to get their Bread by diverſifying them.

Mrs. *B.* has undertaken to give Lady *Davers* an Account of Matters as they paſs, and her Sentiments on what ſhe ſees. There muſt be ſomething new in her Obſervations, becauſe ſhe is a Stranger to theſe Diverſions, and unbiaſſed intirely by Favour or Prejudice; and ſo will not play the partial Critick, but give to a Beauty its due Praiſe, and to a Fault its due Cenſure, according to that Truth and Nature which are the unerring Guides of her Actions, as well as Sentiments. Theſe I will procure for you, as ſhe gives me Leave to tranſcribe what ſhe writes; and you'll be ſo good as to return them when perus'd, becauſe I will lend them, as I uſed to do her Letters, to her good Parents; and ſo I ſhall give her a Pleaſure at the ſame time, in the accommodating them with the Knowledge of all that paſſes, which ſhe makes it a Point of Duty to do, becauſe they take Delight in her Writings.

My Papa's Obſervation, that a Woman never takes a Journey that ſhe don't forget ſomething, is juſtify'd by me; for with all my Care, I have forgot my Diamond Buckle, which Miſs *Nancy* will find in the inner Till of my Bureau, wrapt up in Cotton; and I beg it may be ſent me, by the firſt Opportunity. With my humble Duty to you both,

my

my dear indulgent Papa and Mamma, Thanks for the Favour I now rejoice in, and affectionate Reſpects to Miſs *Nancy*, (I wiſh ſhe would love me as well as I love her) and Service to Mr. *Murray*, and all our good Neighbours, conclude me,

Your dutiful and highly favour'd Daughter,

M. DARNFORD.

Mr. *B.* and Mrs. *B.* deſire their Compliments of Congratulation to Mr. and Mrs. *Peters*, on the happy Marriage of their worthy Niece, which they knew nothing of till I told them of it: Alſo to your honoured Selves they deſire their kind Reſpects and Thanks for the Loan of your worthleſs Daughter.

I experience every Hour ſome new Token of their Politeneſs and Affection; and I make no Scruple to think I am with juſt ſuch a Brother, and ſuch a Siſter, as any happy Creature may rejoice in, and be proud of—Mr. *B.* I cannot but repeat, is a charming Huſband, and a moſt polite Gentleman. His Lady is always accuſing herſelf to me of Aukwardneſs and Inſufficiency; but not a Soul who ſees her, can find it out: She is all genteel Eaſe; and the Admiration of every one who beholds her.—Only I tell her, with ſuch Happineſs in Poſſeſſion, ſhe is a little of the graveſt ſometimes.

[The Letter which contains the Account of the Converſation, requeſted by Miſs *Darnford*, p. 5. of this Volume, and promiſed by Mrs. *B.* p. 16. and mentioned by Miſs in the preceding Letter, will be found the laſt Letter but one of this Volume. For Miſs *Darnford*, having miſlaid the firſt Copy of it, requeſted another, two or three Years after this, when married herſelf, for the ſake of two young Ladies in her Neighbourhood, whoſe inconſiderate Raſhneſs had given great Affliction to their honourable Parents. And Mrs. *B.* with a View to their particular Caſe, having made divers Additions and Improvements to it,

it, it will come in more properly, as we conceive, in the Courſe of theſe Letters, at or near the Time when thoſe Improvements were made to it.]

LETTER XIV.

From Mrs. B. *to Lady* DAVERS.

My good Lady,

YOU command me to acquaint you with the Proceedings between Mr. *Murray* and Miſs *Nanny Darnford:* And Miſs *Polly* makes it very eaſy for me to obey you, in this Particular, and in very few Words; for ſhe ſays, Every thing was adjuſted before ſhe came away, and the Ceremony, ſhe believes, may be performed by this Time. She rejoyces that ſhe was out of the way of it: For ſhe ſays, Love is ſo aukward a Thing to Mr. *Murray*, and Good-humour ſo uncommon an one to Miſs *Nancy*, that ſhe hopes ſhe ſhall never ſee ſuch another Courtſhip.

Mr. *B.* teizes Miſs, that ſhe is a little piqu'd, and that ſhe ſhew'd it by a ſatirical Fling or two in a former Letter to me, that her humble Servant took her at her Word: And yet he acknowledges, that he believes ſhe deſpiſes him, as by his Conduct he has ſhewn, that he deſerves to be deſpiſed by her.

She ſays, nothing has piqu'd her in the whole Affair, but the Triumph it gave to *that ill-natur'd Girl*, as ſhe juſtly calls her Siſter, who has inſulted her unmercifully on that Account; and yet with ſo low and mean a Spite, that ſhe has been vext at her ſelf to ſhew the leaſt Concern on the Occaſion. But ungenerous Teizing is an intolerable thing, as ſhe ſays; and often repeated, will vex a Mind naturally above it: Had it, ſays ſhe, come from any body elſe, I ſhould not have heeded it; but how can one deſpiſe a Siſter?

We have been at the Play-houſe ſeveral times; and give me Leave to ſay, Madam, (for I have now

(read as well as ſeen ſeveral) That I think the Stage, by proper Regulations, might be made a profitable Amuſement. But nothing more convinces one, than theſe Repreſentations, of the Truth of the common Obſervation, That the beſt Things, corrupted, may prove the worſt. The Terror and Compunction for evil Deeds, the Compaſſion for juſt Diſtreſs, and the general Beneficence which thoſe lively Exhibitions are ſo capable of raiſing in the human Mind, may be of great Service, when directed to right Ends, and induced by proper Motives; where the Actions which the Cataſtrophe is deſigned to puniſh, are not ſet in ſuch advantageous Lights, as ſhall deſtroy the End of the Moral, and make the Vice that ought to be cenſured, imitable; where the Diſtreſs ariſes from proper Motives; where Inſtruction is kept in View all the Way; and Vice is puniſhed, and Virtue rewarded.

But give me leave to ſay, that I think there is hardly one Play I have ſeen or read hitherto, but has too much of Love in it, as that Paſſion is generally treated. How unnatural in ſome, how inflameing in others, are the Deſcriptions of it!-- In moſt, rather Rant and Fury, like the Loves of the fiercer Brute Animals, as *Virgil*, tranſlated by *Dryden*, deſcribes them, than the ſoft, ſighing, fearfully-hopeful Murmurs, that ſwell the Boſoms of our gentler Sex; and the reſpectful, timorous, ſubmiſſive Complainings of the other, when the Truth of the Paſſion humanizes, as one may ſay, their more rugged Hearts.

In particular, my dear Lady, what ſtrange Indelicates do theſe Writers of Tragedy often make of our Sex? They don't enter into the Paſſion at all, if I have any Notion of it: But when the Authors want to paint it ſtrongly, (ſuch as in thoſe Plays I have ſeen and read) their Aim ſeems to be to raiſe a Whirlwind, as I may ſay, which ſweeps down Reaſon, Religion, and Decency, and carries every laudable Duty away before it; ſo that all the Example can

ſerve

ſerve to ſhew, is, how a diſappointed Lover may rage and ſtorm, reſent and revenge.

The Play I firſt ſaw, was the Tragedy of the *Diſtreſs'd-Mother*, and a great many beautiful Things I think there are in it: But half of it is a tempeſtuous, cruel, ungoverned Rant of Paſſion, and ends in Cruelty, Bloodſhed, and Deſolation; which the Truth of Story not warranting, as Mr. *B.* tells me, makes it the more Pity, that the original Author (for it is a *French* Play tranſlated, you know, Madam) had not conducted it, ſince it was in his Choice, with leſs Terror, and with greater Propriety, to the Paſſions intended, and actually raiſed in many Places.

I need not tell your Ladyſhip what the Story is; and yet it is neceſſary, as you demand my Opinion, that I ſhould give a little Sketch of it. It is this then: "*Pyrrhus*, the Son of *Achilles*, is betrothed "to *Hermione*, the Daughter of *Menelaus*; but "*Hector*'s Widow, *Andromache*, with *Aſtyanax*, her "Son by *Hector*, in the Diviſion of the *Trojan* Cap"tives, falls to the Lot of *Pyrrhus*, who ſlighting "*Hermione*, (actually ſent to his Court, and *in* his "Court, waiting his good Pleaſure to eſpouſe her) "falls in love with *Andromache*. *Oreſtes*, the Son "of *Agamemnon*, in Love with *Hermione*, is ſent Em"baſſador from the other *Greek* Princes to demand "the Life of *Aſtyanax*, for fear the poor Infant "ſhould become another *Hector*, and avenge his "Father's Death; a moſt improbable, unprincely, "and baſe-hearted Fear, as *Pyrrhus* himſelf repre"ſents it. *Pyrrhus*, in hopes to gain the Mother's "Love, which he ſeeks on honourable Terms, "offers to break with all his Allies, rather than give "up the Child; but finding her reſolv'd on Widow"hood, determines to ſacrifice the Child, and to "marry *Hermione*. This creates a fine Diſtreſs in "*Andromache*, between a laudable Purpoſe to con"tinue the Widow of ſo great and ſo deſerving a "Prince, and her Deſire to preſerve the Life of her "Son, by that beloved Hero; and at laſt, overcome "by maternal Tenderneſs, finding no other Way,

" ſhe reſolves to marry *Pyrrhus*, and yet to deſtroy " herſelf after the Marriage Ceremony had intitled " her Son to her new Husband's Protection: A " very ſtrange, and not very certain Expedient to " anſwer her View! and ſo to die the Widow of " *Hector*, tho' ſhe gave her Hand to *Pyrrhus*, and " vow'd herſelf his at the Altar, and of Conſe- " quence had a ſtill leſs Power over her own Life " than before.——*Hermione*, a high-ſpirited Lady, " raging in her Love to *Pyrrhus*, and for the Slight " and Diſappointment ſhe met with, obliges *Oreſtes*, " on Promiſe of giving her heart and hand to him, " to murther *Pyrrhus* at the Altar, while the Ce- " remony of Marriage with *Andromache* was per- " forming. He cauſes this to be done. When done, " he applies to *Hermione*, expecting her Applauſe, " who then violently upbraids him for having obey'd " her; and flying towards the Temple, meets the " Body of *Pyrrhus*, and ſtabs herſelf upon it.

" Upon this *Oreſtes* runs mad, and it is ſaid to be " the fineſt mad Scene in any *Engliſh* Play.—*An-* " *dromache* remains Queen; her Son lives; and " being diverted from her own bloody Purpoſe, ſhe " has nothing to do, but to give Orders for the " Funeral of *Pyrrhus*, and to bring her Son in " Triumph from a Priſon to a Palace."

This is, in brief, the Story. Now, Madam, ſince you will have me, I will tell you, in my artleſs Way, what I think not quite ſo pretty, and what is great and beautiful in this Play; which, upon the Whole, however, I was much pleaſed with, and ſhould have been more, had there been leſs Terror in it, and more Probability, as I preſume to ſay, in ſome of its Parts; and had not the ſofteſt Paſſion in Nature been treated as ſuch a flaming Thing, as cannot be a worthy Example to Female Minds.

And firſt, I could not but obſerve, that the Plea of the Princes of *Greece* for the Murder of *Aſtyanax*, a helpleſs Infant, to procure which, and for nothing elſe, they ſend one of the chief Princes of *Greece* Embaſſador to *Pyrrhus*, is a very poor one, and moſt

eaſily

eaſily anſwered.—For thus *Oreſtes* ſays, among other very pompous Things:

Have you ſo ſoon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks *remember his* high-brandiſh'd *Sword,*
That fill'd their States with Widows and with Orphans,
For which they call for Vengeance on his Son.
Who knows what he may one Day prove?——

And in another Place:

Troy *may again revive, and a new* Hector
Riſe in Aſtyanax.

And in another Place:

Sir, call to mind th' unrivall'd Strength of Troy,
Her Walls, her Bulwarks, and her Gates of Braſs,
Her Kings, her Heroes, and embattled Armies.

What Tragedy Pomp is this! How poor the Plea, from Prince and Heroes, when it is ſo eaſily anſwer'd by *Pyrrhus*, in this manner!

I call them all to mind; and ſee them all
Confus'd in Duſt; all mix'd in one wide Ruin;
All but a Child, and he in Bondage held.
What Vengeance can we fear in ſuch a Troy?

And a little before:

Let daſtard Souls be timorouſly wiſe:
But tell them, Pyrrhus *knows not how to form*
Far-fanſy'd Ills, and Dangers out of Sight.

And ſtill with greater Contempt.

——*I thought your Kings were met*
On more important Counſels. When I heard
The Name of their Embaſſador, I hop'd
Some glorious Enterprize was taking Birth.

Is Agamemnon's *Son dispatch'd for this?*
And do the Grecian *Chiefs, renown'd in War,*
A Race of Heroes, join in close Debate,
To Plot an Infant's Death?——

But, what if this very *Pyrrhus*, after twenty humane and generous Things, which the Poet makes him say, shews, that all this right Thinking is only owing to his Passion for the Mother? And as soon as she gives him to understand she is resolved to remain *Hector*'s Widow, he determines to give way to the Embassy and Threats of the *Grecian* Princes, which he had so justly despised, and to destroy the Infant. But first he tells her:

'Tis true, Hermione *was sent to share*
My Throne and Bed——

A fine Errand for a high-spirited Lady; and to wait afterwards his good Pleasure in his own Court, thro' a Series of Slights and Contempts, for the Performance of his Vows! And he generously, like a true insulting Man, boasts:

——*And would with Transport hear*
The Vows which you neglect.——

To which *Andromache* nobly answers:

——*She has no* Troy,
No Hector *to lament: she has not lost*
A Husband by your Conquests. Such a Husband,
Tormenting Thought! whose Death alone has made
Your Sire immortal!——

This inrages the Hero; and what he should have admir'd her for, had his Soul been half as noble as hers, he thus resents:——

I've been too tame; I will awake to Vengeance.
The Son *shall answer for his* Mother's *Scorn.*

The Greeks *demand him: Nor will I endanger*
My Realms, to pleaſe an ungrateful Woman.

Accordingly he reſolves to ſacrifice the Child; to do Juſtice to *Hermione*, out of Spite to *Andromache*: And moſt ungenerouſly, knowing *Oreſtes* loves *Hermione* to diſtraction, tells him, he ſhall grace his Nuptial Rites, and he will receive *Hermione* from his Hands.

But now again, ſee what ſucceeds to this: One Look of Favour from *Andromache* reverſes all his new Reſolves, makes him throw new Indignities on *Hermione*, new Contempts upon the *Greek* Princes, and ſhew, that if he acts right in one Point, the ſaving of the Child, it is from wrong and unjuſtifiable Motives; and yet the Poet ſeems to deſign him an amiable Character.

Now, Madam, could not a Diſtreſs have been formed in this Story from more laudable and proper Motives? Should this paſſion of unbridled Love be repreſented in ſuch a ſtrong, ſuch an irreſiſtible Light, to an Audience, who muſt be taught, that the higheſt Ingratitude, the moſt rageful Extreme of ſenſual Paſſion, the moſt unjuſtifiable Actions, and the Sacrifice of all Conſiderations of publick Good, and private Right, had Examples all in this Piece to warrant them?

'Tis true, *Pyrrhus* is puniſhed by a cruel Aſſaſſination—*Hermione* falls by her own Hand for murdering him by the Hands of the *Greeks*, and the Phrenſy of *Oreſtes* becomes his Puniſhment: But what a Scene of Terror does all this raiſe? How unlikely to be an Exemplar either to publick or private Life? And what a hard Fate is that of *Hermione*, ſlighted, deſpiſed, inſulted, by the Man ſhe lov'd, to whom ſhe was betrothed, and whoſe reſentment therefore was warranted, had it ſhewn it ſelf in almoſt any Act ſhort of the Murder, which, in the Violence of her Paſſion, ſhe commanded *Oreſtes* to perpetrate?

Then, Madam, the Love of *Hermione* for *Pyrrhus* is not, I think, of that Delicate Sort which ought

to be ſet before our Sex for an Example——'Tis Rage, not Love, that of a Woman ſlighted: and, however juſt, ſuppoſing our Sex to have ſuch revengeful Hearts, when ſlighted by the Man they love, is not ſo exemplary as one would wiſh: And beſides, ſhe is repreſented as ſometimes *ſighing and wiſhing for* Oreſtes; when a true Love bears not the Thought of any Object, but that one it ſighs for, even ſhould that be ungrateful. Thus it is ſaid of *Oreſtes* by her Confidante:

Oreſtes, whoſe Return you oft had wiſh'd,
The Man whoſe Suff'rings you ſo oft lamented,
And often prais'd his Conſtancy and Love.

Then *Hermione* repeats her Woman's Words:

That Love, that Conſtancy, ſo ill requited——
Upbraids *me to myſelf: I bluſh, to think*
How I have us'd him; and would ſhun his Preſence.

The Motive for this, however, is neither Juſtice nor Generoſity, but Pride; indeed, it muſt be own'd, a Pride too natural to a Female Mind, in ſuch a Circumſtance as hers:

What will be my Confuſion, when he ſees me
Neglected and forſaken, like himſelf?
" Her Inſolence at laſt is well repaid!"
I cannot bear the Thought.

And then, the Moment ſhe ſees him,—this is her blunt Queſtion to him, notwithſtanding all her Shame to ſee him:

How am I to interpret, Sir, this Viſit?
Is it a Compliment of Form or Love?

Does this, Madam, ſhew any thing of the Delicacy of Sex or Condition? — And would one think it right, after ſhe has thus extorted from him a repeated

repeated Confeſſion of his Love, or *Weakneſs*, as he calls it, to upbraid him, that it ill becomes the Embaſſador of *Greece, to talk of Love or Dying?*

In ſhort, Madam, I think none of the Love in this Piece is ſuch a Love, however ſuited to *Hermione*'s Character and Circumſtance, as is fit to be recommended to our Example: 'Tis a Love that ſhocks one, and is rather Rage and Tumult than Love, and ſucceeds accordingly. So that of *Pyrrhus* is ungovern'd, wild, unjuſt, ungenerous Caprice. *Hermione*'s is founded in confeſs'd Ingratitude to *Oreſtes*, and ſhe perſeveres in it to *Pyrrhus*, when the indignities put upon her ſhould have made her ſooner wiſh for Death than for ſo perjur'd a Man; and yet, I think, ſhe ſhews an inconſiſtent Tenderneſs for *Oreſtes*, (as I have hinted) while her Paſſion for *Pyrrhus* flames out with ſo much Violence.

The Motive of *Andromache*, (for hers is the moſt perfect Character in the Piece, and deſigned to be ſo by the Poet) to ſave her Son, is the beſt a Woman could have to excuſe her for marrying the Man who had ſlaughter'd all her Relations: But the Uncertainty of ſecuring that Point, by the mere Formality of joining Hands with *Pyrrhus*, and her Reſolution to deſtroy herſelf, in Defiance of her Vows juſt plighted to be his, was a ſtrange Expedient to preſerve her Widowhood, and her Child: For was it very likely, that a Man ſo wildly in Love with her, as to forego all other juſt and prudent Conſiderations for her, (and who had ſhewn, that he would have deſtroyed her Son, but for the ſake of *her* Perſon) would, when diſappointed by ſo great a Raſhneſs, have hazarded his Realms in defence of her Son?

But of all Things, commend me to the noble Regard for *Self*, of her Woman and Confidante *Cephiſa*, to whom *Andromache* communicates her raſh Purpoſe, injoining her a willing Secrecy; the only way the Poet had to let us know it, as it was not put in Execution; for ſhe ſhews that Regard to her dear Self, in this Tragick Performance, which, in a Co-

medy, would have raiſed a Laugh, no doubt, as a Satire on Lady's Women:

Alas! I fear, I never ſhall outlive you!

Theſe Things ſtruck me, Madam, when I ſaw the Play; and when I came to read it, I was more confirm'd in my Sentiments. But now I will tranſcribe ſome Paſſages, which pleaſed me much.

The Storms, and Doubts, and Uncertainty of wild ungovern'd Love is very naturally, I humbly think, painted in ſeveral Scenes of this Play, in the Characters of *Hermione* and *Pyrrhus*; and no-where more affectingly than in the Upbraidings of *Hermione* to *Oreſtes*, after ſhe found her bloody Purpoſes too well comply'd with. Thus:

What, if tranſported by my boundleſs Paſſion,
I could not bear to ſee him wed another?
Were you t' obey a jealous Woman's Phrenſy?
You ſhould have div'd into my inmoſt Thoughts:
My Heart, tho' full of Rage, was free from Malice;
And all my Anger was Exceſs of Love,
Why did you take me at my Word? You ſaw
The Struggles of my Soul; you heard me rave.
You ſhould have queſtion'd me a thouſand times;
Yet ſtill have doubted, ſtill have queſtion'd on,
Before you ventur'd on a Life ſo precious.
Why did you not return? Why not conſult me
A ſecond time? And, undetermin'd ſtill,
Again return, and ſtill find new Delays?

The Scene between *Andromache* and *Hermione*, when the former ſuppoſes the latter on the Point of marrying *Pyrrhus*, and beſpeaking her Intereſt for her Son's Life, affected me much, and was nobly acted by Mrs. *Oldfield*; who after aſſuring her, that her ſlain Lord's was the only Love ſhe could ever indulge, as *Hermione* flies her, cries—

Ah!

Ah! Madam, whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your Eyes behold a Sight more pleasing
Than Hector's *Widow, suppliant, and in Tears?*
I come not an alarm'd, a jealous Foe,
To envy you the Heart your Charms have won—
But oh! I have a Son:—And you, one Day,
Will be no Stranger to a Mother's Fondness.

Was not this, Madam, a moving and interesting Plea? And is not what follows affectingly noble?

But Heav'n forbid, that you should ever know
A Mother's *Sorrow for an* only *Son,*
Her Joy! her Bliss! her last surviving Comfort!
When ev'ry Hour she trembles for his Life.
Your Pow'r o'er Pyrrhus *may relieve my Fears.*
Alas! what Danger is there in a Child,
Sav'd from the Wreck of a whole ruin'd Empire?
Let me go hide him in a desert Isle.
You may rely upon my tender Care
To keep him far from Perils of Ambition:
All he can learn of me, will be to weep.

This is sweetly moving, nobly pathetick. But I am angry at the Poet, if he could have help'd it, for drawing in *Hermione* such an ungenerous and unprincely Insult upon the Royal Mourner, when in the Height of her own Prosperity, as she imagin'd, and her Rival subjected beneath her Feet,—Fie upon him, thus to make her say like a true Woman, as our Censurers will reflect!

Madam, if Pyrrhus *must be wrought to Pity,*
No Woman does it better than yourself:
If you gain him, I shall comply of course.

This from one Woman to another, much more from one Princess to another; from the Elated to the Captive, could not be said, surely!—'Twas all the Poet; nor do I see there was need for it. For had

had he made *Hermione* on this Occaſion capable (her own Empire ſecured, as ſhe thought) of a more generous and humane Anſwer, would he not have heighten'd the Diſtreſs, when ſuch a Character ſunk, who had been baſely injur'd by the Man ſhe lov'd, and whoſe Crime was the Rage of ſlighted Love? Why would he chuſe to make *Andromache*'s Part thus nobly moving at the Expence of the other Character, in a Point, where Juſtice, Generoſity, and Humanity, were ſo much concerned? And would not a fine Inſtruction have lain here for the Audience, to have had Compaſſion for the Diſtreſſes of another; and ſo much the more, as that other was a Rival ſunk at the Feet of the Proſperous?—Indeed *Hermione*, which by the way Mrs. *Porter* acted incomparably, is a Character full of Rage and Violence; of Jealouſy, and great Cauſe ſhe had for it: But, what then? Could ſhe not, a Princeſs as ſhe was, when her own Love was ſecured, have been made capable of feeling a Diſtreſs ſo nobly pleaded, by motives ſo becoming a Mother's Lips, and a bridal Virgin's Proſpects?—But I am upon the Author's Beauties.

Andromache's Plea to *Pyrrhus*, when, thus inſulted by *Hermione*, ſhe ſees no Hope of any way to preſerve her Son, but by ſoothing the proud Heart of the Prince, whom her refuſal had incenſed, is very pretty in the Mouth of Captive Royalty:

——Oh, Sir, Excuſe
The Pride of Royal Blood, that checks my Soul,
And knows not how to be importunate.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To ſue for Pity, and to own a Maſter.

And afterwards:

Behold, how low you have reduc'd a Queen!
Theſe Eyes have ſeen my Country laid in Aſhes;
My Kindred fall in War; my Father ſlain;
My Husband dragg'd in his own Blood; my Son

Con-

Condemn'd to Bondage; and myſelf a Slave.
Yet, in the midſt of theſe unheard-of Woes,
'Twas ſome Relief to find myſelf your *Captive;*
And, that my Son, deriv'd from antient Kings,
Since he muſt ſerve, had Pyrrhus *for his Maſter.*
When Priam *kneel'd the great* Achilles *wept;*
I hop'd I ſhould not find his Son leſs noble:
I thought the Brave were ſtill the moſt compaſſionate.
O do not, Sir, divide me from my Child.
If he muſt die——

Then there is a fine Scene recollected by *Andromache* to her Woman, between *Hector* and herſelf, on the Morning he ſet out for the Action in which he was ſlain.

That Morn, Cephiſa! *that ill fated Morn!*
My Husband bid thee bring Aſtyanax.
He took him in his Arms; and, as I wept,
My Wife, my dear Andromache, *ſaid he,*
(Heaving with ſtifled Sighs, to ſee me weep)——

Finely ſaid, and the Hero all preſerv'd! He ſigh'd not for Fear of the Foe, but to ſee his beloved Lady weep!——From that HUMANITY, which ſhould always be inſeparable, I think, whether in Fiction or Fact, from true Heroiſm: And that other inſeparable, PIETY; as follows:

What Fortune may attend my Arms, the Gods
Alone can tell. To thee I give the Boy;
Preſerve him as the Token of our Loves.
If I ſhould fall, let him not miſs his Sire
While thou ſurviveſt; but, by thy tender Care,
Let the Son ſee, that thou didſt love his Father.

And the Advice, left by *Andromache* with *Cephiſa*, for her Son, when ſhe reſolves to kill herſelf, after the Nuptial Ceremony is perform'd, is very worthy; after a Scene of paſſionate Fondneſs well expreſs'd:

——*Let*

——Let him know,
I dy'd to ſave him—And would die again.——
Seaſon his Mind with early Hints of Glory:
Make him acquainted with his Anceſtors;
Trace out their ſhining Story in his Thoughts:
Dwell on th' Exploits of his immortal Father;
And ſometimes——

Very pretty.

——let him hear his Mother's Name:
Let him reflect upon his Royal Birth
With modeſt *Pride.* Pyrrhus *will prove a Friend;*
But let him know he has a Conqu'ror's Right.
He muſt be taught to ſtifle his Reſentments,
And ſacrifice his Vengeance to his Safety.

And to his *Gratitude* too, Madam, ſhould it not have been ſaid, when he was ſo generouſly protected againſt the Demand of confederate Kings?

Should he prove headſtrong, raſh, or unadvis'd,
He then would fruſtrate all his Mother's Virtue,
Provoke his Fate; and I ſhall die in vain!

Very nobly ſaid! But I cannot forbear making one Obſervation on occaſion of Self-murder, which, however the Poets may be juſtify'd by the Examples of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, when they draw their Stories from them, yet in ſuch a gloomy, ſaturnine Nation as ours, where Self-murders are more frequent, than in all the Chriſtian World beſides, methinks all thoſe Stories ſhould be avoided, for publick Entertainment: Or, where there is a Neceſſity, as in *Cato*, for Example, to introduce ſuch a wicked Practice, the bad Example ſhould be obviated, and the Poiſon it may adminiſter, antidoted by more forcible Leſſons than what theſe few doubtful Words expreſs——

I fear I've been too haſty!——

So,

So, in this Tragedy I am ſpeaking of, when *Hermione* deſtroys herſelf, and *Andromache* deſigns to do the like, ſhould the *Engliſh* Poet have left this Practice unguarded or unaccompany'd by proper Leſſons and Cenſures in ſuch a Country as ours?

The ſtaggering Doubts and Diſtreſs of *Hermione*, after ſhe had engaged *Oreſtes* in the Murder of *Pyrrhus*, between her Love and her Reſentment; her Queſtions to her Woman, that as ſhe approached the Temple to marry her Rival, in Breach of his Vows of Betrothment to her, whether his Countenance ſhewed not ſome Tokens of Remorſe; are very natural to one in her amorous Circumſtance, I fanſy:

But, ſay, Cleone, *didſt thou mark him well?*
Was his Brow ſmooth? Say, did there not appear
Some Shade of Grief? Some little Cloud of Sorrow?
Did he not ſtop? Did he not once look back?
Didſt thou *approach him? Was he not confounded?*
Did he not—Oh! be quick, and tell me all.

This, Madam, I think, is charmingly natural. And on *Cleone*'s Anſwer, That he went to the Temple all Joy and Tranſport, unguarded, and all his Cares employ'd to gratify *Andromache* in her Son's Safety, the Poet palliates a little, for a rageful Mind to ſay,

Enough! he dies!—the Traitor!—Where's Oreſtes?

There are ſeveral Circumſtances of Horror in this Play that ſhocked me much; but I think none like the Deſcription the Poet puts into the Mouth of *Pylades*, the inſeparable Friend of *Oreſtes*, who far from avoiding to ſhock the Soul of his Friend, by gently inſinuating the Fate of that *Hermione*, on whom he had fixed his Happineſs, thus terribly, with all the Aggravations that could attend ſuch a Circumſtance points out the horrid Action; taking care even to make her as impious in her Reproaches of the Deity for her own Raſhneſs, as ſhe was in the

Vio-

Violence by which ſhe dies; and ſo leaving a dreadful Example, that I preſume was not needful to be left, of a final Impenitence, eſpecially in a ſuffering Character, that had not merited the Evils ſhe met with.

Thus it is mentioned; and I am affected with the Tranſcription of a Paſſage, which the Poet has labour'd more than he ought, I think, to ſhew the Force of his deſcriptive Vein:

Full of Diſorder, Wildneſs in her Looks,
With Hands expanded, and diſhevell'd Hair,
Breathleſs and pale, with Shrieks ſhe ſought the Temple.
In the Mid-way ſhe met the Corps of Pyrrhus:
She ſtartled at the Sight: Then, ſtiff with Horror,
Gaz'd frightful! Waken'd from the dire Amaze,
She rais'd her Eyes to Heaven with ſuch a Look,
As ſpoke her Sorrows, and reproach'd the Gods.
Then plung'd a Poniard deep within her Breaſt,
And fell on Pyrrhus, *graſping him in Death.*

This from a Friend to a Lover of the miſerable *Hermione*, tho' the Poet might think it the only Way he had left to make *Oreſtes* run quite diſtracted, yet was not, I preſume to ſay, very judiciouſly put into the Mouth of a beloved Friend anxious for his Safety, and to get him off after the Murder; and whoſe Part, till now, had been rather that of ſoothing, like a true Friend, the Sorrows of his Mind,

The Moral of the Story only regards *Andromache*; nor is there, indeed, any thing but Violence and Terror in the reſt of the Story and Character, as if the Poet was determined to ſink all into one, and make that great, at the Expence of the reſt. 'Tis, however, in my humble Opinion, a good one, to ſhew, that Perſons in diſtreſs ought never to deſpond, be their Afflictions what they *will*; and ought to have weigh'd with *Andromache* herſelf, to make her avoid the Crime of Suicide, which ſhe had reſolv'd upon, ſince this Moral is put into her Mouth; but ſo late, that it ſeems rather to make her good by an Event

ſhe

ſhe could not foreſee, than by the Prudence of her Reflections, which would not without that Event, have prevented her from a raſh Action, that would have rendered the Moral ineffectual.

Tho' plung'd in Ills, and exercis'd in Care,
Yet never let the noble Mind deſpair.
Where preſs'd by Dangers, and beſet with Foes,
The Gods their timely Succours interpoſe;
And when our Virtue ſinks o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
By unforeſeen Expedients bring Relief.

Now, Madam, good as this Moral is, I ſhould rather, in Generoſity, have had it recommended from any Mouth than that of *Andromache:* For what is the Conſolation ſhe receives? What are the Expedients ſhe ſo much rejoices in? Why, in the firſt place, the Murder of a Prince who lov'd her more than his own Glory, and to whom ſhe had juſt given her Faith as a ſecond Husband, tho' forced to it, from a laudable Motive: And next, The Self-murder of *Hermione*, the Diſtraction of *Oreſtes*, and the Proſpect of ſucceeding with her Son to the Throne of the murder'd Prince; from which, however, ſhe could not expect but to be driven, and her Son at laſt to be deſtroyed, by thoſe vengeful Confederates, who had joined, by a ſolemn Embaſſy, to demand his Life, and who now, by his Elevation, had ſtronger Reaſons to apprehend Danger from him; and the leſs Difficulty to effect his Ruin, as *Pyrrhus* was no more.

But, judge, my dear Lady, what, after the Play was over, I muſt think of the Epilogue, and indeed of the Audience, who call'd out for it: An Epilogue ſpoken by Mrs. *Oldfield* in the Character of *Andromache*, that was more ſhocking to me, than the moſt terrible Parts of the Play; as by lewd, and even ſenſeleſs *Double-entendre*, it could be calculated only to efface all the tender, all the virtuous Sentiments, which the Tragedy was deſign'd to raiſe.

The

The pleaſure this was received with by the Men, was equally barbarous and inſulting; every one turning himſelf to the Boxes, Pit, and Galleries where Ladies were, to ſee how they look'd, and how they ſtood an emphatical and too-well pronounc'd Ridicule, not only upon the Play in general, but upon the Part of *Andromache*, in particular, which had been ſo well ſuſtain'd by an excellent Actreſs; and I was extremely mortified to ſee my favourite (and the only perfect) Character, debas'd and deſpoil'd, and the Widow of *Hector* Prince of *Troy*, talking Naſtineſs to an Andience, and ſetting it out with all the wicked Graces of Action, and affected Archneſs of Look, Attitude, and Emphaſis.

I ſtood up—Dear Sir!—Dear Miſs!—ſaid I——

What's the matter, my Love? ſaid Mr. *B.* ſmiling, who expected, as he told me afterwards, to ſee me mov'd by this vile Epilogue—for it is always call'd for, it ſeems.

Why have I wept the Diſtreſſes of the injur'd *Hermione?* whiſper'd I: Why have I been mov'd by the Murder of the brave *Pyrrhus*, and ſhock'd by the Madneſs of *Oreſtes?* Is it for this? See you not *Hector*'s Widow, that noble *Andromache*, inverting the Deſign of the whole Play, ſatirizing her own Sex, but indeed moſt of all ridiculing and ſhaming, in *my* Mind, that part of the Audience, who can call for this vile Epilogue, and thoſe who can be delighted with it, after ſuch Scenes of Horror and Diſtreſs?

He was pleas'd to ſay, ſmiling, I expected, my Dear, that your Delicacy, and Miſs's too, would be ſhock'd on this prepoſterous Occaſion. I never ſaw this Play, Rake as I was, but the Impropriety of the Epilogue ſent me away diſſatisfy'd with it, and with human Nature too: And you only ſee, by this one Inſtance, what a Character that of an Actor and Actreſs is, and how capable they are to perſonate any thing for a ſorry Subſiſtence.

Well, but, Sir, ſaid I, are there not, think you, extravagant Scenes and Characters enough in moſt Plays, to juſtify the Cenſures of the Virtuous upon them,

them, that the wicked Friend of the Author must crown the Work in an Epilogue, for fear the Audience should go away improv'd by the Representation! It is not, I see, Sir, always Narrowness of Spirit, as I have heard some say, that opens the Mouths of good People against these Diversions.

In this wild way, talk'd I; for I was quite out of Patience at this unnatural and unexpected Piece of Ridicule, tack'd to so serious a Play, and coming after such a Moral.

Here is a Specimen, my dear Lady, of my Observations on the first Play I saw. How just, or how impertinent, I must leave to your better Judgment. I very probably expose my own Ignorance and Folly in them; but I will not say, Presumption, because you have put me upon the Task, which otherwise I would hardly have attempted. I have very little Reason therefore to blame myself on this score; but, on the contrary, if I can escape your Ladyship's Censure, have Cause to pride myself in the Opportunity you have hereby given me to shew my Readiness to obey you; and the rather, since I am sure of your kindest Indulgence, now you have given me Leave to style myself

Your Ladyship's obliged Sister,
And humble Servant, P. B.

LETTER XV.

My dear Lady,

I GAVE you in my last, my bold Remarks upon a TRAGEDY—*The Distress'd Mother*—I will now give you my shallow Notions of a COMEDY—*The Tender Husband.*

I lik'd this Title; tho' I can't say I was pleas'd at all with it's second; with an explanatory *Or,—The Accomplish'd Fools.* But when I was told it was written by Sir *Richard Steel*, and that Mr. *Addison* had given some Hints towards it, if not some Characters, O dear Sir, said I, give us your Company,

to

to this Play: for the Authors of the *Spectators* cannot possibly produce a faulty Scene!

Mr. *B.* indeed smil'd; for I had not then read the Play: And the Earl of *F.* his Countess, Miss *Darnford*, Mr. *B.* and myself, agreed to meet with a Niece of my Lord's in the Stage-Box, which was taken on purpose:

There seems to me, my dear Lady, to be a great deal of Wit and Satire in the Play: But, upon my Word, I was grievously disappointed as to the Morality of it: Nor, in some Places, is *Probability* preserved; and there are divers Speeches so very free, that I could not have expected to meet with such from the Names I mention'd.

I should be afraid of being censur'd for my Presumption, were I to write to any body less indulgent to my Boldness, than your Ladyship: But I will make no Apologies to you, Madam.—Let me see, then, can I give you the brief History of this Comedy, as I did of the Tragedy?—I profess I hardly know, whether I can or not; at least, whether I should or not.—But I'll try.

The Tender Husband, Mr. Clerimont, has for his Wife a Lady who has travell'd, and is far gone in all the *French* Fashions: "She brought me," says he, "a noble Fortune; and I thought, she had a "Right to share it; therefore carry'd her to see the "World, forsooth, and make the Tour of *France* and "*Italy*," where she learned to lose her Money gracefully, to admire every Vanity in *our* Sex, and "contemn every Virtue in *her own*; which, with "ten thousand other Perfections, are the ordinary Improvements of a travell'd Lady."

Tender as the Husband was to be suppos'd to the Wife, which, by the way, is not extremely apparent, in *proper* or *right* Instances of Tenderness, I presume to think, he shews no great Delicacy to the Sex in general in this Speech.

But what is the Method he takes to reclaim the Lady?—Why this: He sets a former Mistress of his own to work, in Man's Cloaths, to insnare his

Lady! And thus he declares himſelf—"Now I can "neither mortify her Vanity, that I may live at "Eaſe with her, or quite *diſcard* her, till I have "catch'd her a little enlarging her innocent Free-"doms, as ſhe calls them. For this End I am con-"tent to be a *French* Husband, tho', now-and-then, "with the ſecret Pangs of an *Italian* one; and "therefore, Sir, or Madam," (to his Miſtreſs LUCY, under the Name of MR. FAINLOVE, in the Dreſs of a young Coxcomb) "you are thus equipp'd to "attend and accoſt her Ladyſhip." A Speech unneceſſary to *Fainlove*, who was dreſs'd before for that Purpoſe, and had actually won Money, in that Character, of Mrs. *Clerimont*. But the Poet had no other way to let the Audience know it, as it ſhould ſeem.—"It concerns you," continues he, "to be "diligent: If we (*i. e.* he and his Lady) wholly "part—I need ſay *no more*: If we do *not*—I'll ſee "thee *well provided* for."

Here's a fine moral Scene open'd, my Lady, with regard to Mr. *Clerimont*, his Lady, and his kept Miſtreſs! Mr. *Fainlove*, alias, Mrs. *Lucy*, undertakes the Task, in Hopes to live with Mr. *Clerimont*, in caſe of a Divorce from his Wife; or to be provided for, in caſe the Plot does not ſucceed: Which looks pretty plainly, that, to ſay nothing of his Morality, the poor *Lucy* had not met with a generous Man in Mr. *Clerimont*, ſince, after the Forfeiture of her Honour, ſhe was ſtill to do a more infamous Jobb, if poſſible, to procure for herſelf a Proviſion from him.

Then Mr. *Clerimont* proceeds to inſtruct the new-made Man, how to behave like a Coxcomb, in order to ingage his Lady's Attention, and to joyn in all her Foibles, till ſhe can furniſh him with an Opportunity to detect them in ſuch a way, as ſhall give a Pretence for a Divorce; and this in ſuch free Language and Action, as muſt diſguſt any modeſt Body.

Then the Poet cauſes this faithful Miſtreſs, in order to make her Character ſhine above that of the Wife, and indeed above his own likewiſe, to preſent her Imployer with Bills for 500 *l.* which ſhe tells him ſhe

won

won of his Wife the preceding Night; and makes up 2000 *l.* which Mr. *Clerimont* says, this unprovided-for Mistress of his has won from his Lady, and honestly given him; or else he could not, he says, have supply'd her Gaming Losses. And *Lucy* declares, she will gain him for ever from his Lady, if she can: Yet, you'll see by-and-by, that it is not Love to his particular Person, more than any other, that is her Inducement: Of course then, it must be Wickedness for Wickedness sake!

The next Character is CAPTAIN CLERIMONT, Brother to the other Gentleman, a Man of Fashion and the World, who being a younger Brother, has his Fortune to make; and we shall see presently, how he proposes to make it.

The next is POUNCE, an infamous Jobber or Broker of Stocks, Marriages or any thing—whose Character be pleas'd to take in his own Words: "Now 'tis my Profession to assist a *free-hearted* "young Fellow against an *unnatural long-liv'd* Fa-"ther—to disincumber Men of Pleasure of the "Vexation of unwieldy Estates; to support a feeble "Title to an Inheritance!"—One that Mr. *Clerimont* says, by way of Praise, he has seen prompting a stammering Witness in *Westminster-hall*, that wanted Instruction; and could venture his Ears with great Bravery for his Friend.

A worse Character than this, can there be? Yet is it not produc'd to be punished, neither.

The next Person introduced is HEZEKIAH TIPKIN, a Banker in *Lombard-street*, of an infamous and sordid Character, and a vile Usurer: Who has a beautiful Niece, Miss BRIDGET TIPKIN, over-run with Affectation and Romance; with a great Fortune in Money, which so attracts the Captain, that he supposes, in a sordid, but witty manner enough, all imaginable Perfections in her Person, before he has a Sight of it. This young Lady, by a Treaty between her Uncle *Tipkin* and Sir HARRY GUBBIN, a Tyrannical, positive, hot-headed Country Gentleman, is design'd to be marry'd to HUMPHREY the

Son

Son of Sir *Harry*, a Creature ſo ſavage, ſo rough, and ſo ſtupid, that there cannot be drawn a ſtronger Contraſte between his Character and that of Miſs *Bridget's*.

Mr. *Pounce*, who is imployed as a Broker in their Match is, for a Reward of 1000 *l.* to cheat them and poor *Humphrey*, and to procure this young Lady for Captain *Clerimont*. Admirable Juſtice and Morality, all round! you'll ſay, my Lady.—For this purpoſe, Mr. *Pounce* finds Mr. *Humphrey* ſo great a Fool, that, tho' he never ſaw him before, he very eaſily ſets him againſt his Father and againſt his Couſin *Bridget*, and all this on the Wedding-day, in order to induce him to make Court to a Perſon he tells him of, but never ſaw: And who ſhould be this Perſon, but the Siſter of *Fainlove*, *Clerimont*'s Man-dreſs'd Miſtreſs, which Siſter, however, was to be *Fainlove*, or *Lucy* herſelf, with a worthy Intent to impoſe upon him as a Wife, this caſt-off Miſtreſs of *Clerimont*: A juſt, a generous, and exemplary Plot this!

The next Character is an old Maiden Gentlewoman, AUNT to Miſs *Bridget*, an antiquated Virgin, who, as *Pounce* ſays, has a mighty Affectation for Youth, and is a great Lover of Men and Money—and ſhe is ſet over her Niece as a promoter of the Match with *Humphrey*—Over this Lady Mr. *Pounce* has a great Aſcendant, half for ſordid Reaſons, and half for amorous ones, which makes her a thorough ridiculous Character; and he introduces Captain *Clerimont* into the Company of the Aunt and Niece; and entertains the former, while the Captain ingages the latter on the Subject of her beloved Romance. Theſe, with Mrs. *Clerimont*'s Maid *Jenny*, are the principal Characters.

I need not, my Lady, take up much of your Time, or my own, to tell you how they proceed.

Mr. *Clerimont*, then, after bearing from his Wife, what hardly any Gentleman could bear, ſurprizes *Fainlove* as a Man (and a very wicked Scene it is, in every Part) taking ſhocking freedoms with her. And falling into a feigned Rage, threatning to kill *Fainlove*, the Lady at firſt menaces, and is haughty

and

and arrogant; but finding by her Husband's Behaviour to *Lucy*, whom he then addreſſes with Fondneſs before her Face, that ſhe is trick'd by a Woman in Man's Habit, in her turn would kill the Impoſtor as *Lucy*, whom as *Fainlove* ſhe try'd to ſave; and a Scene on this occaſion occurs to my thinking, very ridiculous. Mr. *Clerimont* then upbraids her Guilt; and, what was hardly ever known in Nature, ſhe reforms *Inſtantly* on the Spot, and expreſſes all the Signs of Contrition imaginable. He forgives and receives her, guilty as ſhe is in her Intention, her Perſon only untainted, and an Adultreſs in her Mind, as ſhe would have been in Fact, had *Fainlove* been a Man: And a moving Scene, had it been from proper Motives, follows. *Yet*, (ſtill more prepoſterous, excuſe me, Madam) afterwards ſhe reſumes all her travell'd and nonſenſical Airs, all her Follies, to help to ſupport the Plot in favour of Captain *Clerimont* upon Miſs *Bridget*, and that of *Pounce*'s and Mr. *Clerimont*'s againſt poor *Humphrey*, the only *innocent* Character in the Play, and the only *ſuffering* one; and this latter, as well as the former Plot, being brought about, a laughing Scene is produced, by Sir *Harry*'s ſoundly cudgelling his Stupid Son, for permitting himſelf to be ſo fooliſhly drawn in.

Now, my good Lady, can you ſee one Character, and, I think, I have given them juſtly, fit to be ſet up for an Example in this celebrated Play of an Author ſo celebrated? I muſt own, as I ſaid before, I was greatly diſappointed in my Expectations of it. There is, indeed, a great deal of ſprightly Wit, and Knowlege of the wicked Part of the World, diſplay'd in it, as it ſeems to me, by what I have heard Mr. *B.* talk ſometimes; but there is not one Character in it, but what is ſhockingly immoral, and, at the ſame time, either *above* or *below* Nature; ſo that the Ridicule which is intended in it, on the bad Characters, cannot, in my poor Opinion, be juſt or efficacious.

For,

For, firſt, there never, I believe, could be a Gentleman, ſo fooliſhly tender, yet ſo plottingly cruel, to his Lady, as Mr. *Clerimont.*

There never could be ſuch a very fantaſtical Lady, as Mrs. *Clerimont.*—And there is ſuch an Improbability in the intimate Acceſs, which *Lucy* in Man's Cloaths has to her; in that Creature's lewd Views, yet faithful and generous Conduct in giving back to *Clerimont*, who had not provided for her, 2000 *l.* won of the fantaſtical Lady; and yet in her being ſo little delicate in her *Love* to *Clerimont*, which one would expect ſhould be her Motive, as to join to trick and marry one of the greateſt Fools in the World; that it was ſurpriſing to me, that it could paſs either Author or Audience.

Then *Tipkin*'s Character is unnaturally, ſtupidly, yet knaviſhly bad.

Sir *Harry Gubbin* is a Father, who never could have his Fellow; and after furiouſly beating his Son, is reconciled to his Marriage, as inſtantly as Mrs. *Clerimont* is converted; and that to an unknown Perſon, who appears to *him* in Man's Cloaths for the ſake of 3000 *l.* Fortune only, altho' he had been quarrelling with *Tipkin*, about 1000 *l.* out of 10000 *l.* which his Son was to have with *Bridget.*

Numps, his Son, is a Character, take it all together, quite out of Nature and Probability: 'Tis hardly poſſible, that a Savage, brought up in a Wood, who never convers'd with Man or Woman, could be ſo ſtupid; and eaſily might a Poet form a Plot for a Play, if ſuch a Character could be admitted, as *Numps*'s.

The Aunt is credulous and affected beyond Probability alſo.

Miſs *Bridget* delicately indelicate in many Places, and improbably fantaſtick in all.

Pounce ſhameleſsly glorying, and *ſucceeding* in his Villainy, and deeming the worſt of Rogueries a Panegyrick: And ſuch Immortalities, mingled with Obſcenities, that I was glad when the Play was over.

But yet, to ſay Truth, there are very pretty Deſcriptions, and a great deal of Wit and Humour in it. The Dialogue is lively. The Painter's Scene entertaining; and what between Sir *Harry* and *Tipkin*, diverting, tho' low; which, together with the fantaſtick Airs of Mrs. *Clerimont* and Miſs *Bridget*, and the farcical Humours of *Numps*, make it the leſs Wonder, that ſuch as did not attend to Nature, Probability, and Morality, were ſtruck with the Life and Spirit of the Performance: And eſpecially as Mr. *Wilks*, who acted Captain *Clerimont*, and Mrs. *Oldfield*, who acted Miſs *Bridget*, ſo incomparably perform'd their Parts, as muſt have ſaved a Play even of a worſe Tendency than the *Accompliſh'd Fools*.

The Moral I will tranſcribe, altho', I doubt, it is a very inapplicable one to the Characters; and ſo is far from making Amends for a long Performance, that in ſuch a Variety of Characters has not *one* moral one in it; nor ſo much as one juſt or generous Deſign purſued throughout the Play:

You've ſeen th' Extremes of the domeſtick Life,
A Son too much confin'd—too free a Wife.
By gen'rous Bonds you either ſhould reſtrain,
And only on their Inclinations gain.

This I call inapplicable, becauſe it was needleſs Advice to ſuch Huſbands as Mr. *Clerimont*, for whom it ſeems deſign'd; for he was generous to Exceſs, carrying her abroad to *Italy* and *France*, and paying all her Debts of Honour implicitly: Whence the Name of the Play, *The Tender Husband*.

Wives, to obey, muſt LOVE——

Clerimont did every thing to make a grateful Woman love him, before his ſtrange Plot to reclaim her.

——*Children* REVERE,
While only SLAVES *are govern'd by their Fear.*

Mrs. *Clerimont* was not treated like a *Slave*, yet is reclaim'd only by *Fear*. So that the Moral ſeems to be

be calculated for the *Numps*'s (the Fools and Idiots) and the *Sir Harries*; two Characters, that, as I humbly apprehend, never were in Nature, any more, it is to be hoped, than are the reſt.

It looks to me, in ſhort, as if the Author had forgot the Moral all the way; and being put in mind of it by ſome kind Friend, (Mr. *Addiſon*, perhaps) was at a Loſs to draw one from ſuch Characters and Plots as he had produc'd; and ſo put down what came uppermoſt, for the ſake of Cuſtom, without much regard to Propriety. And truly, I ſhould imagine likewiſe, that the Play was begun with a Deſign to draw more amiable Characters, anſwerable to the Title of *The Tender Husband*; but that the Author being drawn away by the Luxuriancy of a Genius, which he had not the Heart to prune, on a general Survey of the Whole, diſtruſting the Propriety of that Title, added the under-one: With an—OR, *The Accompliſh'd Fools*, in Juſtice to his Piece, and Compliment to his Audience. And, pardon me, Madam, had he called it *The Accompliſh'd Knaves*, I would not have been angry at him, becauſe there would have been more Propriety in the Title.

I wiſh I could, for the ſake of the Authors, have praiſed every Scene of this Play: I hoped to have Reaſon for it. Judge then, my dear Lady, what a Mortification it was to me, not to be able to ſay I liked above one, the *Painter's Scene*, and am forc'd to diſapprove of every Character in it, and the Views of every one. I am, deareſt Madam,

Your moſt obliged Siſter, and Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XVI.

My dear Lady,

ALTHO' I cannot tell how you receiv'd my Obſervations on the Tragedy of *The Diſtreſs'd Mother*, and the Comedy of *The Tender Husband*:

yet will I proceed to give your Ladyſhip my Opinion of the Opera I was at laſt Night.

But what can I ſay, when I have mention'd what you ſo well know, the fine Scenes, the genteel Company, the charming Voices, and delightful Muſick?

If, Madam, like the Nightingale, one were all Voice, or were all Ear, and loſt to every Senſe but that, and Harmony, ſurely the *Italian* Opera would be a tranſporting Thing!—But when one finds good Senſe, and Inſtruction, and Propriety, ſacrific'd to the Charms of Sound, what an unedifying, what a mere temporary Delight does it afford! For what does one carry home, but the Remembrance of having been pleas'd ſo many Hours by Air, well beaten and play'd upon; which being but Sound, you cannot bring away with you; and muſt therefore enter the Time paſs'd in ſuch a Diverſion, into the Account of thoſe blank Hours, from which one has not reap'd ſo much as one improving Leſſon?

I ſpeak this with regard to myſelf, who know nothing of the *Italian* Language: But yet I may not be very unhappy, that I do not, if I may form my Opinion of the Sentiments by the enervating Softneſs of the Sound, and the unmanly Attitudes and Geſtures made uſe of to expreſs the Paſſions of the Men-Performers, and from the amorous Complainings of the Women; as viſible in the ſoft, the too-ſoft, Action of each.

Then, tho' I cannot but ſay, That the Muſick is moſt melodious, yet to ſee a Hero, as an *Alexander*, or a *Julius Cæſar*, warbling out his Atchievements in War, his military Conqueſts, as well as his Love, in a ſoft Song, it ſeems to me to be making a Jeſt of both.

And how much more abſurd is it ſtill, to hear ſome dying Chieftain, ſome unfortunate Hero, chanting forth his Woes and his Calamities, and taking his Leave of the World (with leſs Propriety than our *Engliſh* Criminals at the fatal Tree) in a Sonetta! What can this move, how can this *pierce*, be the Story ever ſo diſmal, any thing but one's Ears?

Every

Every Nation, Mr. *B.* ſays, has its peculiar Excellence: The *French* Taſte is Comedy and Harlequinery; the *Italian*, Melody and Opera; the *Engliſh*, maſculine and nervous Senſe, whether in Tragedy or Comedy.—Why can't one, methinks, keep to one's own particular national Excellence, and let others retain theirs? For Mr. *B.* obſerves, That when once Sound is preferr'd to Senſe, we ſhall depart from all our own Worthineſs, and, at beſt, be but the Apes, yea, the Dupes, of thoſe whom we may *ſtrive* to imitate; but never can reach; much leſs excel.

Mr. *B.* ſays, ſometimes, that this Taſte is almoſt the only good Fruit our young Nobility gather, and bring home from their foreign Tours; and that he found the *Engliſh* Nation much ridicul'd on this Score by thoſe very People who are benefited by the Depravity. And if this be the beſt, what muſt the other Qualifications be, which they bring home?—Yet every one does not return with ſo little Improvement, it is to hop'd.

But what have I ſaid, what can I ſay, of an *Italian* Opera?—Only, little to the Purpoſe as it is, I wonder how I have been able to ſay ſo much: For who can deſcribe Sound? Or what Words ſhall be found to imbody Air?—And when we return, and are aſk'd our Opinion of what we have ſeen or heard, we are only able to anſwer, as I hinted above, The Scenery is fine; The Company ſplendid and genteel; The Muſick charming for the Time;—The Action not extraordinary; The Language unintelligible; and, for all theſe Reaſons—The Inſtruction none at all.

This is all that the Thing itſelf gives me to ſay of the *Italian* Opera; very probably, for want of a polite Taſte, and a Knowledge of the Language.

In my next, I believe I ſhall give you, Madam, my Opinion of a Diverſion or Amuſement, which, I doubt, I ſhall like ſtill leſs; and that is a *Maſquerade*; for I fear I ſhall not be excus'd going to

one, altho' I have no manner of Liking to it; eſpecially in my preſent Way. I am, Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged and faithful

P. B.

I muſt add another Half-ſheet to this Letter on the Subject-matter of it, the Opera; and am ſure your Ladyſhip will not be diſpleaſed with the Addition.

Mr. *B.* coming up, juſt as I had concluded my Letter, aſked me, What was my Subject? I told him, I was giving your Ladyſhip my Notions of the *Italian* Opera. Let me ſee, ſaid he, what they are, my Dear; for this is a Subject, that very few of thoſe who admire them, know any thing of.

He read the above, and was pleaſed to commend it. *Italian* Operas, ſaid he, are very ſad Things in *England*, to what they are in *Italy*. And the Tranſlations given of them, abominable; and, indeed, our Language will not do them Juſtice.

Every Nation, as you take notice, has its Excellencies; and you ſay well, that ours ſhould not quit the manly nervous Senſe, which is the Diſtinction of the *Engliſh* Drama. One Play of our celebrated *Shakeſpeare* will give infinitely more Pleaſure to a ſenſible Mind, than a dozen *Engliſh Italian* Operas. But, my Dear, in *Italy* they are quite another Thing: And the Senſe is not, as here, ſacrific'd ſo much to the Sound, but that they are both very compatible.

Be pleaſed, Sir, to give me your Obſervation on this Head in Writing, and then I ſhall have ſomething to ſend worthy of Lady *Davers*'s Acceptation. Do, Sir, pray do.

I will, my Dear; and he took the Pen in his Hand, and wrote the incloſed; which I beg your Ladyſhip to return me; becauſe I will keep it by me, for my Inſtruction, if I ſhould be led to talk of this Subject in Company. You muſt let my

Siſter

Siſter know, ſaid he, that I have given myſelf no Time to re-peruſe what I have written. She will do well therefore to correct it, and return it to you.

" In *Italy*, Judges of Operas are ſo far from " thinking the Drama a Poetical Part of their " Opera's Nonſenſe, as the unſkilled in *Italian* " raſhly conclude in *England*, that if the *Libretto*, " as they call it, is not approved, the Opera, not- " withſtanding the Excellence of the Muſick, will " be condemned. For the *Italians* juſtly determine, " that the very Muſick of an Opera cannot be com- " plete and pleaſing, if the Drama be incongruous, " as I may call it, in its Compoſition; becauſe, in " order to pleaſe, it muſt have the neceſſary Con- " traſte of the Grave and Light; that is, the " Diverting, equally blended through the Whole. " If there be too much of the firſt, let the Muſick " expreſs, as I may ſay, Love and the Tender, ever " ſo much, it will come out heavy and tireſome; " if the latter prevail, it will ſurfeit with Jig and " Minuit: Wherefore it is the Poet's Buſineſs to " adapt the Words for this agreeable Mixture: For " the Muſick is but ſecondary and ſubſervient to " the Words; and if there be an artful Contraſte in " the Drama, there will be the ſame in the Muſick, " ſuppoſing the Compoſer to be a ſkilful Maſter.

" Now, as in *England*, the Practice has been to " mutilate, curtail, and patch up a Drama in *Italian*, " in order to throw in a Glut of minuitiſh Airs, " collected from an Author, the Contraſte has always " been broken thereby, and the Opera damn'd, " without knowing the Reaſon: And as ignorant " mercenary Prompters, tho' *Italians*, have been " imploy'd in the Hotch-potch, and in tranſlating " our Drama's from *Italian* into *Engliſh*, how could " ſuch Opera's appear any other than incongruous " Nonſenſe?

Recitativo's.

" To avoid the natural Diſſonance and Irregu'a- " rity in common Speech, Recitativo's in Muſick

" and dramatical Performances were invented; " and, altho' the Time in pronouncing the Words " contain'd in them, is ſcarce longer, than in com- " mon Converſation, yet the Concatenation of " Sounds is, by this means, ſo artfully contrived, " as that the Cadences or Dialogue of Baſſes ſhall " unite and delight the Ear with their Oppoſites, " the higheſt Tenors and Trebles. Wherefore " Recitativo's are a regular way of ſpeaking by " Art, as I may ſay, in order to avoid and correct " the Irregularities of Speech, often found in Na- " ture, and to expreſs the Paſſions, without Offence " to the Ear."

Permit me, dear Madam, to repeat my Aſſurances, that I am, and muſt ever be,

Your obliged Siſter, and Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XVII.

WELL, now, my dear Lady, I will give you my poor Opinion of a Maſquerade, to which Mr. *B.* perſuaded me to accompany Miſs *Darnford*; for, as I hinted in my former, I had a great Indifference, or rather Diſlike, to go, and Miſs therefore wanted ſo powerful a Second, to get me with her; becauſe I was afraid the Freedoms which I had heard were uſed there, would not be very agreeable to my apprehenſive Temper, at *this* Time eſpecially.

But finding Mr. *B.* choſe to have me go, if, as he was pleaſed to ſay, I had no Objection: I ſaid, I *will* have none, Sir, I *can* have none, when you tell me it is your Choice; and ſo ſend for the Habits you like, and that you would have me to appear in, and I will chearfully attend you.

The Habit Mr. *B.* pitch'd upon, was that of a *Spaniſh* Don, and it well befitted the Majeſty of his Perſon and Air, and Miſs choſe that of a young Widow; and Mr. *B.* recommended that of a Quaker for

for me. We all admir'd one another in our Dreſſes; and Mr. *B.* promiſing to have me always in his Eye, we took Coach and went thither.

But I never deſire to be preſent at another. Mr. *B.* was ſingled out by a bold Nun, who talk'd *Italian* to him with ſuch free Airs, that I did not much like it, tho' I know not what ſhe ſaid; for I thought the dear Gentleman no more kept to his *Spaniſh* Gravity, than ſhe to the Requiſites of the Habit ſhe wore: When I had imagin'd, that all that was tolerable in a Maſquerade, was the acting up to the Characters each Perſon aſſum'd: And this gave me no Objection to the Quaker's Dreſs; for I thought I was prim enough for that naturally.

I ſaid ſoftly, Dear Miſs, (for Mr. *B.* and the Nun were out of Sight in a Moment) What is become of that Nun?——Rather whiſper'd ſhe, What is become of the *Spaniard?*

A Cardinal attack'd me inſtantly in *French:* But I anſwer'd in *Engliſh*, not knowing what he ſaid, Quakers are not fit Company for Red-hats.

They are, ſaid he, in the ſame Language; for a Quaker and a Jeſuit is the ſame Thing.

Miſs was addreſs'd by the Name of the ſprightly Widow: Another aſk'd, how long ſhe intended to wear thoſe Weeds? And a Footman, in a rich Livery, anſwer'd for her Eyes, thro' her Maſk, that it would not be a Month.

But I was ſtartled, when a Preſbyterian Parſon came up to me, and bid me look after my *Muſidorus*——So that I doubted not by this, it muſt be ſomebody who knew my Name to be *Pamela*; and I preſently thought of one of my Lawyers, whoſe Characters I gave in a former Letter.

Indeed, he needed not to bid me; for I was ſorry, on more Accounts than that of my Timorouſneſs, to have loſt Sight of him. Out upon theſe naſty Maſquerades! thought I; I can't abide them already!

An egregious Beauiſh Appearance came up to Miſs, and ſaid, You hang out a very pretty *Sign*,

Not, reply'd Miſs, to invite ſuch Fops as you to my Shop.

Any Cuſtomer would be welcome, return'd he, in my Opinion.— I whiſper this as a Secret.

And I whiſper another, ſaid Miſs, That no Place warrants ill Manners.

Are you angry, Widow?

She affected a Laugh: No, indeed; it i'n't worth while.

He turn'd to me— and I was afraid of ſome ſuch Hit as he gave me— I hope, Friend, thou art prepar'd with a Father for the Light within thee?— That was his free Word.

Is this Wit? ſaid I, turning to Miſs: I have enough of this Diverſion, where nothing but coarſe Jeſts appear *bareſac'd*.

At laſt Mr. *B.* acceſted us, as if he had not known us: So lovely a Widow, and ſo ſweet a Friend! no wonder you do not ſeparate: For I ſee not in this various Aſſemblée a third Perſon of your Sex fit to join with you.

Not one, Sir!—ſaid I—Will not a penitent Nun make a good Third with a mournful Widow, and a prim Quaker?

Not for more than Ten Minutes, at moſt.

Inſtantly the Nun, a fine Perſon of a Lady, with a noble Air, tho' I did not like her, join'd us, and ſpoke in *Italian* ſomething very free, as it ſeem'd by her Manner, and Mr. *B.*'s ſmiling Anſwer; but neither Miſs nor I underſtood that Language, and Mr. *B.* would not explain it to us.

But ſhe gave him a Signal to follow her, ſeeming to be much taken with his Perſon and Air; for tho' there were three other *Spaniſh* Habits there, he was call'd *The ſtately Spaniard* by one, and *The handſome Spaniard* by another, in our Hearing, as he paſs'd with us to the Deſſert, where we drank each of us a Glaſs of Champaign, and eat a few Sweet-meats, with a Croud about us; but we appear'd not to know one another: While ſeveral odd Appearances, as One *Indian* Prince, One *Chineſe* Manda-

rin, ſeveral Domine's, of both Sexes, a *Dutch* Skipper, a *Jewiſh* Rabbi, a *Greek* Monk, an Harlequin, a *Turiſh* Baſhaw, and a *Capuchin* Frier, glided by us, as we return'd into Company, ſignifying, that we were Strangers to them, by ſpeaking out, *I know you!*—Which is half the Wit of the Place.

Mr. *B.* had more Attacks made upon him by Ladies, than we had by Gentlemen; and his fine Perſon, noble Air, and Deportment ſo ſuited to his Habit, (only in the Encounter of the Nun, when he had more of the *French* Freedom, as I thought, than the *Spaniſh* Gravity) made him many Admirers; and more, when the *Spaniſh* Miniſter, who was there in a *French* Dreſs, ſpoke to him in *Spaniſh*, and receiv'd a polite Anſwer from him in the ſame; while there were ſeveral who perſonated Foreign Characters, and knew nothing of the Language of the Country, whoſe Habits they aſſumed.

There were divers Antick Figures, ſome with Caps and Bells, one dreſs'd like a Punch; ſeveral Harlequins, and other ludicrous Forms, that jump'd and ran about like mad; and ſeem'd as if they would have it thought, that all their Wit lay in their Heels.

Two Ladies, one in a very fantaſtick party-colour'd Habit, with a Plume of Feathers, the other in a ruſtick one, with a Garland of Flowers round her Head, were much taken notice of for their Freedom, and having ſomething to ſay to every Body. They were as ſeldom ſeparated as Miſs and I, and were follow'd by a Croud, where-ever they went.

The party-colour'd one came up to me: Friend, ſaid ſhe, there is ſomething in thy Perſon, that attracts every one's Notice: But if a Sack had not been a profane Thing, it would have become thee almoſt as well.

I thank thee, Friend, ſaid I, for thy Counſel; but if thou hadſt been pleas'd to look at home, thou wouldſt not have taken ſo much Pains to join ſuch Advice, and ſuch an Appearance, together, as thou makeſt!

This

This made every one that heard it, laugh—One ſaid, The Butterfly had met with her Match.

She return'd, with an affected Laugh—Smartly ſaid!—But art thou come hither, Friend, to make thy Light ſhine before Men or Women?

Verily, Friend, neither, reply'd I; but out of mere Curioſity to look into the *Minds* of both Sexes; which I read in their *Dreſſes*.

A general Satire on the Aſſembleé, by the Maſs! ſaid a fat Monk.

The Nun whisk'd to us: We're all concern'd in my Friend's Remark.——

And no Diſgrace to a fair Nun, return'd I, if her Behaviour anſwer her Dreſs—Nor to a Reverend Frier, turning to the Monk, if his Mind be not a Diſcredit to his Appearance—Nor yet to a Country Girl, turning to the party-colour'd Lady's Companion, if ſhe has not Weeds in her Heart to diſgrace the Flowers on her Head.

An odd Figure, repreſenting a *Merry Andrew*, took my Hand, and ſaid, I had the moſt piquant Wit he had met with that Night: And, Friend, ſaid he, let us be better acquainted!

Forbear, ſaid I, withdrawing my Hand, not a Companion for a Jack-pudden neither!

A *Roman* Senator juſt then accoſted Miſs; and Mr. *B.* ſeeing me ſo much engag'd, 'Twere hard, ſaid he, if our Nation, in ſpite of *Cervantes*, produc'd not one Cavalier to protect a fair Lady thus ſurrounded.

Tho' ſurrounded, not diſtreſs'd, my good Knight-Errant, ſaid the Nun: The fair Quaker will be too hard for half a dozen Antagoniſts, and wants not your Protection:—But your poor Nun beſpeaks it, whiſper'd ſhe, who has not a Word to ſay for herſelf.

Mr. *B.* anſwer'd in her *Italian*, (I wiſh I underſtood *Italian!*—and ſhe had recourſe to her Beads.

You can't imagine, Madam, how this Nun haunted the dear Gentleman!—Indeed, my Lady, you can't imagine it!

I muſt needs ſay, I don't like theſe Maſquerades at all. Many Ladies, on theſe Occaſions, are ſo very free, that the Cenſorious will be apt to blame the whole Sex for *their* Conduct, and to ſay, their Hearts are as faulty as thoſe of the moſt culpable Men, ſince they ſcruple not to ſhew as much, when they think they cannot be known by their Faces. But it is my humble Opinion, that could there be a Standard fix'd, by which one could determine readily what *is*, and what is *not* Wit, Decency would not be ſo often wounded, by Attempts to be witty, as it is. For here every one, that can give himſelf the Liberty to ſay Things that ſhock a modeſter Perſon, not meeting with due Rebuke, but perhaps a Smile, (without conſidering whether it be of Contempt or Approbation) miſtakes Courage for Wit; and every Thing ſacred or civil becomes the Subject of his frothy Jeſt.

How elſe can one account for the Liberties of Expreſſion and Behaviour taken by ſome of thoſe who perſonated Biſhops, Cardinals, Prieſts, Nuns, *&c?*—For the freeſt Things I heard ſaid, were from Perſons in thoſe Habits; who behav'd with ſo much Levity and Indecorum, as if they were reſolved, as much as in them lay, to throw thoſe venerable Characters into Ridicule, for no other Reaſon, than becauſe they are by the Generality of the World deem'd *venerable:* But if it was once determin'd, that nothing ſhould be call'd true Wit, as nothing certainly ought, but what will ſtand the Teſt of Examination, but what is conſiſtent with Decency and good Manners, and what will make an innocent Heart brilliant and chearful, and give its Sanction to the happy Expreſſion, by trying to keep up and return the Ball in like virtuous and lively Raillery; then we ſhould have our publick Entertainments ſuch as the moſt Scrupulous might join to countenance and applaud.

But what a Moralizer am I! will your Ladyſhip ſay: Indeed, I can't help it:—And eſpecially on ſuch a Subject as a *Maſquerade*, which I diſlike more than

any

any thing I ever ſaw. I could ſay a great deal more on this Occaſion; but, upon my Word, I am quite out of Humour with it; for I liked my *Engliſh* Mr. B. better than my *Spaniard*; and the Nun I approved not by any means; tho' there were ſome who obſerved, that ſhe was one of the gracefulleſt Figures in the Place. And indeed, in ſpite of my own Heart, I could not help thinking ſo too.

Your Ladyſhip knows ſo well what *Maſquerades* are, that I may well be excus'd ſaying any thing further on a Subject I am ſo little pleas'd with: For you only deſire my Notions of theſe Diverſions, becauſe I am a Novice to them; and this, I doubt not, will doubly ſerve to anſwer that Purpoſe.

I ſhall only therefore add, That after an hundred other Impertinences ſpoken to Miſs and me, and retorted with Spirit by Miſs, and as well as I could by myſelf, quite ſick of the Place, I feign'd to be more indiſpoſed than I was, and ſo got my beloved *Spaniard* to go off with us, and reached Home by Three in the Morning. And ſo much for *Maſquerades*. I hope I ſhall never have Occaſion to mention them again to your Ladyſhip. I am, my deareſt Lady,

Your ever-obliged Siſter and Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XVIII.

My deareſt Lady,

MY Mind is ſo wholly ingroſs'd by Thoughts of a very different Nature from thoſe which the Diverſions of the Town and Theatres inſpire, that I beg to be diſpens'd, for the preſent, from theſe lighter Subjects. But yet, if it pleaſe God to ſpare my Life, as your Ladyſhip does not diſapprove of my Remarks, I intend to make a little Book, which I will preſent to your Ladyſhip, containing my poor Obſervations on all the Dramatick Entertainments I have ſeen, and ſhall ſee, this Winter; and for this Purpoſe I have

have made brief Notes in the Margin of the printed Plays I have bought, as I ſaw them, with a Pencil; by referring to which, as Helps to my Memory, I ſhall be able to give your Ladyſhip my Thoughts at the Time of ſeeing them, pretty nearly with the ſame Advantage as if I had written them at my Return from each.

I have obtained of Sir *Simon*, and Lady *Darnford*, the very great Pleaſure of their Permiſſion to Miſs to ſtay with me, till it ſhall be ſeen how it will p'eaſe God to deal with me; and I owe this Favour partly to a kind Letter written in my Behalf to Sir *Simon*, by Mr. *B.* and partly to Miſs's earneſt Requeſt to her Papa, to oblige me; Sir *Simon* having made ſome Difficulty to comply, as Mr. *Murray* and his Bride have left them, and he ſays, he cannot live long, if he has not the Company of his beloved Daughter.

I cannot but ſay, I have many more Anxieties and Apprehenſions, than perhaps I ought, on the approaching Occaſion; but I was always a ſad Coward, and too thoughtful a good deal: But I have ſo *much* to loſe; ſuch a dear, dear Gentleman to part with, if I *muſt* part with him; ſuch generous Friends and Lovers, as I may ſay, of both Sexes: And then the Circumſtance itſelf has ſo many Terrors to an apprehenſive Mind, attending it, that I am out of Breath ſometimes at the Thoughts of it, and want to run away from myſelf, if I could —But it cannot be; and when I charge my Mind with the Reflections that Religion inſpires, and ask myſelf, Who it was that gave me all theſe Bleſſings? and, Who it is that has a Right to recall them, if He pleaſes, and *when*, and in *what way*, He pleaſes? and that if I leave them not *now*, I muſt be ſeparated from them *another* Day; I endeavour to bring my Mind to a Reſignation to the Divine Will.

But what ſhall I ſay, Madam, when I find my Frailty is ſo much increaſed, that I cannot, with the ſame Intenſeneſs of Devotion, that I uſed to be bleſt with, apply myſelf to the Throne of Grace, nor,

of

of Conſequence, find my Invocations anſwer'd by that Delight, and inward Satisfaction, with which I uſed to pleaſe myſelf, when the preſent near Proſpect was more remote?

I hope I ſhall not be deſerted in the Hour of Trial, and that this my Weakneſs of Mind will not be puniſh'd with a ſpiritual Dereliction, for ſuffering myſelf to be too much attach'd to thoſe worldly Delights and Pleaſures which no Mortal ever enjoy'd in a more exalted Degree than myſelf. And I beſeech you, my deareſt Lady, let me be always remember'd in your Prayers---*Only* for a Reſignation to the Divine Will; a *chearful* Reſignation! I preſume not to preſcribe to His gracious Providence; for if one has but *that*, one has every thing that one need to have. Yet, my dear Lady, there is ſuch a natural Repugnance between Life and Death, that Nature will ſhrink, when one comes to the Trial, let one have never ſo much Fortitude at a Diſtance. Yet, I hope, I may be forgiven; for now-and-then I comfort myſelf with the Divine Exemplar, which prayed in bloody Sweats for the bitter Cup to be removed; but gave us the Example of Reſignation, that I am wiſhing to be able to follow: *However, not mine, but thy Will be done!*

Forgive me, my deareſt Lady, for being ſo deeply ſerious. I have juſt now been contending with a ſevere Pang, that is, for the preſent, gone off; what Effect its Return may have, God only knows. And if this is the laſt Line I ſhall ever write, it will be the more ſatisfactory to me, as (with my humble Reſpects to my good Lord *Davers*, and the dear Counteſs, and praying for the Continuance of all your Healths and Happineſs, both here and hereafter) I am permitted to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's obliged Siſter, and humble Servant,
P. B.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

From Lady DAVERS *to Mr.* B.

My deareſt Brother,

ALTHO' I believe it is needleſs to put a Gentleman of your generous Spirit in mind of doing a worthy Action; yet, as I do not know whether you have thought of what I am going to hint to you, I cannot forbear a Line or two with regard to the good old Couple in *Kent*.

I am ſure, if, for our Sins, God Almighty ſhould take from us my incomparable Siſter, (forgive me, my dear Brother, but to intimate what *may* be, altho' I hourly pray, as her trying Minute approaches, that it will not) you will, for her ſake, take care that her honeſt Parents have not the Loſs of your Favour, to deepen the inconſolable one, they will have, in ſuch a Caſe, of the beſt of Daughters.

I ſay, I am ſure you will do as generouſly by them as ever: And I dare ſay, your ſweet *Pamela* doubts it not: Yet as you know how ſenſible ſhe is of every Favour done to them, it is the Counteſs's Opinion, and mine, and Lady *Betty*'s too, that you give *her* this Aſſurance in ſome *legal* Way; for as ſhe is naturally apprehenſive, and thinks more of her Circumſtance, than, for your ſake, ſhe chuſes to expreſs to you, it will be like a Cordial to her dutiful and grateful Heart; and I do not know, if it will not contribute, more than any *one* Thing, to make her go thro' her Taſk with Eaſe and Safety.

I know how much your Heart is wrapp'd up in the dear Creature: And you are a worthy Brother, to let it be ſo!---You will excuſe me therefore, I am ſure, for this my Officiouſneſs.

I have no Doubt that God will ſpare her to us, becauſe, altho' we may not be worthy of ſo much Excellence, yet we now all unite ſo gratefully to thank Him for ſuch a worthy Relation, that I hope

we

we ſhall not be depriv'd of an Example ſo neceſſary to us all.

I can have but one Fear: and that is, that, young as ſhe is, ſhe ſeems ripen'd for Glory; ſhe ſeems to have liv'd long enough for *herſelf*. But for *You*, and for *Us*, that God will *ſtill* ſpare her, ſhall be the hourly Prayer of,

My dear worthy Brother,

Your ever affectionate Siſter,

B. DAVERS.

Have you got her Mother with you? I hope you have. God give you a Son and Heir, if it be his bleſſed Will! But however that be, preſerve your PAMELA to you! For you never can have ſuch *another* Wife.

LETTER XX.

From Mrs. B. *to Mr.* B.

My ever dear, and ever honoured Mr. B.

AS I know not how it may pleaſe God Almighty to deal with me on the approaching Occaſion, I ſhould think myſelf inexcuſable, if I could not find one or two ſelect Hours to dedicate to you, out of the very many, in the writing Way, in which your Goodneſs has indulged me, becauſe you ſaw I took Delight in it.

But yet think not, O beſt Beloved of my Heart! that I have any Boon to beg, any Favour to aſk, either for myſelf, or for my Friends, or ſo much as the *Continuance* of your Favour to the one or the other. As to them, you have prevented and exceeded all my Wiſhes: As to myſelf, if it pleaſe God to ſpare me, I know I ſhall always be rewarded beyond my Deſert, let my Deſervings be what they will. I have only therefore to acknowledge, with the deepeſt Senſe of your Goodneſs to me, and with the moſt Heart-affecting Gratitude, that from the happy, the

the thrice happy Hour, that you ſo generouſly made me yours, till *this* Moment, you have not left me one Thing, on my own Part, to wiſh for, but the Continuance and Increaſe of your Felicity, and that I might be worthier and worthier of the unexampled Goodneſs, Tenderneſs, and Condeſcenſion, wherewith you have always treated me.

No, my deareſt, my beſt beloved Maſter, Friend, Huſband, my *firſt*, my *laſt*, and *only* Love! believe me, I have nothing to wiſh for but your Honour and Felicity, temporary and eternal; and I make no doubt, that God, in his infinite Goodneſs and Mercy, will perfect his own good Work, begun in your dear Heart; and whatever may now happen, give us a happy Meeting never more to part from one another. For, altho', as you were pleaſed to queſtion t'other Day, when you were reſolving ſome of my Doubts---(and, Oh! what a ſweet Expoſitor have you been to me upon all thoſe Occaſions, on which my diffident Mind led me to you for Information and Direction!) whether the Happineſs of the Bleſſed was not too exalted an Happineſs to be ſubjected to the poor Ties of Relationſhip and Senſe, which now delight; and attach ſo much to them, our narrow Minds and Conceptions; yet cannot I willingly give up the pleaſing, the *charming* Hope, that I ſhall one Day rejoice, *diſtinguiſhingly* rejoice, in the Society of my beſt beloved Huſband and Friend, and in that of my dear Parents; and I will keep and incourage this dear Hope; ſo conſolatory to us in the Separation, which deareſt Friends *muſt* experience, ſo long as it can ſtand me in any ſtead; and till I ſhall be all Intellect, and above the ſoothing Impreſſions which are now ſo agreeable to Senſe, and to conjugal and filial Piety.

Let me then beg of you, my deareſt Protector, and beſt Friend, to pardon all my Imperfections and Defects; and if, ever ſince I have had the Honour to be yours, I have in *Looks*, or in *Word*, or in *Deed*, given you Cauſe to wiſh me other than I was, that you will kindly put it to the Score of natural

natural Infirmity (for in Thought or Intention, I can truly boaſt, I never wilfully err'd). Your Tenderneſs for me, and your generous Politeneſs to me, always gave me Apprehenſion, that I was not what you wiſh'd me to be, becauſe you would not find Fault with me, ſo often as I fear I deſerved: And this makes me beg of you to do, as I hope God Almighty will, pardon all my involuntary Errors and Omiſſions.

You have enabled me, Sir, to do all the Good to my poor Neighbours, and to diſtreſſed Objects, that was in my own Heart to do; and I hope I have diſpenſed the Power you have ſo generouſly intruſted to my Diſpoſal, without Extravagance or Diſhonour, with regard to you, and with Comfort and Suitableneſs to the particular Caſes recommended to me: But yet, as it is neceſſary I ſhould render ſome Account of my Stewardſhip, in relation to the large Sums you have put into my Hands for charitable Uſes, you will find, my beloved *Maſter*, and beſt *Friend*, your poor *Steward*'s Accounts of every thing, in the Cabinet that was my honoured Lady's, till your Goodneſs made it mine, in a † Vellom Book, which is written on the firſt Leaf, Title-page wiſe, Humble RETURNS for DIVINE MERCIES; and you will ſee a Balance ſtruck, down to this very Day, and the *little Surplus* in the green Purſe upon the Book. And if you will be pleaſed, Sir, to perfect, by your Generoſity, the Happineſs of the Caſes I have marked with a Star, [thus, *] which are ſuch as are not fully recover'd, and will be pleaſed to keep up my little School, I dare aſk no more; for my deareſt Mr. *B.* if I ſhould be called from *your Service* to my *new Place*, your *next* Steward (and long, I hope, for your honourable Family's ſake, you will not be without one) may find out another and *better* Method for your Honour and her own, to diſpenſe your Bounty, than that I have taken.

The

† *See* Vol. II. *p.* 278.

The rich Jewels and Equipage, with which your generous Goodneſs adorned my Unworthineſs, will be found in the ſame Cabinet, in the private Drawer: And if I may be pardon'd for one extravagant Wiſh, (your Circumſtances, dear Sir, are very great! and your future Lady will not wear any thing that was mine) it is, that my dear Miſs *Darnford* may be deſir'd, as the Effect of your own Goodneſs, and generous Conſideration for my Memory, to wear the Diamond Necklace, which, I know, ſhe admires; but is far from wiſhing for it, or expecting it, altho' the Neck that it was given to adorn, and to make more worthy of you, ſhould be laid low by the irreſiſtible Leveller.

In the bottom Drawer, on the Left-hand of the Cabinet, you will find, Sir, all my unfiniſh'd Scribble, and among the reſt, a little Parcel, indorſed, Mr. *H.* and *P. Barlow*. The Title will ſurpriſe you; but as I know not what may happen to make Doubts and Puzzles in the Affair mentioned in thoſe Papers, when I cannot obviate them, I thought it was beſt to give a brief Hiſtory of it in Writing, with his Letter to me on the Occaſion; and I humbly beg, the Whole may be kept within your own Breaſt, unleſs that vile Affair, which has much diſturb'd me, ſhould be reviv'd: Altho' I have no Reaſon to apprehend it will, becauſe the poor Girl, I hope, is ſincerely penitent, and Mr. *H.* himſelf ſeems in another way of thinking as to her.

Will you be pleaſed, Sir, to beſtow on my deareſt Miſs *Goodwin*, as a Remembrance of her Aunt's true Love, the Diamond Solitaire, and the ſecond Pair of Ear-rings? Perhaps, my deareſt Lady *Davers* would not diſdain to wear, as a Preſent from her beloved Brother, my beſt Diamond Ring. And if my moſt beloved and moſt valued Ring of all, the dear firſt Pledge of my Happineſs, were, for the firſt time ſince I was honoured with it, by your own putting it on, taken from my Finger and inamell'd, it would be a mournful, yet a pleaſing Token for my poor Mother, and a ſweet *Memento* of your

Bounty

Bounty to them, and of your inexpreſſible Goodneſs and Favour to her poor Daughter!——But how I preſume! And yet juſt now ſaid, I had nothing to aſk!

Now I am, unawares to myſelf, upon the Subject of petitioning, how would it pleaſe me, could I know it, if the dear Child I have juſt named, were given to the Care and Example of my excellent Miſs *Darnford*, if ſhe would be pleaſed to accept of the Truſt; and if Lady *Davers* has no Objection, and would not chuſe to take the pretty Soul under her own Wing!

I had once great Pleaſure in the Hope of having this dear Miſs committed to my Care——But what Pleaſures, what Happineſs, have I not had crouded into this laſt, and this firſt happy, thrice happy Year——even more than moſt of my Sex have had to boaſt of, and thoſe not unhappy neither, in a long, long Life! Every Day has brought with it ſome new Felicity, ſome new Happineſs, as unlook'd for, as undeſerv'd; for, Oh! beſt Beloved of my Heart, how have you always met me in your Comings-in, left me at your Goings-out, with Smiles and Complacency, the *latter* only diſtinguiſh'd from the *former*, by a kind Regret, as the *other* was from *that*, by a Joy, next to Tranſport, when all *your* dear generous Heart appeared in your noble Countenance, and ſet *my* faithful one into reſponſive Flutters, to meet and receive it with all the grateful Emotions that the chaſteſt conjugal Flame could inſpire!——

But I muſt not dwell upon theſe charming, charming Reflections!——My preſent Doubts will not permit me to indulge them! For, if I were——how would my Deſires be rivetted to this Earth!—With what Regret ſhould I transfer my Thoughts to a *ſtill* more important and more neceſſary Subject! and with what Ingratitude look up to a diviner, and ſtill more noble Maſter, who ought to be the Ultimate of all our Wiſhes and Deſires! And who has given me You, my deareſt Mr. *B.* and *with* You, all that

that this World can make deſirable!—And has therefore a Right to take away, what he has given!—And if I now die, what a Glory will it be to me, to be permitted to diſcharge Part of my Obligations to the worthieſt of Gentlemen, by laying down my Life in the Service of his honourable Family!

But let me ſay one Word for my dear worthy Mrs. *Jervis.* Her Care and Fidelity will be very neceſſary for your Affairs, dear Sir, while you remain ſingle, which I hope will not be long. But whenever, Sir, you make a ſecond Choice, be pleaſed to allow her ſuch an Annuity as may make her independent, and paſs away the Remainder of her Life with Comfort and Eaſe. And this the rather I preſume to requeſt, as my late honoured Lady once intimated the ſame thing to your Generoſity. If I were to name what that may be, it would not be with the Thought of *heightening*, but of *limiting* rather, the natural Bounty of your Heart; and Fifty Pounds a Year would be a rich Proviſion in her Opinion, and will intail upon you, dear Sir, the Bleſſings of one of the faithfulleſt and worthieſt Hearts in the Kingdom.

Nor will Chriſtian Charity permit me to forget the once wicked, but now penitent *Jewkes.* I underſtand by Miſs *Darnford*, that ſhe begs for nothing but to have the Pleaſure of dying in your Service, and of having, by that means, an Opportunity given her of atoning for ſome ſmall Slips and Miſtakes in her Accounts, which ſhe had made formerly, as ſhe accuſes herſelf, for ſhe will have it, that Mr. *Longman* has been better to her than ſhe deſerv'd in paſſing one † Account particularly, to which he had, with too much Reaſon, objected. Do, dear Sir, if your *future* happy Lady has no *great* Diſlike to the poor Woman, be pleaſed to grant her Requeſt, except her own Mind ſhould alter, and ſhe deſire her Diſmiſſion: And be pleaſed to preſent her with my little

† *See, for a Hint of this,* Vol. I. p. 71.

little Book of ſelect Devotions, with my Notes in the Inter-leaves: It is in the bottom Drawer of the Right-hand, among my devotional Miſcellanies: Or rather, much rather, be pleaſed to order a Copy of it to be made out for her, and to give the Original, being moſtly my own Hand-writing, to my dear Father. This is a better Thought by much; for the dear good Man will eſteem it the more for that. I wonder I did not think of this before.——

To the other Servants, I have only to leave my Thanks and beſt Wiſhes, for their reſpectful Love and dutiful Behaviour to one, who from being once hardly the Equal to ſome of them, has been exalted to the honourable Station of their Miſtreſs, by your ſuperlative Goodneſs and Favour. No Servants, my dear Mr. *B.* ever deſerved a Miſtreſs's Thanks, if they do not; for they, every one of them, moſt chearfully came into all my little Schemes and Regulations, and they have incouraged me, by their ready Obedience, and their reſpectful Loves, to purſue to them the natural Dictates of my own Heart, and have made all aſſumings and Pride as unneceſſary, as they would have been grievous to me, and cenſurable by every one elſe: For was it not my high Concern ſo to behave myſelf to all, Low as well as High, that my beſt beloved Benefactor ſhould not, by *my* Arrogance or Inattention, have Cenſurers of *him*, added to Enviers of *me*, for the Step he had taken ſo derogatory to his own Honour, and to that of his antient and ſplendid Family?

To the Favour of the beſt of Maſters I therefore leave them, with this Teſtimony of their Merits, and my kind Regard to them, which makes me venture to call them, without one Exception, from my Silver-hair'd *Jonathan*, to the loweſt Menial, *The beſt ſet of Servants* that Gentleman ever had: Nor, by Miſs *Darnford*'s Account of the Behaviour of thoſe at the Hall, do I find them at all unworthy of being claſs'd with theſe here, in the happy Character. And let me ſay my deareſt Mr. *B.* that I have been not a little attentive to their reſpective Behaviours,

as well from my own, as (more particularly) from Mrs. *Jervis*'s Obſervations; becauſe I thought it my Duty, as well in Juſtice to your dear Self, as to them.

As to *Polly Barlow*, to whom I was willing to behave with an Eye to my dear good Lady's Kindneſs to myſelf, I have nothing to ſay, by way of Diſtinction from the reſt; having hinted to Mrs. *Jervis* to give her *her* Advice, from time to time, and that if a good honeſt Huſband ſhould offer, ſhe ſhould adviſe the poor Girl not to decline it.

Forgive me, deareſt Sir, for thus mentioning to you, in this ſolemn Letter, ſo particularly, your Servants. But the Pleaſure which their Regularity and Worthineſs have given me, together with the Knowledge I have of their Fidelity and affectionate Duty to You, methinks call for this Teſtimony of my Satisfaction in them, and Recommendation of them to your Favour.

And now, what have I farther to ſay, but to beg of God to ſhower down his moſt precious Bleſſings upon you, my deareſt, my *firſt*, my *laſt*, and my *only* Love! and to return to you an hundred-fold, the Benefits which you have conferr'd upon Me and Mine, and upon ſo many poor Souls, as you have bleſs'd thro' my Hands! And that you may in your next Choice be happy with a Lady, who may have every thing I want; and who may love and honour you, with the ſame affectionate Duty which has been my delight, and my Glory to pay you: For in this, I am ſure, no one *can* exceed me!——And after having given you long Life, Proſperity, and Increaſe of Honour, tranſlate you into a bleſſed Eternity, where, through the Merits of our common Redeemer, I hope I ſhall be allowed a Place, and be permitted (O let me indulge that pleaſing, that *conſolatory* Thought!) to receive and rejoice in my reſtored Spouſe, and principal earthly Good, for ever

and ever; are the Prayers, the *laſt* Prayers, if it ſo pleaſe God! of, my deareſt dear Mr. *B.*

Your dutiful and affectionate Wife,

and faithful Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XXI.

From Miſs DARNFORD *to Lady* DARNFORD.

My honoured Mamma,

YOU cannot conceive how you and my dear Papa have delighted the Heart of my good Mrs. *B.* and obliged her Mr. *B.* by the Permiſſion you have given me to attend her till the important Hour ſhall be over with her; for the dear Lady is exceedingly apprehenſive, and one can hardly blame her; for I don't believe there is ſuch a happy Couple in the World.

I am glad to hear, that the Ceremony is over, ſo much to both your Satisfactions: May this Matrimony be but a Tenth part as happy, as that I am Witneſs to; and Mr. and Mrs. *Murray* will have that to boaſt of, which few married People have, even among thoſe we call happy!

For my Part, I believe I ſhall never care to marry at all; for tho' I cannot be ſo deſerving, yet I ſhall not bear to think of an Huſband much leſs excellent than Mr. *B.* And by what I ſee in *her* Apprehenſions, and by what I can conceive of the *Circumſtance*, I don't think a young Lady can be requited with a *leſs* worthy one, for all ſhe ſuffers on an Husband's Account, and for the ſake of *his* Family and Name.

Mrs. *Andrews*, a diſcreet worthy Soul, as ever I knew, and who in her Aſpect and Behaviour, is far from being a Diſgrace even to Mr. *B.*'s Lady, is with her dear Daughter, to her no ſmall Satisfaction.

as you may ſuppoſe; who now-and-then ſays, What a fooliſh Creature, my dear Mother, have you for a Daughter!—*You* did not behave ſo weakly as I do, when you were in the ſame Circumſtances, I dare ſay; and yet you had a dear good Husband, tho' not a rich one, to hope to live for!—But, come, I will have a good Heart, to make myſelf as worthy of the Company and Chearings of Three ſuch Friends, as I am bleſs'd with, in my Mother, my Miſs *Darnford*, and Mrs. *Jervis!*

Mr. *B.* aſk'd my Advice Yeſterday, about having in the Houſe a Midwife, to be at hand, at a Moment's Warning. I told him I fear'd the Sight of ſuch a Perſon would terrify her: And ſo he inſtantly ſtarted an Expedient, which her Mother, Mrs. *Jervis*, and myſelf, approved of, and have put into Practice; for, this Day, I have Mrs. *Harris*, a diſtant relation *of mine*, tho' not of yours, Sir, and Madam, come to make me a Viſit from *Eſſex*, and Mr. *B.* was ſo good as to prevail upon her, in *Compliment to me*, as was pretended, to accept of her Board in his Houſe, while ſhe ſtays in Town, which, ſhe ſays, will be about a Week.

Now, you muſt know, that this Mrs. *Harris* being a diſcreet modeſt, matron-like Perſon, Mrs. *B.* took a Liking to her at firſt Sight, and is already very familiar with her; and underſtanding that ſhe is a Gentlewoman who was a Doctor of Phyſick's Lady, and takes as much Delight in adminiſtring to the Health of her own Sex, as her Husband uſed to do to that of both, Mrs. *B.* ſays, It is very fortunate, that ſhe has ſo experienc'd a Lady to conſult as ſhe is ſuch a Novice in her own Caſe.

Mr. *B.* however, to carry on the honeſt Impoſture the better, juſt now in Preſence of Mrs. *Harris*, and Mrs. *Andrews*, and me, ask'd the former, If it was not neceſſary to have in the Houſe the good Woman? This frighted Mrs. *B.* who turn'd pale, and ſaid ſhe could not bear the Thoughts of it. Mrs. *Harris* ſaid, It was highly neceſſary, that Mrs. *B* if ſhe would not permit the Gentlewoman to be

in the Houſe ſhould ſee her; and that then ſhe apprehended, there would be no Neceſſity, as ſhe ſuppos'd ſhe did not live far off, to have her in the Houſe, ſince Mrs. *B.* was ſo uneaſy upon that Account. This pleas'd Mrs. *B.* much, and Mrs. *Thomas* was admitted to attend her.

Now, you muſt know, that this is the Aſſiſtant of my new Relation; and ſhe being appris'd of the Matter, came; but never did I ſee ſo much Shyneſs and Apprehenſion as Mrs. *B.* ſhew'd all the time Mrs. *Thomas* was with her, holding ſometimes her Mother, ſometimes Mrs. *Harris*, by the Hand, and being ready to ſweat with Terror.

Mrs. *Harris* ſcrap'd Acquaintance with Mrs. *Thomas*, who, pretending to recollect her, gave Mrs. *Harris* great Praiſes; which increas'd Mrs. *B*'s Confidence in her: And ſhe undertakes to govern the Whole ſo, that the dreaded Mrs. *Thomas* need not come till the very Moment; which is no ſmall Pleaſure to the dear over-nice Lady. And ſhe ſeems every Hour to be better pleas'd with Mrs. *Harris*, who, by her prudent Talk, will more and more familiarize her to the Circumſtance, unawares to herſelf in a manner. But notwithſtanding this Precaution, of a Midwife in the Houſe, Mr. *B.* intends to have a Gentleman of the Profeſſion in Readineſs, for fear of the worſt.

I tell Mr. *B.* he is very happy, in this Stratagem; but, that I ſuppoſe, he has been more us'd to Contrivances of this ſort, than he ought; and was ſo free as to add, that I preſum'd his Lady is hardly the firſt he has cheated into a Child. And, indeed, I think, Mrs. *B*'s Merit to the reſt of her Sex, is very great, were it only in reforming ſuch an uncommonly agreeable and manly Rake as this; for no doubt he has done, and would have done, a world of Miſchief among the Thoughtleſs and Indiſcreet in Upper Life; for his Taſte, when at the worſt, always lay, it ſeems, above the Vulgar.

Mrs. *B.* has written a Letter, and the Superſcription following will tell you to whom it is directed:

"To

" To the ever honour'd and ever dear Mr. *B.* with " Prayers for his Health, Honour, and Proſperity in " this World, and everlaſting Felicity in that to " come. *P. B.*" It is ſeal'd with black Wax, and ſhe gave it me this Moment, on her being taken ill, to give to Mr. *B.* if ſhe dies. But GOD, of his Mercy, avert that! and preſerve the dear Lady, for the Honour of her Sex, and the Happineſs of all that know her, and particularly for that of your *Polly Darnford*, for I cannot have a greater Loſs, I am ſure, while my honour'd Papa and Mamma are living: And may that be for many, very many, happy Years!

I will not cloſe this Letter till all is over: Happily, as I hope!—Mrs. *B.* is better again, and has, occaſionally, made ſome fine Reflections directing herſelf to me, but deſign'd for the Benefit of her *Polly*, on the Subject of the Inconſideration of ſome of our Sex, with regard to this Circumſtance; inferring, that if *ſuch* are *her* Apprehenſions, tho' a lawful Wife, and *ſuch* the Danger attending this Caſe, how muſt it leave a poor Creature deſtitute of all ſpiritual Conſolation, (as well as of the Aſſiſtance and Comfortings of the neareſt Friends, and of a kind Husband) when ſhe has ſacrific'd her Honour, and cannot think of any thing ſo probable, as the Moment approaches, but that God will puniſh her *in Kind*, as ſhe called it; that is to ſay, added ſhe, by the very Sufferings, which are the natural Conſequences of the Sin, ſhe has ſo wickedly committed!

I knew what her Deſign was, and ſaid, Ay, *Polly*, let you and me, and every ſingle young Body, bear theſe Reflections in Mind, pronounced by ſo excellent a Lady, in Moments ſo arduous as theſe!

The Girl wept, and very movingly fell down by the Door on her Knees, praying to God to preſerve her dear Lady, and ſhe ſhould be happy for ever! —*That*, as Mrs. *B.* ſo often prettily writes, *was her Word!*

Mrs. *B.* is exceedingly pleas'd with my new Relation, Mrs. *Harris*, as we call her, who behaves

with ſo much Prudence, that ſhe ſuſpects nothing, and told Mrs. *Jervis*, ſhe wiſh'd nobody elſe was to come near her. And as ſhe goes out, (being a Perſon of Eminence in her way) two or three times a Day, and laſt Night ſtaid out late, Mrs. *B.* ſaid, ſhe hop'd ſhe would not be out, when ſhe ſhould wiſh her to be at home.

I have the Pleaſure, the very great Pleaſure, my dear Papa and Mamma, to acquaint you, and I know you will rejoice with me upon it, that juſt half an Hour ago, my dear Mrs. *B.* was brought to-bed of a fine Boy.

We are all out of our Wits for Joy almoſt. I ran down to Mr. *B.* myſelf, who receiv'd me with trembling Impatience. A Boy! a fine Boy! dear Mr. *B.* ſaid I: A Son and Heir indeed!

But how does my *Pamela?* Is *ſhe* ſafe? Is *ſhe* like to do well? We hope ſo, ſaid I: Or I had not come down to you, I'll aſſure you. He folded me in his Arms, in a joyful Rapture: How happy you make me, deareſt Miſs *Darnford!* If my *Pamela* is ſafe, the Boy is welcome, welcome indeed!——But when may I go up to thank my Jewel?———

Mrs. *Andrews* is ſo overjoy'd, and ſo thankful, that there's no getting her from her Knees.

A Man and Horſe is diſpatch'd already to Lady *Darnford's*; and another order'd to *Kent*, to the good old Man.

Mrs. *Jervis*, when I went up, ſaid, ſhe muſt go down, and releaſe the good Folks from their Knees; for, half an Hour before, they declar'd they would not ſtir from that Poſture, till they heard how it went with their Lady; and when the happy News was brought them of her ſafety, and a young Maſter, they were quite ecſtatick, ſhe ſays, in their Joy, and not a dry Eye among them, ſhaking Hands, and congratulating one another, Men and Maids: Which muſt make it one of the moſt affecting Sights that can be imagin'd. And Mr. *Longman*, who had no Power to leave the Houſe for three

Days

Days paſt, (tho' Buſineſs requir'd his Preſence in *Bedfordſhire*) ſought his worthy Principal; and never was ſo much moving Joy ſeen, as this honeſt-hearted Steward ran over with.

I have not Mrs. *B.*'s Pen; ſo cannot draw theſe affecting Scenes of Joy, as ſhe could have done, had ſhe been in my Caſe——Let me only ſay, I never ſaw ſuch a Family-Joy in my Life: And who would care for Royalty, and all its Pegeantry, when Virtue can thus intereſt every body in its Concerns, and, on ſuch an Occaſion as this, give that general and ſincere Joy to all within its Circle, that could fill a Nation on the Birth of a firſt-born Prince from Sovereigns the moſt beloved?

I did a fooliſh thing in my Joy——I gave Mr. *B.* the Letter deſign'd for him, had an unhappy Event follow'd: and he won't give it me again; but ſays he will obtain Mrs. *B*'s Leave, when ſhe is better, to open it; and the happier turn will augment his Thankfulneſs to God, and Love to her, when he ſhall, by this means, be bleſt with Sentiments ſo different from what the other Caſe would have afforded. But I will get it from him, if I can, and give it her back; for one knows not what it may contain; yet her Innocence and Purity make one leſs apprehenſive a good deal; for, I dare ſay, ſhe has no Excuſes to make for Failings he knows nothing of.

Mrs. *B.* had a very ſharp Time. Never more, my dear Papa, talk of a Huſband to me. Indeed, in the Mind I am in, I will never be marry'd.——Place all your Expectations on *Nancy!* Not one of theſe Men, that I have yet ſeen, Mr. *B.* excepted, (and you know what a Chance it was, that he would be ſo good) is worth running theſe Riſques for! But his Indearments and Tenderneſs to his Lady, his thankful and manly Gratitude and Politeneſs, when he was admitted to pay his Reſpects to her, and his Behaviour to Mrs. *Andrews*, and to us all, tho' but for a Viſit of ten minutes, was alone worthy of all her Riſque!

I would give you a Deſcription of it, had I Mrs. *B.*'s Pen, and of twenty agreeable Scenes and Converſations beſides: But, for want of that, muſt conclude, with my humble Duty, as becomes, honour'd Sir and Madam,

Your ever grateful

POLLY DARNFORD.

You may gueſs at our Hurry; for I have been Three Days writing this Letter, Piece by Piece.

LETTER XXII.

From the ſame.

My honoured Papa and Mamma,

WE have nothing but Joy and Feſtivity in this Houſe; and it would be endleſs to tell you the Congratulations the happy Family receives every Day, from Tenants and Friends. Mr. *B.* you know, was always deem'd one of the kindeſt Landlords in *England*, and his Tenants are ſo overjoy'd, at the happy Event which has given them a young Landlord of his Name, (for all thoſe who live in that large Part of the Eſtate, which came by Lady *B.* his Mother, were much afraid of having any of Sir *Jacob Swynford*'s Family for their Landlord, who, they ſay, are all made up of Pride and Cruelty, and would have racked them to Death) that they had a voluntary meeting of about Twenty of the principal of them, to rejoice on the Occaſion, and it was unanimouſly agreed to make a Preſent of a Piece of gilt Plate to ſerve as a Baſon for the Chriſtening, to the Value of One hundred Guineas; on which is to be ingraven the following Inſcription:

In Acknowledgment of the Humanity and Generoſity of the beſt of Landlords, and as a Token of his Tenants Joy on the happy Birth of a Son and

and Heir, who will, it is hoped, inherit his Father's Generoſity, and his Mother's Virtues, this Piece of Plate, is, with all due Gratitude, preſented as a Chriſtening Baſon to all the Children that ſhall proceed from ſuch worthy Parents, and their Deſcendants, to the End of Time.

By the obliged and joyful Tenants of the maternal Eſtate in *Bedfordſhire* and *Glouceſterſhire*, the Initials of whoſe Names are under-ingraven; *viz.*——

Then are to follow the firſt Letters of each Perſons Chriſtian and Surname.——

What an Honour is this to a Landlord! In my Opinion far, very far, ſurpaſſing the *miſ-nomer'd* Free gifts that we read of in ſome Kingdoms on extraordinary Occaſions, ſome of them like this! For here it is all truly ſpontaneous——A Free Gift *indeed*; and Mr. *B.* took it very kindly, and has put off the Chriſtening for a Week, to give Time for its being completed and inſcribed as above.

Such good Tenants, ſuch a good Wife, ſuch Bleſſings from Heaven following him, nobody, I tell Mr. *B.* has ſo much Incouragement to be good, as he has; and if hereafter he ſhould ſwerve, he would not have the leaſt Excuſe, and would be the ungratefulleſt Man breathing.

The Earl and Counteſs of *C*——, and Lord and Lady *Davers*, are here, to ſtand in Perſon at the Chriſtening; and you cannot conceive how greatly my Lady *Davers* is tranſported with Joy, to have a Son and Heir to the Eſtate: She is every Hour almoſt, thanking her dear Siſter for him; and reads in the Child all the great Qualities ſhe forms to herſelf in him. 'Tis, indeed, a charming Boy, and has a great deal (if one may judge of a Child ſo very young) of his Father's manly Aſpect. The dear Lady herſelf is ſtill but weak; but the Joy of all around her, and her Spouſe's Tenderneſs and Polite-

neſs, give her chearful and free Spirits, and ſhe is all Serenity, Eaſe, and thankfulneſs.

Mrs. *B.* as ſoon as the Danger was over aſked me for her Letter with the black Seal. I had been very earneſt to get it from Mr. *B.* but to no Purpoſe: So I was forced to tell her who had it. She ſaid, but very compoſedly, ſhe was ſorry for it, and hop'd he had not open'd it

He came into her Chamber ſoon after, and I demanded it before her. He ſaid, he had deſigned to aſk her Leave to break the Seal, which he had not yet done; nor would, without her Conſent.

You will ſee nothing in it, Sir, ſaid the dear Lady, but a grateful Heart, a faithful Love, and my Prayers, that God will be as good to You, as you have been to me.

Will you give me Leave, my Dear, ſaid he, to break the Seal? If you do, Sir, let it not be in my Preſence; but it is too ſerious. Not, my Dear, now the Apprehenſion is ſo happily over: It may now add to my Joy and my Thankfulneſs on that Account. Then do as you pleaſe, Sir: But I had rather you would not.

Then here it is, Miſs *Darnford*; I had it from you: It was put into your Hands; and there I place it again. That's ſomething like, ſaid I, conſidering the Gentleman. Mrs. *B.* I hope we ſhall bring him into good Order between us in time.

So I return'd it to the dear Writer; who lifted up her Eyes, and her Lips moving, ſhew'd a thankful Ejaculation, that ſhe was ſpared to receive it back again; and put it into her Boſom.

I related to Lady *Davers*, when ſhe came, this Circumſtance; and ſhe, I believe, has got Leave to take it with her. She is very proud of all Opportunities now of juſtifying her Brother's Choice, and doing Honour to his Spouſe, with Lady *Betty C.* who is her great Favourite, and who delights to read Mrs. *B's* Letters.

You deſire to know, my honoured Papa, how Mr. *B.* paſſes his Time, and whether it be in his Lady's

Lady's Chamber? No, indeed! Catch, Gentlemen, the beſt of them, in too great a Complaiſance that way, if you can. What then, does he paſs his Time with me, you are pleaſed to aſk? What a Diſadvantage a Man lies under, who has been once a Rake! But I am ſo generally with Mrs. *B.* that when I tell you, Sir, that his Viſits to her are pretty much polite Form, I believe I anſwer all you mean by your Queſtions; and eſpecially when I remind you, Sir, that Lady and Lord *Davers*, and the Earl and Counteſs, and your unworthy Daughter, are at Dinner and Supper-time always together; for Mrs. *Andrews*, who is not yet gone back to *Kent*, breakfaſts, dines, and ſups with her beloved Daughter, and is hardly ever out of her Room.

Then, Sir, Mr. *B.* and the Earl, and Lord *Davers*, give pretty conſtant Application to the Buſineſs of Parliament; and now-and-then, ſup abroad—So, Sir, we are all upon Honour; and I could wiſh, (only that your Pleaſantry always gives me Joy, as it is a Token, that you have your much-deſired Health and Freedom of Spirits) that, even in Jeſt, my *Mamma*'s Daughter might paſs unqueſtioned.

But I know why you do it: It is only to put me out of Heart to aſk to ſtay longer. Yet I wiſh—But I know you won't permit me to go thro' the whole Winter here.—Will my dear Papa grant it, do you think, my honoured *Mamma*, if you were to lay the higheſt Obligation upon your dutiful Daughter, and petition for me? And ſhould you care to try?

I dare not hope it myſelf, you ſee, Madam: But when one ſees a Gentleman here, who denies his Lady nothing that ſhe aſks, it makes one be ready to wiſh, methinks, that Lady *Darnford* was as happy in that Particular as Lady *B.*

Your Indulgence, for this Winter, this *one* Winter, or, rather this ſmall *Remainder* of Winter. I make not ſo much doubt of, you ſee, Madam, I know you'll call me a bold Girl; but then you always, when you do, condeſcend to grant my Requeſt:

And

And I will be as good as ever I can afterwards. I will fetch up all the loſt Time; riſe an Hour ſooner in the Morning, go to-bed an Hour ſooner at Night; lower my Papa any Thing he pleaſes; read him to ſleep, when he pleaſes; put his Gout into good Humour, when it will be ſoothed—And Mrs. *B.* will, to crown all, come down with me, by Permiſſion of her ſovereign Lord, who will attend her, you may be ſure; and will not *all* this do, to procure me a Month or two more?—If it won't, why then I will thank you for your paſt Indulgence, and, with all Duty and Chearfulneſs, bid Adieu to this dear *London*, this dearer Family, and attend a *ſtill* dearer Papa and Mamma; whoſe dutiful Daughter I will ever be, whilſt

POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER XXIII.

To the ſame.

My honoured Papa and Mamma,

I Have received your joint Commands, and intend to ſet out on *Wedneſday* next Week. I hope I ſhall find my Papa in better Health than he is at preſent, and in better Humour too; for I am very ſorry he is diſpleaſed with my petitioning for a little longer Time in *London*. It is very ſevere to impute to me Want of Duty and Affection to you both, which would, if deſerved, make me very unworthy of your Indulgence.

Mr. *B.* and his dear Lady are reſolved to accompany me in their Coach and Six till your Chariot meets me, if you will be pleaſed to permit it ſo to do; and even ſet me down at your Gate, if it do not; but he vows, that he will not alight at your Houſe, nor let his Lady neither. But I ſay, that this is a miſplaced Reſentment, becauſe I ought to think it a Favour, that you have indulg'd me ſo much as you have. And yet even this is likewiſe a

Favour

Favour on *their* Side to me, becauſe it is an Inſtance of their Fondneſs for your unworthy Daughter's Company.

Mrs. *B.* is, if poſſible, more lovely ſince her Lying-in than before. She has ſo much Delight in her Nurſery, that I fear it will take her off from her Pen, which will be a great Loſs to all whom ſhe uſed to oblige with her Correſpondence. Indeed, this new Object of her Care is a charming Child; and ſhe is exceedingly pleaſed with her Nurſe;— for ſhe is not permitted, as ſhe very much deſired, to perform that Office herſelf.

She makes a great Proficiency in the *French* and *Italian* Languages; and well ſhe may; for ſhe has the beſt Schoolmaſter in the World, and one whom ſhe loves better than Lady ever loved a Tutor. He is lofty, and won't be diſputed with; but I never ſaw a more polite and tender Husband, for all that; and well may a Lady, bleſs'd as ſhe is, bear with a little Imperiouſneſs ſometimes; which, however, ſhe nips in the Bud, by her Sweetneſs of Temper, and ready Compliance. But then he is a Man of Senſe; and a Lady need be the leſs concern'd to yield a Point to a Man of Senſe, and of Generoſity, as he is: Who is incapable of treating her the worſe for her Reſignation and Complacency. Whenever I marry, it ſhall be to a Man of Senſe, and a generous Man, againſt the World; for ſuch an one cannot treat a Woman ill; as Mrs. *B.* often obſerves.

We had a ſplendid Chriſtening, and exceedingly well order'd, and every body was highly delighted at it. The Quality Goſſips went away but on *Tueſday*; and my Lady *Davers* took Leave of her charming Siſter, with all the Bleſſings, and all the Kindneſs, and affectionate Fondneſs to her, that could be expreſs'd.

Mr. *Andrews*, that worthy old Man, came up to ſee his Grandſon Yeſterday, and in order to attend his Wife down. You would never have forgotten the good Man's Behaviour (had you ſeen it) to his Daughter, and to the charming Child: I wiſh I could

deſcribe

deſcribe it to you; but I am apt to think Mrs. *B.* will take notice of it to Lady *Davers*; and if ſhe enters into the Deſcription of it while I ſtay, I will beg a Copy of it, to bring down with me; becauſe I know you were pleas'd with the ſenſible, plain, good Man, and his Ways, when at the Hall in your Neighbourhood.

The Child is named *William*, that I ſhould have told you; but I write without any manner of Connection, juſt as things come uppermoſt: But don't, my dear Papa, conſtrue this too as an Inſtance of Diſreſpect. I wiſh you was not ſo angry with me; it makes me almoſt afraid to ſee you!—As I ſaid, I ſhall ſet out next *Wedneſday* in Mr. *B*'s Coach and Six; and as we ſhall keep the main Road all the Way, I ſhall ſee, by my being met, how I am to be received, or whether pardon'd or not. Mr. *B.* ſays, he will take me back again, if my dear Papa frown at me ever ſo little, and he will not deliver me up into any other Hands but his neither.

We have been at ſeveral Plays, and at the Opera divers times; for we make the beſt of our Time, as it is ſo ſhort; and we fear'd how it would be; tho' I hoped I ſhould not have Anger neither. Mrs. *B.* is taken up with writing, between whiles, Remarks upon the Plays, *&c.* ſhe ſees, in a little Book, for Lady *Davers*. She ſent that Lady her Remarks upon one or two, with which ſhe is ſo well pleaſed, that ſhe will not let even her Nurſery paſs for an Excuſe from writing on upon thoſe Subjects; and this will ſo ingroſs the dear Lady's Pen, that I ſhall not be favour'd ſo much as I uſed to be; but Lady *Davers* promiſes me to lend me the Book, when ſhe has read it; ſo that will be ſome Satisfaction.

I ſee but one thing that can poſſibly happen to diſturb the Felicity of this charming Couple; and that I will mention, in Confidence. Mr. *B.* and Mrs. *B.* and myſelf, were at the Maſquerade, before ſhe lay-in: There was a Lady greatly taken with Mr. *B.* She was in a Nun's Habit, and followed him

him where-ever he went; and Mr. *Turner*, a Gentleman of one of the Inns of Court, who viſits Mr. *B.* ſometimes, and is an old Acquaintance of his, tells me by the By, that the Lady took an Opportunity to unmaſk to Mr. *B.* Mr. *Turner* has ſince found ſhe is the young Counteſs Dowager of ——, a fine Lady; but not the moſt prudent in his Conduct of late, ſince her Widowhood. And he has ſince diſcovered, as he ſays, that a Letter or two has paſſed between Mr. *B.* and that Lady, if not more.

Now Mrs. *B.* with all her Perfections, has, as ſhe owns, a little Spice of Jealouſy; and ſhould ſhe be once alarm'd, I tremble for the Conſequences to both their Happineſs.

It is my Opinion, that if ever any thing makes a Miſunderſtanding between them, it will be from ſome ſuch Quarter as this. But 'tis a thouſand pities it ſhould. And I hope, as to the actual Correſpondence begun, Mr. *Turner* is miſtaken.

But be it as it will, I would not for the World, the firſt Hints of this Matter ſhould come from me. —Mr. *B.* is a very enterpriſing and gallant Gentleman, is a fine Figure of a Man, and very genteel, and I don't wonder a Lady may like him. But he ſeems ſo pleas'd, ſo ſatisfy'd with his Lady, and carries it to her with ſo much Tenderneſs and Affection, that I hope her Merit, and this his Affection for her, will ſecure his conjugal Fidelity.

If it prove otherwiſe, and ſhe diſcovers it, I know no one that would be more miſerable than Mrs. *B.* as well from Motives of Piety and Virtue, as from the exceſſive Love ſhe bears him.—But I hope for better Things, for both their ſakes.——

My humble Thanks for all your Indulgences to me, with Hopes, that you will not, my dear Papa and Mamma, hold your Diſpleaſure againſt me, when I throw myſelf at your Feet, as I now ſoon hope to do, conclude me

Your dutiful Daughter,

M. DARNFORD.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

From Mrs. B. *to Lady* DAVERS.

My dear Lady,

WE are juſt return'd from accompanying the worthy Miſs *Darnford* as far as *Bedford*, in her Way home, where her Papa and Mamma met her in a Coach and Four. Sir *Simon* put on his pleaſant Airs, and ſchooled Mr. *B.* for perſuading his Daughter to ſtay ſo long from him; *me* for putting her upon aſking to ſtay longer; and *Miſs* for being perſuaded by us.

I think he is worſe than ever, in his way of Talk, and for my Rebukes to him; for he ran on a deal of Stuff about me, and my late Circumſtance; and would have it, that I am ſo much improv'd, that I ought to make a Court'ſy to Mr. *B.* once an Hour. He ſaid, when I was angry at him, and his Lady blam'd him, that it was all pure Revenge for my Letter *, and for keeping Miſs ſo long from him.

We tarry'd two Days together at *Bedford*; for we knew not how to part; and then we took a moſt affectionate Leave of each other.

We ſtruck out of the Road a little, to make a Viſit to the dear Houſe, where we tarry'd one Night; and next Morning, before any body could come to congratulate us, (deſigning to be *incog.*) we proceeded on our Journey to *London*, and found my deareſt, dear Boy, in charming Health.

What a new Pleaſure has God Almighty's Goodneſs beſtow'd upon me; which, after every little Abſence, riſes upon me, in a true maternal Tenderneſs, every Step I move toward the dear little Bleſſing! — Yet, ſometimes, I think your dear Brother is not ſo fond of him, as I wiſh him to be. He ſays, 'tis time

* *See* Vol. III. *p.* 99—105.

time enough for him to mind him, when he can return his Notice, and be grateful!—A negligent Word, i'n't it, Madam?—Conſidering—

My dear Father came to Town, to accompany my good Mother down to *Kent*, and they ſet out three or four Days after your Ladyſhip left us. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the Joy with which his worthy Heart overflow'd, when he congratulated us on the happy Event. And as he had been apprehenſive for his Daughter's Safety, judge, my Lady, what his Tranſports muſt be, to ſee us all ſafe and well, and happy, and a Son given to dear Mr. *B.* by his greatly honoured Daughter.

I was in the Nurſery when he came. So was my Mother. Miſs *Darnford* alſo was there. And Mr. *B.* who was in his Cloſet at his Arrival, after having received his moſt reſpectful Congratulations himſelf, brought him up (tho' he has not been there ſince: indeed he han't!) *Pamela*, ſaid the dear Gentleman! ſee who's here.

I ſprung to him, and kneeled for his kind bleſſing: O my Father! ſaid I, ſee! pointing to the dear Baby at the Nurſe's Breaſt, how God Almighty has anſwer'd all our Prayers!

He dropp'd down on his reverend Knees by me, claſping me in his indulgent Arms: O my Daughter!—O my bleſſed Daughter!—And do I once more ſee you! And ſee you ſafe and well!—I do! I do!—Bleſſed be thy Name, O gracious GOD, for theſe thy Mercies!

While we were thus joined, happy Father, and happy Daughter, in one Thankſgiving Prayer, the ſweet Baby having fallen aſleep, the Nurſe had put it into the Cradle; and when my Father roſe from me, he went to my Mother, God bleſs my dear *Betty*, ſaid he: I long'd to ſee you, after this Separation. Here's Joy! Here's Pleaſure! O how happy are we! And taking her Hand, he kneeled down on one Side the Cradle, and my Mother on the other, both looking at the dear Baby, with Eyes running over; and, Hand in Hand, he prayed, in the moſt fervent

fervent manner, for a Bleſſing upon the dear Infant; and that God Almighty would make him an Honour to his Father's Family, and to his Mother's Virtue (that was his kind Word,) and that, in the Words of Scripture, *he might grow on, and be in Favour both with the Lord, and with Men!*—

They both roſe, and Mr. *B.* taking my Hand, and Miſs *Darnford*'s; (your Ladyſhip may gueſs how *we* were moved! for Miſs is a ſweet-natur'd Lady, you know, Madam) My dear *Pamela!* How theſe kind, theſe grateful Hearts affect me!—Do you often, my dear Miſs *Darnford*, ſee Scenes wrought up by the Poets to this moving Height?—Here we behold and admire that noble Simplicity, in which Nature always triumphs over her Hand-maid Art!—And which makes a Scene of Joy as affecting to a noble Mind, as that of the deepeſt Diſtreſs! Elſe, how could it diſplay its Force thus ſweetly on your lovely Cheek! And he ſaluted the dear Miſs, and me too!

Mr. *B.* has juſt put into my Hands Mr. *Locke*'s Treatiſe on Education, and he commands me to give him my Thoughts upon it in Writing. He has a very high Regard for this Author, and tells me, That my Tenderneſs for *Billy* will make me think ſome of the firſt Advice given in it, a little harſh, perhaps; but altho' he has not read it through, only having dipp'd into it here and there, he believes, from the Name of the Author, I cannot have a better Directory: And my Opinion of it, after I have well conſidered it, will inform him, he ſays, of my own Capacity and Prudence, and how far he may rely upon both in the Point of a *firſt Education*.

I aſk'd, If I might not be excus'd Writing, only making my Obſervations here and there, to himſelf, as I found Occaſion? But he ſays, I ſhall myſelf better conſider it, and be more a Miſtreſs of the Subject, and he ſhall the better attend to my Reaſonings, when they are put into Writing: And ſurely, my Dear, ſaid he, you may, in ſuch an important Point as this, as well oblige *me* with a little of your Penmanſhip, as our other dear Friends.

After

After this, yo r Ladyſhip will judge, I had not another Word to ſay. He cuts one to the Heart, when he ſpeaks ſo ſeriouſly.

I have look'd a little into it. It is a Book quite accommodated to my Caſe, being written to a Gentleman, the Author's Friend, for the Regulation of his Conduct towards his Children. But how ſhall I do, Madam, if in ſuch a fam'd and renowned Author, I ſee already ſome few things, that I think want clearing up? Won't it look like intolerable Vanity, in ſuch a one as me, to find fault with ſuch a Genius as Mr. *Locke*'s?

But I will conſider of the Matter thoroughly, before I ſet Pen to Paper; for, altho' he writes in a very familiar and intelligible Style, perhaps I may not underſtand him at once reading.

But I muſt, on this Occaſion, give your Ladyſhip the Particulars of a ſhort Converſation between your dear Brother and me; which, however, perhaps, will not be to my Advantage, becauſe it will ſhew you what a teizing Body I can be, if I am indulged.—But Mr. *B.* will not ſpoil me neither in that way: No fear of that, I dare ſay!—Your Ladyſhip will ſee this in the very Dialogue I ſhall give you.

Thus it was. I had been reading in Mr. *Locke*'s Book, and Mr. *B.* aſked me, How I lik'd it? Exceedingly well, Sir. But I have a Propoſal to make, which, if you will be pleaſed to comply with, will give me a charming Opportunity of underſtanding Mr. *Locke*.

What is your Propoſal, my Dear? I ſee it is ſome very particular one, by that ſweet Earneſtneſs in your Look.

Why ſo it is, reply'd I: And I muſt know, whether you are in a high good Humour with me, before I make it. I think you look grave upon me; and my Propoſal will not then do, I'm ſure.

You have all the amuſing Ways of your Sex, my dear *Pamela*. But tell me what you would ſay: You know I don't love Suſpenſe.

May

May be you're buſy, Sir. Perhaps I break in upon you. I believe you were going into your Cloſet.

True Woman!—ſaid he; how you love to put one upon the Tenters! Yet, my Life for yours, by your Parade, what I juſt now thought important, is ſome pretty Trifle.—Speak it at once, or I'll be angry with you; and tapp'd my Cheek.

Well, I wiſh I had not come juſt now!—I ſee you are not in a quite good Humour enough for my Propoſal.——So, pray, Sir, excuſe me, till To-morrow.

He took my Hand, and led me to his Cloſet, calling me his pretty Impertinent; and then urging me, I ſaid—You know, Sir, I have not been us'd to the Company of Children. Your dear *Billy* will not make me fit, for a long time, to judge of any Part of Education. I can learn of the charming Boy nothing but the Baby Conduct: But now, if you would permit me to take into the Houſe ſome little Maſter of three or four Years old, or Miſs of five or ſix, I ſhould watch over all their little Ways; and now reading a Chapter in the *Child*, and now a Chapter in *the Book*, I ſhall be inabled to look forward, and with Advantage, into the Subject; and to go thro' all the Parts of Education tolerably, for one of my Capacity; for, Sir, I can, by my own Defects, and what I have wiſhed to mend, know how to judge of, and ſupply that Part of Life, which carries one up to Eleven or Twelve Years of Age, which was mine, when my Lady took me.

A pretty Thought, *Pamela!* But tell me, Who will part with their Child, think you? Would *you* do it, if it were your own Caſe, altho' you were ever ſo well aſſur'd of the Advantages your little one would reap by it?—For, don't you conſider, my Dear, that the Child ought to be wholly ſubjected to your Authority? That its Father or Mother ought ſeldom to ſee it; becauſe it ſhould think itſelf abſolutely dependent upon you?—And where, my Dear, will you meet with Parents ſo reſign'd?—Beſides, one would

would have the Child deſcended of genteel Parents, and not ſuch as could do nothing for it; otherwiſe the Turn of Mind and Education you would give it, might do it more Harm than Good.

All this is true, Sir, very true. But would you have no other Objection, if one could find a genteelly deſcended young Maſter? And would you join to perſuade his Papa to give me up this Power, only from three Months to three Months, as I liked, and the Child liked, and as the Papa approved of my Proceedings?

This is ſo reaſonable, with theſe laſt Conditions, *Pamela*, that I ſhould be pleaſed with your Notion, if it could be put in Practice, becauſe the Child would be benefited by your Inſtruction, and you would be improved in an Art, that I could wiſh to ſee you an Adept in.

But, perhaps, Sir, you had rather it were a Miſs, than a Maſter!

I had, my Dear, if a Miſs could be found, whoſe Parents would give her up to you: But I ſuppoſe you have ſome Maſter in your Head, by your putting it upon that Sex at firſt.

Let me ſee, Sir, You ſay you are in a good Humour! Let me ſee, if you be!—Looking boldly in his Face.

He ſaluted me: What now would the pretty Fool be at?

Only, Sir, that you have nothing to do, but to ſpeak the Word, and there is a Miſs whoſe Papa, and Mamma too, I am ſure, would conſent to give up to me, for my own Inſtruction, as well as for her ſake; and if, to ſpeak in the Scripture Phraſe, I have found *Grace in your Sight*, kind Sir, ſpeak this Word to the dear Miſs's Papa.

And have you thus come over with me, *Pamela!*—Go, I am half angry with you, for leading me on in this manner againſt myſelf. This looks ſo artful, that I won't love you!—Dear Sir!—And dear Madam! too! Begone, I ſay!—You have ſurpris'd me by

Art,

Art, when your Talent is Nature, and you ſhould keep to that!

I was ſadly balk'd and vex'd, and had neither Power to go nor ſtay!—At laſt, ſeeing I had put him into a kind of Flutter, as now he had put me, I moved my unwilling Feet towards the Door.—He took a Turn about the Cloſet mean time.—Yet ſtay, ſaid he, there is ſomething ſo generous in your Art, that, on Recollection, I cannot part with you.

He took Notice of the ſtarting Tear—I am to blame!—You had ſurpris'd me ſo, that my haſty Temper got the better of my Conſideration. Let me kiſs away this pearly Fugitive. Forgive me, my deareſt Love! What Brutes are ſuch paſſionate Wretches as me, when compar'd to ſuch Angels as my *Pamela!* I ſee, at once now, all the Force, and all the Merit of your amiable Generoſity: And to make you amends for this my Haſtineſs and inconſiderate Harſhneſs, I will cooly conſider of this Matter, and will either ſatisfy you by my Compliance, or by the Reaſons I will give for the contrary.

But ſay, my *Pamela*; can you forgive my Haſtineſs?—Can I, Sir! Yes, indeed, claſping my Arms about him; and bid me Go, and Begone, twenty times a Day, if I am to be thus kindly called back to you, thus nobly, and condeſcendingly treated, in the ſame Breath almoſt!—I ſee, dear Sir, continued I, that I muſt be in Fault, if ever you are laſtingly diſpleaſed with me.—For as ſoon as you turn yourſelf about, your Anger vaniſhes, and you make me rich Amends for ſpeaking a few harſh Words. Only one thing, dear Sir, let me add, If I have dealt artfully with you, impute it to my Fear of offending you, thro' the Nature of my Petition, and not thro' Deſign. And that I took the Example of the Prophet, to King *David*, in the Parable of the *Ewe-Lamb*.

I remember it, my Dear—and you have well pointed your Parable, and had nothing to do, but to ſay, *Thou art the Man!*

I am called upon by my dear Benefactor for a little Airing; and he ſuffers me only to conclude this

this long Letter, knowing to whom I have the Honour to write, this being Poſt-day. And ſo I am obliged, with greater Abruptneſs than I had deſign'd, to mention thankfully your Ladyſhip's Goodneſs to me; particularly in that kind, kind Letter *, which your dear Brother ſhew'd me *this Morning*, and not before—I believe, for fear I ſhould be ſo much oppreſs'd by the Senſe of your Ladyſhip's unmerited Goodneſs to me, had he ſhew'd it me before your Departure from us, that I ſhould not be able to look up to you; heaping Favours and Bleſſings upon me, as you hourly were beſides. What a happy, happy Creature am I!— But my Gratitude runs me into Length; and ſorry I am, that I cannot have time juſt now to indulge it.

But yet I am apt ſometimes to doubt, whether I ought to think myſelf ſo very happy; and whether it is not an Argument of a mean Spirit; becauſe I am under Obligations, *unreturnable* Obligations, to every living Soul, as well as to your Ladyſhip; and yet can rejoice in them; as if it was ſuch a glorious Thing to be obliged, when it is not in one's Power to oblige again.

Is there nothing, my dear Lord and Lady *Davers*, is there nothing, my dear Counteſs, and my good Lord *C.* that I can do, to ſhew, at leaſt, that I have a *Will*, and am not an ingrateful, and a ſordid Creature?

And yet, if you give me Power to do any thing that will have the Appearance of a Return, even that *Power* will be laying a freſh Obligation upon me— Which, however, I ſhould be very proud of, becauſe I ſhould thereby convince you, by ſomething more than Words, how much I am (moſt particularly to yourſelf, my deareſt Lady *Davers*, (my Siſter, my Friend, my Patroneſs)

Your moſt obliged, and faithful Servant,

P. B.

Your

* *See Letter* XIX. *in this Volume.*

Your dear Brother joins in reſpectful Thankfulneſs to his Four noble Goſſips. And I made my *Billy*, by his Lips, ſubſcribe his. I hope ſo to direct his earlieſt Notions, as to make him ſenſible of his dutiful Obligations to ſuch noble and good God-papa's and Mamma's.

LETTER XXV.

From Lady DAVERS *to Mrs.* B.

My deareſt Pamela,

TALK not to us of unreturnable Obligations, and all that, as by your laſt Letter. You do more for us, in the Entertainment you give us all, by your Letters, than we *have* done, or ever *can*, for you. And as to me, I know no greater Pleaſure in the World, than my Brother's Felicity and yours. God continue it to you both. I am ſure it will be *his* Fault, and not yours, if it be at all diminiſh'd.

We have heard ſome idle Rumours here, as if you were a little uneaſy of late; and having not had a Letter from you for this Fortnight paſt, it makes me write, to aſk, How you all do? and whether you expected an Anſwer from me to your laſt?

I hope you won't be punctilious with me, my *Pamela*. For we have nothing to write to you about, except it be, how much we all love and honour you; and that you believe already; or elſe you don't do us Juſtice.

I ſuppoſe you'll be going out of Town ſoon, now the Parliament is riſing. My Lord is reſolv'd to put his Proxy into another Hand, and intends, I believe, to take my Brother's Advice in it. Both the Earl and his Lordſhip are highly pleas'd with my Brother's moderate and independent Principles. He has got great Credit among all unprejudic'd Men, by the Part he acted throughout the laſt Seſſions, in which he has ſhewn, that he would no more

join

join to diſtreſs and clog the Wheels of Government, by an unreaſonable Oppoſition, than he would do the dirty Work of any Adminiſtration. As he has ſo noble a Fortune, and wants nothing of any body, he would be doubly to blame, to take any other Part than that of his Country, in which he has ſo great a Stake.

May he act *out* of the Houſe, and *in* the Houſe, with equal Honour; and he will be his Country's pride, and your pride, and mine to! Which is the Wiſh of

Your affectionate Siſter,

B. DAVERS.

If you want a Pretence to kiſs my dear Boy, give him now and then, one for me. I hope he improves, under the Eye of ſo careful a Mamma; the little Rogue will elſe be unworthier than I wiſh him to be. I hope you proceed with my Book. I muſt ſee you Obſervations on *Locke* too. 'Twas a charming pretty Thought of yours, that of Miſs *Goodwin*. A haſty Wretch! how could he be angry!—'Twas well he ſo ſoon conſider'd of the Matter, and ask'd pardon.

LETTER XXVI.

My deareſt Lady,

I Have been a little in Diſorder, that I have. Some little Rubs have happen'd. I hope they will be happily removed. But I am unwilling to believe all that is ſaid. This is a wicked Town, though! I wiſh we were out of it. But I ſee not when that will be. I wiſh Mr. *B.* would let me and my *Billy* go into *Kent*: But I don't care to leave him behind me, neither, and he is not inclin'd to go. Excuſe my Brevity, my

deareſt Lady! But I muſt break off, with only aſſuring your Ladyſhip, that I am, and ever will be,

Your obliged and grateful

P. B.

LETTER XXVII.

My deareſt Pamela,

I Underſtand Things go not ſo well as I wiſh. If you think my coming up to Town, and reſiding with you, while you ſtay in it, will be of Service to you, or help to get you out of it, I will ſet out directly. I will pretend ſome Indiſpoſition, and a Deſire of conſulting your *London* Phyſicians; or any thing you ſhall think fit to be done, by

Your affectionate Siſter,

and faithful Friend,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XXVIII.

My deareſt Lady,

A Thouſand Thanks for your Goodneſs to me: But I hope all will be well. I hope God will inable me to act ſo prudent a Part as will touch his generous Breaſt. Be pleaſed to tell me what your Ladyſhip has heard; but it becomes not me, I think, till I cannot help it, to make any Appeals; for, I know, thoſe will not be excus'd; and I do all I can to ſuppreſs my Uneaſineſs before him. But I pay for it, when I am alone. My Nurſery, and my Reliance on God, (I ſhould have ſaid the latter firſt) are all my Conſolation.——God preſerve and bleſs you, my good Lady, and my Noble Lord; (But I

am

am apt to think your Ladyſhip's Preſence will not avail) prays,

Your affectionate and obliged

P. B.

LETTER XXIX.

WHY does not my ſweet Girl ſubſcribe *Siſter*, as uſual? I have done nothing amiſs to you! I love you dearly, and ever will. I can't help my Brother's Faults. But I hope he uſes you with Politeneſs and Decency. He ſhall be none of my Brother, if he don't. I reſt a great deal upon your Prudence, and it will be very meritorious, if you can overcome yourſelf, ſo as to act unexceptionably, tho' it may not be deſerv'd, on this Occaſion: For in doing ſo, you'll have a Triumph over Nature itſelf; for, my dear Girl, as you have formerly own'd, you have a little Touch * of Jealouſy in your Compoſition.

What have I heard, is no Secret to any body. The injured Party is generally the laſt that hears in theſe Caſes, and you ſhall not firſt be told any thing by me that muſt *afflict* you, but cannot *you*, more than it does *me*. God give you Patience and Comfort! The wicked Lady has a deal to anſwer for, to diſturb ſuch an uncommon Happineſs. But no more, than that I am

Your ever affectionate Siſter,

B. DAVERS.

I am all Impatience to hear how you conduct yourſelf on this trying Occaſion. Let me know *what* you have heard, and *how* you came to hear it.

* *See* p. 63. *of this* Volume.

LETTER XXX.

WHY don't I ſubſcribe Siſter? asks my deareſt Lady *Davers*?—I have not had the Courage to do it of late. For my Title to that Honour, ariſes from the dear, thrice dear Mr. *B.* And how long I may be permitted to call him mine, I cannot ſay. But ſince you command it, I will call your Ladyſhip by that beloved Name, let the reſt happen as God ſhall ſee fit.

Mr. *B.* cannot be unpolite; but he is cold, and a little croſs, and ſhort in his Speeches to me. I try to hide my Grief from every body, and from him moſt; for, my dear Lady, neither my Father, Mother, nor Miſs *Darnford*, know any thing from me. Mrs. *Jervis*, from whom I ſeldom hide any thing, as ſhe is on the Spot with me, hears not my Complainings, nor my Uneaſineſs; for I would not leſſen the dear Gentleman. He may *yet* ſee the Error of the Way he is in. God grant it, for his own ſake, as well as mine!————I am even ſorry your Ladyſhip is afflicted with the Knowledge of the Matter.

The poor unhappy Lady, God forgive her! is to be pity'd: She loves him, and having ſtrong Paſſions, and being unus'd to be controul'd, is loſt to a Senſe of Honour and Juſtice; poor, poor Lady!——O theſe wicked Maſquerades! From them ſprings all my Unhappineſs! My *Spaniard* was too amiable, and met with a Lady who was no Nun, but in Habit. Every one was taken with him in that Habit, ſo ſuited to the natural Dignity of his Perſon!—O theſe wicked, wicked Maſquerades!

I am all Patience in Appearance, all Uneaſineſs in Reality. I did not think I could, eſpecially in *this* Point, this moſt *affecting* Point, be ſuch an Hypocrite. It has coſt me——Your Ladyſhip knows not what it has coſt me! to be able to aſſume that Character! Yet my Eyes are ſwell'd with crying, and look red, altho' I am always breathing on my Hand, and

and patting them with that, and my warm Breath, to hide the Diſtreſs that will, from my over-charged Heart, appear in them.

Then he ſays, What's the matter with the little Fool! You're always in this Way. What ails you, *Pamela?*

Only a little vapouriſh, Sir!——Naſty Vapours! Don't be angry at me!—Then *Billy*, I thought, was not very well!

This Boy will ſpoil your Temper: At this Rate, what ſhould be your Joy, will become your Misfortune. Don't receive me in this Manner, I charge you.

In what Manner, Sir? I always receive you with a grateful Heart! If any thing troubles me, it is in your Abſence: But ſee, Sir, (then I try to ſmile and ſeem pleas'd) I am all Sunſhine now you are come!—Don't you ſee I am?

Yes, your Sunſhine of late is all thro' a Cloud!——I know not what's the matter with you. Your Temper will alter, and then——

It ſhan't alter, Sir—It ſhan't—if I can help it.—And then I kiſs'd his Hand; that dear Hand, that, perhaps, was laſt about his more beloved Counteſs's Neck—Diſtracting Reflection!

But come, may-be I think the worſt!——To be ſure I do!—For my Apprehenſions were ever aforehand with Events; and bad muſt be the Caſe, if it is worſe than I think it. But it will ripen of itſelf; it is a corroding Evil: It will increaſe to its Criſis, and then it may diſſipate happily, or end in Death!

All that grieves me, (for I have had the Happineſs of a whole Life crouded thick upon me into a few paſt Months, and ſo ought to be grateful for the Good I have reaped) is for his own dear ſake, for his Soul's ſake.—But, come, he is a young Gentleman, and may ſee his Error:—This may be a Trial to *him*, as well as to *me*. And if he *ſhould* conquer it, what a charming, charming Thing would that be!

You command me to let you know *what* I have heard, and how I *came* to hear it. I told your Ladyſhip, in one of my former *, that two Gentlemen, brought up to the Law, but above the Practice of it, tho' I doubt, not above Practices leſs honourable, had viſited us, on coming to Town.

They have been often here ſince, Mr. *Turner* particularly; and ſometimes by himſelf, when Mr. *B.* has happen'd to be out; and he it was, as I gueſs'd, that gave me, at the wicked Maſquerade, the Caution of looking after my *Muſidorus* †.

I did not like their Viſits, and *his* much leſs: For he ſeem'd to me a Man of an intriguing Spirit. But about Three Weeks ago, Mr. *B.* ſetting out upon a Party of Pleaſure to *Oxford*, he came, and pretending great Buſineſs with me, and I happening to be at Breakfaſt in the Parlour, only *Polly* attending me, admitted him to drink a Diſh of Chocolate with me. And when *Polly* had ſtept down, he told me, after many Apologies, that he had diſcover'd who the Nun was at the Maſquerade, that had ingag'd Mr. *B.*

I ſaid, it was very indifferent to me, who the Lady was.

He reply'd, (making ſtill more Apologies, and pretending great Reluctance to ſpeak out) That it was no leſs a Lady than the young Counteſs Dowager of—, a Lady noted for her Wit and her Beauty; but of a gay Character, tho' he believ'd not yet culpable.

I was alarm'd; but would not let him ſee it; and he run into the Topick of the Injuſtice of marry'd Gentlemen, who had virtuous Wives, and gave themſelves up to Intrigues of this kind.

I remember'd ſome of Mr. *B*'s Leſſons formerly, of which I once gave your Ladyſhip a Tranſcript ‡, particularly, that of drawing a kind Veil over his Faults, and extenuating thoſe I could not hide; and

ſtill

* *See this* Vol. *p.* 27. † Ibid. p. 105.
‡ *See* Vol. II. *p.* 247.

ſtill more particularly that Caution, that if ever Rakes attempted a marry'd Lady, their Incouragement proceeded from the Slights and Contempts with which they endeavour'd to inſpire her againſt her Husband; and told Mr. *Turner*, That I was ſo well ſatisfy'd in Mr. *B*'s Affection for me, and his well-known Honour, and that I could not think myſelf obliged to any Gentleman, who ſhould endeavour to give me a leſs Opinion of either, than I ought to have.

He then bluntly told me, that the very party Mr. *B*. was upon, was with the Counteſs for one, and the Lord—, who had marry'd her Siſter.

I ſaid, I was glad he was in ſuch good Company, and wiſhed him all manner of Pleaſure in it.

He hoped, he ſaid, he might truſt to my Diſcretion, that I would not let Mr. *B*. know from whom I had the Information: That, indeed, his Motive was Self-intereſt in mentioning it to me; for that he had preſum'd to make ſome Overtures of an honourable Nature to the Counteſs, in his own Behalf: which had been rejected ſince that Maſquerade Night: And that he hoped the prudent Uſe I would make of the Intimation, might, ſome-how, be a Means to break off that Correſpondence, before it was attended with bad Conſequences.

I told him, coldly, tho' it ſtung me to the Heart, That I ſhould not interfere in the Matter at all: That I was fully aſſur'd of Mr. *B*.'s Honour; and was ſorry, he, Mr. *Turner*, had ſo bad an Opinion of a Lady, for whom he profeſſed ſo high a Conſideration. And riſing up, Will you excuſe me, Sir, that I cannot attend at all to ſuch a Subject as this; and think I ought not; and ſo muſt withdraw?

Only, Madam, one Word. He offer'd to take my Hand, but I would not permit it—And then he ſwore a great Oath, that he had told me his true and his only Motive: And that Letters had paſſed between the Counteſs and Mr. *B*.; adding, That one Day I would blame myſelf for not endeavouring to ſtifle a Flame, that might now perhaps be kept un-

der; but which, if it got head, would be of more fatal Conſequence to my Repoſe than I at preſent imagin'd —But, ſaid he, I beg you'll keep it in your own Breaſt; elſe it may, from two ſuch haſty Spirits, as his and mine, poſſibly be attended with ſtill worſe Conſequences.

I will never, Sir, enter into a Subject, that is not proper to be communicated, every Tittle of it, to Mr. *B.*; and this muſt be my Excuſe for withdrawing. And away I went from him.

Your Ladyſhip will judge with how uneaſy an Heart; which became more ſo, when I ſat down to reflect upon what he had told me. But I was reſolved to give it as little Credit as I could, or that any thing would come of it, till Mr. *B.*'s own Behaviour ſhould convince me, to my Affliction, that I had ſome Reaſon to be alarm'd: So I open'd not my Lips about it to Mrs. *Jervis*, or any body.

At Mr. *B.*'s Return, I receiv'd him in my uſual affectionate and unreſerved Manner; and he behav'd himſelf with as great Goodneſs and Kindneſs to me as uſual; or, at leaſt, with ſo little Difference, that had not the Gentleman's Officiouſneſs made me more watchful, I ſhould not have perceived it.

But, next Day, a Letter was brought by a Footman for Mr. *B.* He was out: So *John* gave it to me. The Superſcription was a Lady's Writing: The Seal, the Dowager Lady's, with a Coronet. This gave me great Uneaſineſs: And when Mr. *B.* came in, I ſaid, Here is a Letter for you, Sir; and from a Lady too!

What then?—ſaid he with Quickneſs.

I was balked, and withdrew. For I ſaw him turn the Seal about and about, as if he would ſee if I had endeavour'd to look into it.

He needed not to have been ſo afraid; for I would not have done ſuch a Thing, had I known my Life was to depend upon it.

I went up, and could not help weeping at his quick Anſwer; yet I did my Endeavour to hide it, when he came up.

Was not my Girl a little inquiſitive about me, juſt now?

I ſpoke pleaſantly, Sir!—But you were very quick upon your Girl.

'Tis my Temper, my Dear.—You know I mean nothing. You ſhould not mind it.

I ſhould not, Sir, if I had been *uſed* to it.

He look'd at me with Sternneſs.—Do you doubt my Honour, Madam?

Madam! did you ſay, Sir!—I won't take that Word!—Dear Sir, call it back.—I won't be call'd *Madam!*—Call me your Girl, your Ruſtick, your *Pamela*—Call me any thing but *Madam!*

My Charmer, then, my Life, my Soul; will any of thoſe do? and ſaluted me: But whatever you do, let me not ſee, that you have any Doubts of my Honour to you.

The very Mention of the Word, dear Sir, is a Security to me; I want no other; I cannot doubt: But if you ſpeak ſhort to me, how ſhall I bear that!

He withdrew, ſpeaking nothing of the Contents of his Letter; as I dare ſay he would, had the Subject been ſuch as he choſe to mention to me.

We being alone, after Supper, I took the Liberty to aſk him, Who was of his Party to *Oxford?* He nam'd the Viſcounteſs ——— and her Lord, Mr. *Howard* and his Daughter, Mr. *Herbert* and his Lady: And I had a Partner too, my Dear, to repreſent you.

I am much obliged to the Lady, Sir, be ſhe who ſhe would.

Why, my Dear, you are *ſo* ingag'd in your Nurſery! Then this was a ſudden thing; as, you know, I told you.

Nay, Sir, as long as it was agreeable to you, I had nothing to do, but to be pleas'd with it.

He watch'd my Eyes, and the Turn of my Countenance—You look, *Pamela*, as if you'd be glad to return the Lady Thanks in Perſon. Shall I ingage her to viſit you? She longs to ſee you.

Sir,—Sir,—heſitated I—as you pleaſe—I can't be—I can't be—diſpleaſed.

Diſpleaſed!—interrupted he; why that Word? And why that Heſitation in your Anſwer? You ſpeak very volubly, my Dear, when you're not moved.

Dear Sir, ſaid I, almoſt as quick as himſelf, Why ſhould I be moved? What Occaſion is there for it? I hope you have a better Opinion of me than—

Than what?—*Pamela*—What would you ſay? I know you're a little jealous Slut. I know you are.

But, dear Sir, why ſhould you think of imputing Jealouſy to me on *this* Score?—What a Creature muſt I be, if you could not be abroad with a Lady, but I muſt be jealous of you?—No, Sir, I have Reaſon to rely upon your Honour; and I *do* rely upon it; and—

And what? Why, my Dear, you are giving me Aſſurances, as if you thought the Caſe requir'd it!

Ah! thought I, ſo it does, I ſee too plainly, or apprehend I do; but I durſt not ſay ſo; nor give him any Hint about my Informant; tho' now I was enough confirmed of the Truth of what Mr. *Turner* had told me.

Yet, I reſolved, if poſſible, not to alter my Conduct. But my frequent Weepings, when by myſelf, could not be hid as I wiſhed; my Eyes not keeping my Heart's Counſel.

And this gives Occaſion to ſome of the ſtern Words which I have mention'd above.

All that he further ſaid, at this Time, was, with a negligent, yet determin'd Air——Well, *Pamela*, don't be doubtful of my Honour. You know how much I love you. But, one Day or other, I ſhall gratify this Lady's Curioſity, and will bring her to pay you a Viſit, and you ſhall ſee you need not be aſham'd of her Acquaintance!—Whenever you pleaſe, Sir,—was all I car'd to ſay farther; for I ſaw he was upon the Catch, and look'd ſtedfaſtly upon me whenever I mov'd my Lips; and I am not a finiſh'd Hypocrite:

crite; and he can read the Lines of one's Face, and the Motions of one's Heart, I think.

I am ſure mine is a very uneaſy one. But till I reflected and weigh'd well the Matter, it was worſe, and my natural Imperfection of this ſort made me ſee a Neceſſity to be the more watchful over myſelf, and to doubt my own Prudence. And thus I reaſon'd when he withdrew:

Here, thought I, I have had a greater Proportion of Happineſs, without Alloy, fallen to my Share, than any of my Sex; and I ought to be prepar'd for ſome Trials.

'Tis true, this is of the ſoreſt Kind; 'tis worſe than Death itſelf to me, who had an Opinion of the dear Gentleman's Reformation, and prided myſelf not a little on that Account. So that the Blow is full upon my ſore Place. 'Tis on the Side I could be the moſt eaſily penetrated. But *Achilles* could be touched only in his Heel; and if he was to die by an Enemy's Hand, muſt not the Arrow find out that only vulnerable Place?——My Jealouſy is that Place with me, as your Ladyſhip obſerves *; but is ſeated deeper than the Heel: It is in my *Heart*, and the barbed Dart has found it out, and there it ſticks up to the very Feathers.

Yet, thought I, I will take care, that I do not exaſperate him by Upbraidings, when I ſhould try to move him by Patience and Forbearance. For the Breach of *his* Duty cannot warrant the Neglect of *mine*. My Buſineſs is to reclaim, and not to provoke. And when, if it pleaſe God, this Storm ſhall be over-blown, let me not, by my preſent Behaviour, leave any Room for Heart-burnings; but, like a ſkilful Surgeon, ſo heal the Wound to the Bottom, tho' the Operation be painful, that it may not feſter, and break out again with freſh Violence, on future Miſunderſtandings, if any ſhall happen.

He is a young Gentleman, has been uſed to have his own Will, thought I. This may be a permitted Stumbling-

* *See this* Vol. *p.* 147.

Stumbling-block in his Way, to make him ſtand the firmer, when recover'd. The Lady may be unhappy that ſhe cannot conquer her faulty Love. They may both ſee their Error, and ſtop ſhort of Crime. If not, he is a Gentleman of fine Senſe; he may run an undue Length, but may reclaim; and then I ſhall be *his* Superior, by my preſerved Virtue and Duty, and have it in my Power to forgive the dear Gentleman, and ſo repay him ſome of thoſe Obligations which I ſhall never otherwiſe have it in my Power to repay;—nor indeed wiſh to have it, in this way, if it pleaſe God to prevent it.

Then, thought I, how much better is it to be the *ſuffering* than the *offending* Perſon!——But yet, Madam, to have ſo fine a Gentleman, who had advanced ſo far up the Hill of Virtue, to ſlide back all at once; and (between your Ladyſhip and me) to have him ſink down to the Character he had deſpiſed; and, at laſt, if his dear Life ſhould be ſpared, (as is my hourly Prayer) to have him carry his Vices into advanced Years, and become ſuch a poor Gentleman, as we ſee Sir *Simon Darnford*, retaining a Love of his juvenile Follies, even after the Practice has left him; how my Heart ſhudders at ſach a Thought for my Mr. *B.*

Well, but, thought I, let the worſt come to the worſt, he may perhaps be ſo good as to permit me to paſs the Remainder of my Days, with my dear *Billy* in *Kent*, with my Father and Mother; and ſo, when I cannot rejoice in Poſſeſſion of a virtuous Huſband, I ſhall be imploy'd in praying for him, and injoy a two-fold Happineſs, that of doing my own Duty to my dear Baby,—and a pleaſing Entertainment that will be!—and that of comforting my worthy Parents, and being comforted by them;—and no ſmall Conſolation this!—And who knows, but I may be permitted to ſteal a Viſit now-and-then to dear Lady *Davers*, and be called Siſter, and be deem'd a *faultleſs* Siſter too!—and that will be a fine Thing! But, remember, my dear Lady, that if ever it come to this, I will not bear, that for my

ſake,

ſake, you ſhall, with too much Aſperity, blame your dear Brother; for I will be ingenious to find Excuſes or Extenuations for him; and I will now-and-then, in ſome diſguiſed Habit, ſteal the Pleaſure of ſeeing him, and his happier Counteſs; and give him, with a ſilent Tear, my Bleſſing for the Good I and mine have reaped at his dear Hands.

But, oh! if he takes from me my dear *Billy*, who muſt, after all, be his Heir, and gives him to the cruel Counteſs, he will at once burſt aſunder the Strings of my Heart! For, Oh my happy Rivaleſs! if you tear from me my Huſband, he is in his own Diſpoſal, and I cannot help it:—Nor can I indeed, if he will give you my *Billy*. But this I am ſure of, that my Child and my Life muſt go together!

Your Ladyſhip will think I rave. Indeed I am almoſt crazed at times. For the dear Gentleman is ſo negligent, ſo cold, ſo haughty! that I cannot bear it. He ſays, juſt now, You are quite alter'd, *Pamela*. I believe I am, Madam. But what can I do? He knows not, that I know ſo much. I dare not tell him. For he will have me then reveal my Intelligencer: And what may be the Caſe between them?

I weep in the Night, when he is aſleep; and in the Day, when he is abſent: And I am happy when I can, unobſerv'd, ſteal this poor Relief. I believe already I have ſhed as many Tears as would drown my poor Baby. How many more I may have to ſhed, God only knows!—For oh! Madam, after all my Fortitude, and my Recollection, to fall from ſo much Happineſs, and ſo ſoon, is a trying Thing!

But I will hope ſtill the beſt, and reſign to God's Will, and his, and ſee how far the dear Gentleman will be permitted to exerciſe me. So don't, my good Lady, be over-much concern'd for me.—For you know I am apt to be too apprehenſive! And ſhould this Matter blow over, I ſhall be aſham'd of my Weakneſs, and the Trouble I muſt give to your generous Heart, for one ſo undeſervedly favour'd by you, as is

Your obliged Siſter, and moſt humble Servant,

P. B.

Dear

Dear my Lady, let no Soul ſee any Part of this our preſent Correſpondence, for your dear Brother's ſake, and your ſake, and my ſake.

LETTER XXXI.

My deareſt PAMELA,

YOU need not be afraid of any body's knowing what paſſes between us on this cutting Subject. Tho' I hear of it from every Mouth, yet I pretend 'tis all Falſhood and Malice. Yet Lady *Betty* will have it, that there is more in it than I will own, and that I know my Brother's Wickedneſs, by my penſive Looks. She will make a Vow, ſhe ſays, never to marry any Man living.

I am greatly mov'd by your affecting Periods. Charming *Pamela!* what a Tempeſt do you raiſe in one's Mind, when you pleaſe, and lay it too, at your own Will! Your Colourings are ſtrong; but, I hope, your Imagination carries you much further than it is poſſible he ſhould go.

I am pleaſed with your prudent Reaſonings, and your wiſe Reſolutions. I ſee nobody can adviſe or help you. God only can! And his Direction you beg ſo hourly, that I make no doubt you will have it.

What vexes me is, that on the noble Uncle of this vile Lady—(why don't you call her ſo as well as I?)—expoſtulating with her on the Scandals ſhe brought on her Character and Family, ſhe pretended to argue, fooliſh Creature! for Polygamy; and ſaid, She had rather be a certain Gentleman's ſecond Wife, than the firſt to the greateſt Man in *England!*

I leave you to your own Workings; but if I find your Prudence unrewarded by the Wretch, the Storm you ſaw raiſed at the Hall, ſhall be nothing to the Hurricane I will excite, to tear up by the Roots all the Happineſs the two Wretches propoſe to themſelves!

Don't

Don't let my Intelligence, which is undoubted, grieve you over-much. Try ſome way to move the Wretch. What muſt be done, muſt be by touching his Generoſity: He has that in ſome Perfection. But how in *this* Caſe to move it, is beyond my Power or Skill to preſcribe.

God bleſs you, my deareſt *Pamela!* You ſhall be my *only* Sifter. And I will never own my Brother, if he be ſo baſe to your ſuperlative Merit. Adieu once more!

From your Siſter and Friend,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XXXII.

My deareſt Lady,

A Thouſand Thanks for your kind, your truly Siſterly Letter and Advice. Mr. *B.* is juſt return'd from a Tour to *Portſmouth*, I believe, with the Counteſs; but am not ſure.

Here I am forc'd to leave off——Let me ſcratch thro' this laſt Surmiſe. It ſeems, ſhe was not with him. This is ſome Comfort, however.

He is very kind; and *Billy* not being well, when he came in, my Grief paſſed off without Blame. He has ſaid a great many kind Things to me: But added, That if I gave myſelf ſo much Uneaſineſs every Time the Child ailed any thing, he would hire the Nurſe to over-lay him. Bleſs me, Madam, what hard-hearted, what ſhocking Things are theſe Men capable of ſaying!—The fartheſt from their Hearts, indeed; ſo they had need!—For he was as glad of the Child's being better as I could be.

In the Morning he went out in the Chariot for about an Hour, and return'd in a very good Humour, ſaying twenty agreeable Things to me, which makes me ſo proud, and ſo pleas'd!

He is gone out again.

Could

Could I but find this Matter happily conquer'd, for his own Soul's ſake!—But he ſeems, by what your Ladyſhip mentions, to have carry'd this Polygamy Point with the Lady.

Can I live with him, Madam,—Ought I—if this be the Caſe? I have it under his Hand, that the Laws of his Country were ſufficient to deter him from this Practice. But oh! he knew not this Counteſs then! They ſay, ſhe is a fine Woman!—

But here I muſt break off. He is return'd, and coming up. Go into my Boſom, for the preſent, O Letter dedicated to dear Lady *Davers*—Come to my Hand, the Play Imployment, ſo unſuited to my preſent afflicted Mind!—Here he comes!

O but, Madam, Madam! my Heart is almoſt broken!—Juſt now Mr. *B.* tells me, that the Counteſs-Dowager, and the Viſcounteſs her Siſter, are to be here to ſee my *Billy*, and to drink Tea with me, this very Afternoon!

I was all Confuſion, when he told me this. I looked around and around, and upon every thing but him.

Will not my Friends be welcome, *Pamela*? ſaid he, ſternly.

O yes, Sir, very welcome!——But I have theſe naſty Vapours ſo, that I wiſh I might be excus'd.—I wiſh I might be allow'd to take an Airing in the Chariot for two or three Hours; for I ſhall not be fit to be ſeen by ſuch—Ladies—ſaid I, half out of Breath.

You'll be fit to be ſeen by nobody, my Dear, if you go on thus.—But, do as you pleaſe.

He was going, and I took his Hand: Stay, dear Sir, let me know what you would have me to do. If you would have me ſtay, I will.

To be ſure I would.

Well, Sir, then I will. For it is hard, thought I, if an innocent Perſon cannot look up, in her own Houſe too, as it is at preſent, as I may ſay, to a guilty

guilty one!—Guilty in her Heart, at leaſt!—Tho', poor Lady, I hope ſhe is not ſo in Fact, and, if God hears my Prayers, never will, for all Three of our ſakes

But, Madam, think for me, what a Taſk I have! How my Heart throbs in my Boſom! How I tremble! How I ſtruggle with myſelf! What Rules I form for my Behaviour to this naughty Lady! How they are daſh'd in Pieces as ſoon as form'd, and new ones taken up! And yet I doubt myſelf, when I come to the Teſt.

But one Thing will help me. I *pity* the poor Lady; and as ſhe comes with the Heart of a Robber, to invade me in my lawful Right, I pride myſelf in a Superiority over this Counteſs; and will endeavour to ſhew her the Country-Girl in a Light which would better become *her* to appear in.

I muſt be forced to leave off here; for Mr. *B.* is juſt come in to receive his Gueſts; and I am in a ſad Flutter upon it. All my Reſolution fails me: What ſhall I do!—O that this Counteſs was come, and gone!—I tremble ſo, that I ſhall behave like a guilty one before the Guilty, who will injoy their Minds, I'll warrant, as if they were innocent!—Why ſhould that be?—But, ſurely, if all was bad, as this *Turner* has ſaid, they could not act thus barbarouſly by me! For I have not deſerv'd to be given up to be inſulted! I hope I have not!—For what have I done?

I have one Comfort, however, in the midſt of all my Griefs; and that is in your Ladyſhip's Goodneſs, who gives me Leave to aſſume the honour'd Title, that, let what will happen, will always give me equal Pride and Pleaſure, in ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's obliged Siſter,

and humble Servant,

P. B.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

My dear Lady,

I Will now purſue my laſt affecting Subject; for the Viſit is over: But a ſad Situation I am in with Mr. *B.* for all that: But I'll try to forget it, till I come to it in courſe, bad as it is.

At Four in the Afternoon Mr. *B.* came in to receive his Gueſts, whom he expected at Five. He came up to me. I had juſt cloſed my laſt Letter; but put it up, and ſet before me your Ladyſhip's Play Subjects.

So, *Pamela!*—How do you now?

Your Ladyſhip may gueſs, by what I wrote before, that I could not give any extraordinary Account of myſelf.—As well—As well, Sir, as poſſible.—Half out of Breath.

You give yourſelf ſtrange melancholy Airs of late, my Dear!—You don't do well!—All that Chearfulneſs which uſed to delight me whenever I ſaw you, I'm ſorry for it, is quite vaniſh'd of late.—You and I muſt ſhortly have a little ſerious Talk together.

When you pleaſe, Sir.—I believe it is only not being us'd to this ſmoaky thick Air of *London!*—I ſhall be better when you carry me into the Country.—I dare ſay I ſhall!—But I never was in *London* ſo long before, you know, Sir.

All in good time, *Pamela.*—But is this the beſt Appearance you chuſe to make to receive ſuch Gueſts?

If it diſpleaſe you, Sir, I will dreſs otherwiſe in a Minute.

You look well in any thing.—But I thought you'd have had your Jewels—Yet they would never have leſs become you; for of late your Eyes have loſt that Brilliancy that uſed to ſtrike me with a Luſtre, much ſurpaſſing that of the fineſt Diamonds.

I am ſorry for it, Sir.—But as I never could pride myſelf in deſerving ſuch a kind Compliment, I ſhould be too happy, forgive me, my deareſt Mr. *B.* if the Failure be not rather in *your* Eyes than *my own.*

He

He looked at me ſtedfaſtly!—I fear, *Pamela*—But, don't be a Fool!

You are angry with me, Sir!

No, not I.

Would you have me dreſs better?

No, not I—If your Eyes look'd a little more brilliant, you want no Addition.

Down he went.

Strange, ſhort Speeches, theſe, my Lady, to what you have heard from his dear Mouth!—Yet they ſhall not rob me of the Merit of a patient Sufferer, I am reſolv'd, thought I.

Now, my Lady, as I doubted not, my Rival would come adorn'd with every outward Ornament, I put on only a white Damaſk Gown, having no Deſire to vie with her in Appearance; for a virtuous and honeſt Heart is my Glory, I bleſs God! I wiſh the Counteſs had the ſame to boaſt of!

About Five, their Ladyſhips came in the Counteſs's new Chariot; for ſhe has not been long out of her tranſitory Mourning, and dreſs'd as rich as Jewels and a Profuſion of Expence could make her.

I ſaw them from the Window alight. O how my Heart throbb'd!—Lie ſtill, ſaid I, buſy Thing! Why all this Emotion?—Thoſe ſhining Ornaments cover not ſuch a guileleſs Flutterer as thou. Why then, all this Emotion?

I would not be ſo officious as to be below to receive them. *Polly Barlow* came up inſtantly, from Mr. *B.*

I haſtened down; tremble, tremble, tremble, went my Feet, in ſpite of all the Reſolution I had been ſo long endeavouring to collect together.

Mr. *B.* preſented the Counteſs to me, both of us cover'd with Bluſhes; but from very different Motives, as I imagine.

The Counteſs of —, my Dear.

She ſaluted me, and looked, as I thought, half with Envy, half with Shame: But one is apt to form Peoples Countenances by what one judges of their Hearts.

O too lovely! too charming Rivaleſs! thought I. —Would to Heaven I ſaw leſs Attractions in you!— For indeed, indeed, Madam, ſhe is a charming Lady! —Yet ſhe could not help calling me Mrs. *B.* that was ſome Pride; and ſaid, She had heard me ſo much praiſed, that ſhe quite long'd to ſee me.

Oh! theſe villainous Maſquerades, thought I!— You would never have wanted to ſee me, but for them, poor naughty Nun, that was!

Mr *B.* preſented alſo the Viſcounteſs to me: I ſaluted her Ladyſhip; her Siſter ſaluted me.

She is a graceful Lady; better, as I hope, in Heart; but not equal in Perſon to her Siſter.

You have taken no Pains, my Dear, in your Dreſs To-day.

The Ladies will excuſe it, Sir; I am ſo often in the Nurſery, when you are abſent.

Mrs. *B.* anſwers her Character, ſaid the Counteſs; ſhe wants no Ornaments. You have a charming little Maſter, I am told, Madam; but no Wonder, from ſuch a Pair!

O dear Heart, thought I, i'n't it ſo!—Your Ladyſhip may gueſs, what I thought further.

Will your Ladyſhip ſee him now? ſaid Mr. *B.*

He did not look down, no, not one bit!—tho' the Counteſs play'd with her Fan, and looked at him, and looked at me, and then looked down, by Turns, a little conſciouſly: While I wrapt up myſelf in my Innocence, my firſt Flutters being over, and thought I was ſuperior, by reaſon of that, to a Counteſs.

With all my Heart, Mr. *B.* ſaid ſhe.

I rang. *Polly*, bid Nurſe bring *my Billy* down— *My*, ſaid I, with an Emphaſis.

I met the Nurſe at the Stairs Foot, and brought in my dear Baby in my Arms: Such a Child, and ſuch a Mamma, ſaid the Viſcounteſs!

Will you give Maſter to my Arms, one Moment, Madam? ſaid the Counteſs.

Yes, thought I, much rather than my dear naughty Gentleman ſhould any other.

I *yielded* it to her: I thought ſhe would have ſtifled it with her warm Kiſſes! Sweet Boy! Charming Creature! And preſs'd it to her too lovely Boſom, with ſuch Emotion, looking on the Child, and on Mr. *B.* that I liked it not by any means.

Go, you naughty Lady! thought I:—But I durſt not ſay ſo. And go, naughty Man, too! thought I; for you ſeem to look too much gratify'd in your Pride, by her Fondneſs for your Boy. I wiſh I did not love you ſo well as I do!—But neither, your Ladyſhip may believe, did I ſay this.

Mr. *B.* looked at me, but with a Bravery, I thought, too like what I had ſeen him look in ſome former Scenes, in as bad a Cauſe.—But, thought I, GOD delivered me *then:* I will confide in Him.—He will *now,* I doubt not, reſtore thy Heart to my Prayers; untainted, I hope! for thy own dear ſake, as well as mine.

The Viſcounteſs took the Child from her Siſter, and kiſſed him with great Pleaſure. She is a marry'd Lady. Would to GOD! the Counteſs was too; for Mr. *B.* never correſponded, as I told your Ladyſhip once, with marry'd Ladies: So I was not afraid of her Love to my *Billy.*—But let me, ſaid the Viſcounteſs, have the Pleaſure of reſtoring Maſter to his charming Mamma. I thought, added ſhe, I never ſaw a lovelier Sight in my Life, than when in his Mamma's Arms.

Why, I *can't ſay,* ſaid the Counteſs, but Maſter and his Mamma do Credit to one another. Dear Madam, let us have the Pleaſure of ſeeing him ſtill on your Lap, while he is ſo good.

I wonder'd the dear Baby was ſo quiet; tho' he is generally ſo: But *he* might ſurely, if but by Sympathy, have complained for his poor Mamma, tho' ſhe durſt not for herſelf.

How apt one is to engage every thing in one's Diſtreſs, when it is deep! And one wonders too, that Things animate and inanimate look with the ſame

ſame Face, when we are greatly moved by any extraordinary and intereſting Event!

I ſat down with my Baby on my Lap, looking, I believe, with a righteous Boldneſs (I will call it ſo; for well ſays the Text, *The Righteous is as bold as a Lion!*) now on my *Billy*, now on his dear Papa, and now on the Counteſs, with ſuch a *Triumph* in my Heart! for I ſaw her bluſh, and look down, and the dear Gentleman ſeem'd to eye me with a kind of conſcious Tenderneſs, as I thought.

A Silence of five Minutes, I believe, ſucceeded, we all Four looking upon one another, and the little Dear was awake, and ſtared full upon me with ſuch innocent Smiles, as if he promiſed to love me, and make me Amends for all.

I kiſſed him, and took his pretty little Hand in mine—You are very good, my Charmer, in this noble Company! ſaid I.

I remember'd, Madam, a Scene that made greatly for me in the Papers you have ſeen *, when, inſtead of recriminating, as I might have done, before Mr. *Longman*, for hard Uſage, (for Oh! my Lady, your dear Brother has a hard Heart, indeed he has, when he pleaſes) I only prayed for him on my Knees.

And I hope I was not now too mean; for I had Dignity and a proud Superiority in my vain Heart, over them all.—Then it was not my Part to be upon Defiances, where I lov'd, and where I hoped to reclaim. Beſides, what had I done by it, but juſtify'd, ſeemingly, by After-Acts in a paſſionate Reſentment, to their Minds, at leaſt, their too wicked Treatment of me? Moreover, your Ladyſhip will remember, that Mr. *B.* knew not, that I was acquainted with his Intrigue, I muſt call it ſo!—If he had, he is too noble to inſult me by ſuch a Viſit; and he had told me, I ſhould ſee the Lady he was at *Oxford* with.

And this, breaking Silence, he mention'd; ſaying, I gave you Hope, my Dear, that I ſhould procure you

* *See* Vol. I. *p.* 79.

you the Honour of a Viſit from the Lady who put herſelf under my Care at *Oxford.*

I bow'd my Head to the Counteſs; but my Tears being ready to ſtart, I kiſs'd my *Billy:* Deareſt Baby, ſaid I, you are not going to cry, are you?—I would have had him juſt then to cry, inſtead of me.

The Tea Equipage was brought in. *Polly,* carry the Child to Nurſe. I gave it another Kiſs, and the Counteſs deſired another. I grudged it, to think her naughty Lips ſhould ſo cloſely follow mine. Her Siſter kiſſed it alſo, and carry'd him to Mr. *B.* Take him away, *Polly,* ſaid he:—I owe him my Bleſſing!

Oh! theſe young Gentlemen Papa's! ſaid the Counteſs—They are like young unbroken Horſes, juſt put into the Traces!—Are they ſo, thought I!—Matrimony muſt not expect your good Word! I doubt!

Mr. *B.* after Tea, at which I was far from being talkative, (for I could not tell what to ſay; tho' I try'd, as much as I could, not to appear ſullen) deſir'd the Counteſs to play one Tune upon the Spinnet. She did, and ſung, at his Requeſt, an *Italian* Song to it, very prettily; too prettily, I thought! I wanted to find ſome Faults, ſome great Faults in her: But Oh! Madam! ſhe has too many outward Excellencies! Pity ſhe wants a good Heart.

He could aſk nothing, that ſhe was not ready to oblige him! Indeed he could not!

She deſired *me* to touch the Keys. I would have been excus'd: but could not. And the Ladies commended my Performance: But neither my Heart to play, nor my Fingers in playing, deſerv'd their Praiſes. Mr. *B. ſaid* indeed, You play better ſometimes, my Dear!—Do I, Sir? was all the Anſwer I made.

The Counteſs hoped, ſhe ſaid, I would return her Viſit; and ſo ſaid the Viſcounteſs.

I reply'd, Mr. *B.* would command me whenever he pleas'd.

She ſaid, She hoped to be better acquainted—(I hope not, thought I) and that I would give her my Company

Company for a Week or ſo, upon the Foreſt: It ſeems ſhe has a Seat upon *Windſor* Foreſt.

Mr. *B.* ſays, added ſhe, you can't ride a ſingle Horſe; but we'll learn you there. 'Tis a ſweet Place for that Purpoſe.

How came Mr. *B.* thought I, to tell *you* that, Madam? I ſuppoſe you know more of me than I do myſelf. Indeed, my Lady, this may be too true; for ſhe may know what is to become of me!

I told her, I was very much oblig'd to her Ladyſhip; but Mr. *B.* directed all my Motions.

What ſay you, Sir? ſaid the Counteſs.

I can't promiſe that, Madam; for Mrs. *B.* wants to go down to *Kent*, before we go to *Bedfordſhire*, and I am afraid I can't give her my Company thither.

Then, Sir, I ſhan't chuſe to go without you.

I ſuppoſe not, my Dear. But, if you are diſpoſed to oblige the Counteſs for a Week, as you never were at *Windſor*——

I believe, Sir, interrupted I, what with my little Nurſery, and *one* thing or *another*, I muſt deny myſelf that Honour, for this Seaſon.

Well, Madam, then I'll expect you in *Pallmall*.

I bow'd my Head, and ſaid, Mr. *B.* would command me.

They took Leave with a Politeneſs natural to them.

Mr. *B.* as he handed them to their Chariot, ſaid ſomething in *Italian* to the Counteſs: The Word *Pamela* was in what he ſaid: She anſwer'd him, with a downcaſt Look, in the ſame Language, half pleas'd, half ſerious; and the Chariot drove away.

I would give, ſaid I, a good deal, Sir, to know what her Ladyſhip ſaid to you; ſhe look'd with ſo particular a Meaning, if I may ſo ſay.

I'll tell you truly, *Pamela*: I ſaid to her, Well, now your Ladyſhip has ſeen my *Pamela!*—Is ſhe not the charming'ſt Girl in the World?

She anſwer'd, Mrs. *B.* is very grave, for ſo young a Lady: But I muſt needs ſay, She is a lovely Creature.

And

And did you ſay ſo, Sir? And did her Ladyſhip ſo anſwer?—And my Heart was ready to leap out of my Boſom for Joy.

But my Folly ſpoil'd all again; for, to my own Surprize and great Regret, I burſt out into Tears; tho' I even ſobb'd to have ſuppreſs'd them, but could not; and ſo I loſt a fine Opportunity to have talked to him while he was ſo kind: For he was angry with me.

What made me ſuch a Fool, I wonder? But I had ſo long ſtruggled with myſelf; and not expecting ſo kind a Queſtion from the dear Gentleman, or ſuch a favourable Anſwer from the Counteſs, I had no longer any Command of myſelf.

What ails the little Fool? ſaid he, with a wrathful Countenance, that made me worſe.—Take care, take care, *Pamela!*—You'll drive me from you in ſpite of my own Heart.

So he went into the beſt Parlour, and put on his Sword, and took his Hat,—Sir, Sir; with my Arms expanded, was all I could ſay; but he avoided me, putting on his Hat with an Air, and out he went, bidding *Abraham* follow him.

This is the Dilemma, into which, as I hinted at the Beginning of this Letter, I have brought myſelf with Mr. *B.* How ſtrong, how prevalent, is the Paſſion of Jealouſy, that thus it will ſhew itſelf uppermoſt, when it is uppermoſt, in ſpite of one's moſt watchful Regards!

My Mind is ſo perplex'd, that I muſt lay down my Pen: And, indeed, your Ladyſhip will wonder, all Things conſider'd, that I could write the above Account as I have done, in this cruel Suſpenſe, and with ſuch Apprehenſions. But Writing is all the Diverſion I have, when my Mind is oppreſs'd. 'Tis a temporary Relief; and this Interview was ſo intereſting, that it took up a great deal of my Attention while I wrote: But now I am come to a Period of it, and ſo unhappy an one, as has reſulted from my ungovern'd Paſſion, my Apprehenſions are return'd upon me with double Strength. Why did I drive the

the dear Gentleman from me upon ſuch a promiſing Appearance?—Why did I?—But all this had been prevented, had not this naſty Mr. *Turner* put into my Head worſe Thoughts.

How ſhall I do to look up to him now on his Return! To be ſure, he plainly ſees, to what my Emotion is owing!—Yet I dare not tell him either my Information, or my Informant, becauſe if he knows the one, he will know the other; and then what may be the Conſequence!

Paſt Ten o' Clock at Night.

I have only Time to tell your Ladyſhip, (for the Poſtman waits) that Mr. *B.* is juſt come in; he is gone into his Cloſet, and has ſhut the Door, and taken the Key on the Inſide; ſo I dare not go to him there. In this Uncertainty and Suſpenſe, pity and pray for

Your Ladyſhip's afflicted Siſter and Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XXIV.

My dear Lady,

I Will now proceed with my melancholy Account.

Not knowing what to do, and Mr. *B.* not coming near me, and the Clock ſtriking Twelve, I ventur'd to ſend this Billet to him, by *Polly*.

Dear Sir,

I Know you chuſe not to be invaded when you retire into your Cloſet; and yet, being very uneaſy on account of your abrupt Departure, and heavy Diſpleaſure, I take the Liberty to write theſe few Lines.

I own, Sir, that the ſudden Flow of Tears which involuntarily burſt from me, at your kind Expreſſions to the Counteſs in my Favour, when I had thought for more than a Month paſt, you were angry with me, and which had diſtreſs'd my weak Mind beyond Expreſſion, might appear unaccountable to you. But had

had you kindly waited but one Moment, till this Fit, which was rather owing to my Joy and my Gratitude, than to Perverſeneſs, had been over, (and I knew the Time when you would have generouſly ſoothed it!) I ſhould have had the Happineſs of a more ſerene and favourable Parting.

Will you permit me, Sir, (*Polly* ſhall wait your Anſwer) to attend you? I dare not come *without* your Permiſſion; for ſhould you be as angry as you were, I know not how I ſhould bear it. But if you ſay I may come down, I hope to ſatisfy you, that I intended not any Offence. Do, dear Sir, permit me to attend you. I can ſay no more, than that I am

Your ever-dutiful

P. B.

Polly return'd with the following —So, thought I, a Letter! I could have ſpared that, I am ſure. I expected no Favour from it. So, tremblingly, open'd it.

My Dear,

I Would not have you ſit up for me. We are getting apace into the matrimonial Recriminations. *You knew the Time!*—So did I, my Dear!—But it ſeems that Time is over with both; and I have had the Mortification, for ſome paſt Weeks, I may ſay, to come home to a very different *Pamela*, then I uſed to leave all Company and all Pleaſure for.—I hope we ſhall better underſtand one another. But you cannot ſee me at preſent with any Advantage to yourſelf; and I would not, that any Thing farther ſhould paſs, to add to the Regrets of both. I wiſh you good Reſt. I will give your Cauſe a fair Hearing, when I am more fit than at preſent, to hear all your Pleas, and your Excuſes. I cannot be inſenſible, that the Reaſon for the Concern you have lately ſhewn, muſt lie deeper than, perhaps, you'll own, at preſent. As ſoon as you are prepared to ſpeak all that is upon your Mind,

and I to hear it with Temper, then, we may come to an Eclairciſſement. 'Till when I am

Your affectionate, &c.

My buſy Apprehenſion immediately ſuggeſted to me, that I was to be terrified, with a high Hand, into a Compliance with ſome new Scheme or other that was projecting. But I had reſolved to make their Way as clear to one another as was in my Power, if they would have it ſo; and ſo I try'd to allay my Grief as much as I could; and it being near One, and hearing nothing from Mr. *B.* I bid *Polly* go to Bed, thinking ſhe would wonder at our Intercourſe by Letter, if I ſhould ſend again.

So down I ventur'd, my Feet, however, trembling all the Way, and tapp'd at the Door of his Cloſet.

Who's that?

I, Sir: One Word, if you pleaſe. Don't be more angry, however, Sir.

He open'd the Door: Thus poor *Heſter*, to her Royal Huſband, ventur'd her Life, to break in upon him unbidden. But that *Eaſtern* Monarch, great as he was, extended to the fainting Suppliant the golden Sceptre!

He took my Hand: I hope, my Dear, by this Tragedy Speech, we are not to expect any ſad Cataſtrophe to our preſent Miſunderſtanding.

I hope not, Sir. But 'tis all as God and you ſhall pleaſe. I am reſolved to do my Duty, Sir, if poſſible. But, indeed, I cannot bear this cruel Suſpenſe! Let me know what is to become of me.—Let me know but what is deſign'd for me, and you ſhall be ſure of all the Acquieſcence that my Duty and Conſcience can give to your Pleaſure.

What *means* the dear Creature! What *means* my *Pamela!*——Surely your Head, Child, is a little affected!

I can't tell, Sir, but it may!——But let me have my Trial, that you write about. Appoint my Day

of

of Hearing, and ſpeedily too; for I would not bear ſuch another Month, as the laſt has been, for the World.

Come, my Dear, ſaid he, let me attend you to your Chamber. But your Mind has taken much too ſolemn a Turn, to enter further now upon this Subject. Think as well of me, as I do of you, and I ſhall be happy as ever.

I wept—Be not angry, dear Sir: Your kind Words have juſt the ſame Effect upon me now, as in the Afternoon.

Your Apprehenſions, my Dear, muſt be very ſtrong, that a kind Word, as you call it, has ſuch an Effect upon you! But let us wave the Subject for a few Days, becauſe I am to ſet out on a little Journey at Four, and had not intended to go to Bed for ſo few Hours.

When we came up, I ſaid, I was very bold, Sir, to break in upon you; but I could not help it, if my Life had been the Forfeit: And you receiv'd me with more Goodneſs than I could have expected. But will you pardon me, if I aſk, Whither you go ſo ſoon? And if you had intended to have gone without taking Leave of me?

I go to *Tunbridge*, my Dear. I ſhould have ſtept up, and taken Leave of you before I went.

Well, Sir, I will not aſk you, Who is of your Party?—I will not—No, putting my Hand to his Lips—Don't tell me, Sir: it mayn't be proper.—

Don't fear, my Dear; I won't tell you: Nor am I certain whether it be *proper* or not, till we are come to a better Underſtanding.—Only, once more, think as well of me, as I do of you!

Would to Heaven, thought I, there was the ſame Reaſon for the one as the other!

I intended (for my Heart was full) to enter further into this Subject, ſo fatal to my Repoſe: But the dear Gentleman had no ſooner laid his Hand on the Pillow, but he fell aſleep, or ſeem'd to do ſo, and that was as prohibitory to my Talking, as if he had. So I had all my own entertaining Reflections

to myſelf; which gave me not one Wink of Sleep; but made me of ſo much Service to him, as to tell him when the Clock ſtruck Four, that he ſhould not (tho' I did not ſay ſo, you may think, Madam) make my ready Rivaleſs (for I doubted not her being one of the Party) wait for him.

He aroſe, and was dreſs'd inſtantly; and ſaluting me, bid me be eaſy and happy, while it was *yet* in my own Power.

He ſaid, He ſhould be back on *Saturday* Night, as he believ'd. And I wiſh'd him, moſt fervently, I am ſure! Health, Pleaſure, and Safety.

Here, Madam, muſt I end this Letter. My next will, perhaps, contain my Trial, and my Sentence: God give me but Patience and Reſignation, and then, whatever occurs, I ſhall not be unhappy: Eſpecially while I can have, in the laſt Reſource, the Pleaſure of calling myſelf

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged Siſter and Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XXXV.

My dear Lady,

I Will be preparing to write to you, as I have Opportunity, not doubting but this preſent Letter muſt be a long one; and having ſome Apprehenſions, that, as things may fall out, I may want either Head or Heart to write to your Ladyſhip, were I to defer it till the Cataſtrophe of this cruel, cruel Suſpenſe.

O what a Happineſs am I ſunk from!—And in ſo few Days too!—O the wicked, wicked Maſquerades! They ſhall be always followed with the Execrations of an injured Wife in me, who, but for that wretched Diverſion, had ſtill been the happieſt of her Sex!

But I was too ſecure! It was fit, perhaps, that I ſhould be humbled and mortified; and I muſt try to make

make a Virtue of the cruel Neceſſity, and ſee, if, by the Divine Grace, I cannot bring *real* Good out of this *appearing* Evil.

The following Letter, in a Woman's Hand, and ſign'd, as you'll ſee, by a Woman's Name, and ſpelt as I ſpell it, will account to your Ladyſhip for my beginning ſo heavily. It came by the Penny-Poſt.

Madame,

I Ame unknowne to yowe; but yowe are nott ſo altogathar to mee, becaus I haue bene edefy'd by yowre pius Behafior att Church, whir I ſee yowe with Plaiſir everie Sabbaoth Day. I ame welle acquaintid with the Famely of the Coumpteſſe of —; and yowe maie poſſiblie haue hard what yowe wiſhid not to haue hard concerninge hir. Butt this verie Morninge, I can aſſur yowe, hir Ladiſhippe is gon with yowre Spowſe to *Tonbrigge*; and theire they are to take Lodginges, or a Hous; and Mr. *B.* is after to come to Towne, and ſettel Matters to goe downe to hir, where they are to liue as Man and Wiffe. Make what Uſe yowe pleas of thiſs Informaſion; and belieue me to haue noe other Motife, than to ſerue yowe, becauſe of yowre Vartues, whiche make yowe deſerue a better Retorne. I am, thof I ſhall not ſett my truwe Name,

Yowre grete Admirer and Seruant,

Thomaſine Fuller.

Wedneſday Morninge,
9 o' Clocke.

Juſt above I called my State, a State of *cruel Suſpenſe!* But I recall the Words: For now it is no longer Suſpenſe; ſince, if this Letter ſays Truth, I know the worſt: And there is too much Appearance that it does, let the Writer be who it will, or his or her Motive what it will; for, after all, I am apt to fanſy this, a Contrivance of Mr. *Turner*'s; tho', for fear of ill Conſequences, I will not ſay ſo.

And now, Madam, I am endeavouring, by the Help of Religion, and cool Reflection, to bring my Mind to bear this heavy Evil, and to recollect, what I *was*, and how much more honourable an Eſtate I *am in*, than I could ever have expected to be; and that my Virtue and good Name are ſecur'd; and I can return innocent to my dear Father and Mother: And theſe were once the only Pride of my Hope.

Then, additional to what I was, at that Time, (and yet I pleaſed myſelf with my Proſpects, poor as they were) I have honeſt Parents bountifully provided for, thank God, and your ever dear Brother, for this Bleſſing!— and not only provided for— but made uſeful to him, to the Amount of their Proviſion, well nigh! There is a Pride, my Lady!

Then I ſhall have better Conditions from his Generoſity to ſupport myſelf, than I can wiſh for, or make uſe of.

Then I have my dear, charming *Billy*—O! be contented, too charming, and too happy Rivaleſs, with my Huſband! and tear not from me my deareſt Baby, the Pledge, the beloved Pledge of our happier Affections, and the dear Remembrance of what I once was.—But if, my dear Mr. *B.* you doubt the Education I can give him, fit for the Heir to your great Fortune, (for ſuch he muſt be, deſpiſed or abandon'd as his poor Mother may be!) and will remove him from me, and Grief kill me not before that ſad Hour, let me have ſome Office, not incompatible with that of his Tutor to inſtil Virtue into his ductile Mind; for Tutors, altho' they may make Youth learned, do not always make them virtuous; and let me watch over his Steps, and where-ever he goes, let me go: I ſhall value no Dangers nor Riſques; the moſt diſtant Clime ſhall be native to me, where-ever my *Billy* is; ſo that I may be a Guard, under God, to his Morals, that he make no Virgin's Heart ſigh, nor Mother's bleed, as mine has done in both States.

But how I rave, will your Ladyſhip be apt to ſay? —This is no good Symptom, you'll think, that I have reap'd at preſent that Conſolation from religious Conſiderations, which, to a right Turn of Mind, they will afford in the heavieſt Misfortunes. But this was only in fear they would take my *Billy* from me: A thouſand pleaſing Proſpects, that had begun to dawn on my Mind, I can bear to have diſſipated; but I cannot permit my dear Mr. *B*'s Son and Heir to be torn from me.

Yet I hope they will not be ſo cruel; for I will give them no Provocation to do it, if I can help it. No Law-ſuits, no Complainings, no Aſperities of Expreſſion, much leſs bitter Reflections, ſhall they ever have from me. I will be no Conſcience to them: They will be puniſhed too much, greatly too much, in their own, for what I wiſh; and they ſhall always be followed by my Prayers. I ſhall have Leiſure for that Exerciſe, and ſhall be happy and ſerene when, I doubt, I doubt, they will not be ſo!

But ſtill I am running on in a Strain that ſhews my Impatience, rather than my Reſignation: Yet ſome Struggles muſt be allow'd me; I could not have loved, as I love, if I could eaſily part with my intereſt in ſo beloved a Huſband—For, Madam, my intereſt I will part with, and will ſooner die, than live with a Gentleman, who has another Wife, tho' I was the firſt.——Let Counteſſes, if they can, and Ladies of Birth, chuſe to humble themſelves to this Baſeneſs—The low-born *Pamela* cannot ſtoop to ſuch Meanneſs. Pardon me, Madam; you know I only write this with a View to this poor Lady's Anſwer to her noble Uncle, of which you wrote me Word.

FRIDAY

Is now concluding. I hope I am calmer a great deal. For, being diſappointed, in all Likelihood, of twenty agreeable Schemes and Projects, I am now forming new ones, with as much Pleaſure to my-

ſelf, as I may. For, my Lady, 'tis one's Duty, you know, to ſuit one's Mind to one's Condition; and I hope I ſhall be inabled to do Good in *Kent*, if I cannot in *London* and *Bedfordſhire*, and *Lincolnſhire*. God every-where provides us with Objects, on which to exerciſe one's Gratitude and Beneficence.

I am thinking to try to get good Mrs. *Jervis* with me.

Come, Madam, you muſt not be too much concern'd for me. After a while, I ſhall be no unhappy Perſon; for tho' I was thankful for my ſplendid Fortunes, and ſhould have been glad, to be ſure I ſhould, of continuing in them, with ſo dear a Gentleman; yet a high Eſtate had never ſuch dazzling Charms with me, as it has with ſome: If it had, I could not have reſiſted ſo many Temptations, poſſibly, as God inabled me to reſiſt.

SATURDAY Night

Is now come. 'Tis Nine, and no Mr. *B*— O why, as *Deborah* makes the Mother of *Siſera* ſay, is his Chariot ſo long in coming? Why tarry the Wheels of his Chariot?

I have this Note now at Eleven o'Clock:

My deareſt Pamela,

'I Diſpatch this Meſſenger, leſt, expecting me this 'Night, you ſhould be uneaſy. I ſhall not be 'with you till *Monday*, when I hope to dine with my 'deareſt Life.

Ever affectionately yours.

So I'll go up and pray for him, and then to Bed: yet 'tis a ſad thing!—I have had but poor Reſt for a great while; nor ſhall have any till my Fate is decided. Hard-hearted Gentleman, he knows under what Uneaſineſs he left me!

MONDAY

MONDAY Eleven.

If God Almighty hears my Yeſterday's, and indeed my hourly Prayers, the dear Gentleman will be good ſtill: But my aking Heart, every Time I think in what Company he is, (for I find the Counteſs is certainly one of the Party) bodes me little Satisfaction.

He's come! He's come! now, juſt now, come! I will have my Trial over before this Night be paſt, if poſſible. I'll go down, and meet him with Love unfeigned, and a Duty equal to my Love, altho' he may forget his to me. If I conquer myſelf on this Occaſion, I conquer Nature, as your Ladyſhip ſays; and then, by God's Grace, I can conquer every thing. They have taken their Houſe, I ſuppoſe;—but what need they, when they'll have one in *Bedfordſhire*, and one in *Lincolnſhire?* But they know beſt. God bleſs him, and reform her! That's all the Harm I wiſh them! or will wiſh them!

The dear Gentleman has receiv'd me with great Affection and Tenderneſs. Sure he cannot be ſo bad!—Sure he cannot!

I know, my Dear, ſaid he, I left you in great Anxiety; but 'tis an Anxiety you have brought upon yourſelf; and I have not been eaſy ever ſince I left you.

I am ſorry for it, Sir.

Why my dear Love, there is ſtill a melancholy Air in your Countenance; Indeed it ſeems mingled with a kind of Joy, I hope at my Return to you. But 'tis eaſy to ſee which of the two is the moſt natural.

You ſhould ſee nothing, Sir, that you would not wiſh to ſee, if I could help it.

I am ſorry you cannot, reply'd he. But I am come Home to hear all your Grievances, and to redreſs them, if in my Power.

When,

When, Sir, am I to come upon my Tryal? I have a great deal to ſay to you. I will tell you every thing I think! And as it may be the laſt *Grievances*, as you are pleaſed to call 'em, I may ever trouble you with, you muſt promiſe to anſwer me not one Word till I have ſaid all I have to ſay. For, if it does but hold, I have great Courage; I have indeed! —You don't know half the Saucineſs that is in your Girl yet; but when I come upon my Trial, you'll wonder at my Boldneſs.

What means my Deareſt? and took me in his Arms. You alarm me exceedingly, by this moving Sedateneſs.

Don't let it alarm you, Sir! I mean you nothing but Good!—But I have been preparing myſelf to tell you all my Mind. And as an Inſtance of what you may expect from me ſometimes, Sir, I will be your Judge, and put home Queſtions to you; and ſometimes you ſhall be mine, and at laſt pronounce Sentence upon me; or, if you won't, I will upon myſelf, a ſevere one to me, it ſhall be, but an agreeable one, perhaps, to you!—When comes on the Trial, Sir?

He looked ſteadily upon me, but was ſilent. And I ſaid, But don't be afraid, Sir, I will invade your Province; for tho' I ſhall count myſelf your Judge, in ſome Caſes, you ſhall be Judge Paramount ſtill.

Dear Charmer of my Heart, ſaid he, and claſped me to his Boſom, what a *new* PAMELA have I in my Arms! A myſterious Charmer! Let us, inſtantly go to my Cloſet, or yours, and come upon our mutual Trial; for you have fir'd my Soul with Impatience!

No, Sir, if you pleaſe, we will dine firſt. I have hardly eaten any thing theſe four Days; and your Company will give me an Appetite perhaps. I ſhall be pleas'd to ſit down at Table with you, Sir, taking his Hand, and trying to ſmile upon him; for the Moments I may have of your Company, may be, ſome Time hence, very precious to my Remembrance.

I was

I was forced then to turn my Head, to hide from him my Eyes, brimful, as they were, of Tears.

He took me again in his Arms:——My deareſt *Pamela*, if you love me, diſtract not my Soul thus, by your dark and myſterious Speeches. You are diſpleaſed with me, and I thought I had Reaſon to take ſomething amiſs in your late Conduct: but inſtead of your ſuffering by my Anger, you have Words and an Air, that penetrate my very Soul.

O, Sir, Sir, treat me not thus kindly! Put on an awfuller Brow, or how ſhall I retain my Purpoſe! How ſhall I!

Dear, dear Creature! make not uſe of *all* your Powers to melt me! *Half* of them is enough. For there is Eloquence in your Eyes I cannot reſiſt; but in your preſent ſolemn Air, and affecting Sentences, you mould me to every Purpoſe of your Heart; ſo that I am a mere Machine, a paſſive Inſtrument, to be play'd upon at your Pleaſure.

Dear, kind Sir! how you revive my Heart, by your Goodneſs! Perhaps I have had only a frightful Dream, of a few Weeks Continuance, and am but juſt now awaken'd!—But we will not anticipate our Trial Only, Sir, give Orders, that you are not to be ſpoken with by any body, when we have din'd; for I muſt have you *all* to myſelf, without Interruption.

Juſt as I had ſaid this, a Gentleman called on him, and I retir'd to my Chamber, and wrote to this Place.

Mr. *B.* diſmiſs'd his Friend, without aſking him to dine with him: So I had him all to myſelf at Dinner. But we ſaid little, and ſat not above a Quarter of an Hour; looking at each other, he with Impatience, and ſome ſeeming Uneaſineſs; I, with more Steadineſs, I believe; but now-and-then a Tear ſtarting.

I could eat but little, tho' I try'd all I could, and eſpecially as he help'd me, and courted me by Words of Tenderneſs and Sweetneſs.——O why were ever ſuch

ſuch Things as *Maſquerades* permitted in a Chriſtian Nation!

I choſe to go into *my* Cloſet rather than into *his*; and here I ſit, waiting the dear Gentleman's coming up to me. If I keep but my Courage, I ſhall be pleaſed. I know the *worſt*, and that will help me; for he is too noble to uſe me roughly, when he ſees I mean not to provoke him by Upbraidings, any more than I will act, in this Caſe, beneath the Character I ought to aſſume as his Wife.

For, my dear Lady, this is a Point of high Importance. It has touched and rais'd my Soul beyond its Pitch: I am a *new Pamela*, as he ſays, and a *proud Pamela*, as he will find—For, Madam, the Perſon who can ſupport herſelf under an Injury like this, and can reſolve to forgive it, has a Superiority to the Injurer, let him be a Prince, tho' ſhe were but a Beggar-born. But the Difficulty will be, how to avoid being melted by my own Softneſs, and Love for the Man, more dear to me than Life; yea, more dear to me than my *Billy*, and than all my Hopes in the charming Boy. But here he comes!

Now, *Pamela*—Now, ſee what thou canſt do!—Thou knoweſt the worſt! Remember that!——And may'ſt not be unhappy, even *at* the worſt, if thou truſteſt in GOD.

I am commanded, my dear Lady, now to write particularly my Trial, for a Reaſon I ſhall mention to you in the Concluſion of this Letter; and I muſt beg you to favour me with the Return of all my Letters to you, on this affecting Subject—The Reaſon will appear in its Place—And Oh! congratulate me, my dear, dear Lady; for I am happy, and ſhall be happier than I ever was; and that I thought, ſo did every body, was impoſſible. But I will not anticipate the Account of my Trial, and the Effects, the bleſſed Effects, it has produced. Thus then it was:

Mr. *B.* came up, with great Impatience in his Looks. I met him at my Chamber-door, with as ſedate

ſedate a Countenance as I poſſibly could put on, and my Heart was high with my Purpoſe, and ſupported me better than I could have expected —Yet, on Recollection, now, I impute to myſelf ſomething of that kind of noble Enthuſiaſm, that was wont to inſpire the innocent Sufferers of old, for a ſtill worthier Cauſe than mine, though their Motives could hardly be more pure, in that one Hope I had to be an humble Means of ſaving the Man I love and honour, from Errors that might be fatal to his Soul.

I took his Hand with Boldneſs: Dear Sir, leading him to my Cloſet, Here is the Bar, at which I am to take my Trial, pointing to the Backs of three Chairs, which I had placed in a join'd Row, leaving juſt Room to go by on each Side—You muſt give me, Sir, all my own Way; this is the firſt, and perhaps the laſt Time, that I ſhall deſire it.—Nay, dearSir, turning my Face from him, look not upon me with an Eye of Tenderneſs; if you do, I may loſe my Purpoſes, important to me as they are; and however fantaſtick my Behaviour may ſeem to you, I want not to move your Paſſions, but your Reaſon; and if that can be done, I am ſafe, and ſhall fear no Relapſe: The others will raiſe but a tranſient Hope, which the Winds of Senſe may eaſily diſſipate; and I regard it accordingly.

What means all this Parade, my Dear? Let me periſh, that was his Word, if I know how to account for *You*, or your *Humour*.

You will preſently, Sir. But give me all my Way. —I pray you do, this once—this one Time only!

Well, ſo, this is your Bar, is it? There's an Elbow-chair, I ſee! take your Place in it, *Pamela*, and here I'll ſtand to anſwer all your Queſtions.

No, Sir, that muſt not be. So I boldly led *him* to the Elbow-chair. You are the Judge, Sir: it is I that am to be try'd. Yet I will not ſay I am a Criminal. I know I am not. But that muſt be proved, Sir, you know.

Well,

Well, take your way, but I fear for your Head, my Dear, in all this.

I fear only my Heart, Sir, that's all: But there you muſt ſit—So here (retiring to the three Chairs, and leaning on the Backs, here) I ſtand.

And now, my deareſt Mr. *B.* you muſt begin firſt: When you ſhew'd me the Houſe of Peers, their Bar, at which Cauſes are heard, and ſometimes Peers are try'd, look'd awful to me, and the preſent Occaſion requires, that this ſhould. Now, dear Sir, you muſt be my Accuſer, as well as my Judge.

I have nothing to accuſe you of, my Dear, if I *muſt* give into your moving Whimſy. You are every thing I wiſh you to be. But for the laſt Month you have ſeem'd to be uneaſy, and have not done me the Juſtice to acquaint me with your Reaſons for it.

I was in hopes, Sir, my Reaſons might prove to be no Reaſons; and I would not trouble you with my ungrounded Apprehenſions. But now, Sir, we are come directly to the Point; and methinks I ſtand here, as *Paul* did before *Felix*; and like that poor Priſoner, if I, Sir, reaſon of *Righteouſneſs*, *Temperance* and *Judgment to come*, even to make you, as the great *Felix* did, tremble, don't put me off *to another Day*, to a *more convenient Seaſon*, as that Governor did *Paul*; for you muſt bear patiently with all I have to ſay.

Strange, uncommon Girl! how unaccountable is all this!—Pr'ythee, my Dear, and he pulled a Chair by him, Come and ſit down by me, and without theſe romantick Airs let me hear all you have to ſay; and teize me not with this Parade.

No, Sir, let me ſtand, if you pleaſe, while I *can* ſtand; when I am weary, I will ſit down at my Bar.

Now, Sir, as you are ſo good as to ſay, you have nothing but Change of Temper to accuſe me of, I am to anſwer to that, and aſſign a Cauſe; and I will do it without Evaſion, or Reſerve: But, I beſeech you, ſay not one Word, but Yes, or No, to my Queſtions,

Queſtions, till I have ſaid all I have to ſay; and then you ſhall find me all Silence and Reſignation.

Well, my ſtrange Dear!—But ſure your Head is a little turn'd!—What is your Queſtion?

Whether, Sir, the Nun—I ſpeak boldly; the Caſe requires it—who followed you at the Maſquerade every-where, is not the Counteſs of ———?

What then, my Dear? (ſpeaking with Quickneſs) —I *thought* the Occaſion of your Sullenneſs and Reſerve was this!—But, *Pamela*—

Nay, Sir, interrupted I, only Yes, or No, if you pleaſe: I will be all Silence by-and-by.

Yes, then.

Well, Sir, then let me *tell* you, for I *aſk* you not, (it may be too bold in me to multiply Queſtions) that ſhe *loves* you, that you correſpond by Letters with her—Yes, Sir, *before* that Letter from her Ladyſhip came, which you receiv'd from my Hand in ſo ſhort and angry a manner, for fear I ſhould have had a Curioſity to ſee its Contents, which would have been inexcuſable in me, I own, if I had. You have talked over to her all your Polygamy Notions, and her Ladyſhip ſeems ſo well convinc'd of them, that ſhe has declar'd to her noble Uncle, (who expoſtulated with her on the Occaſions ſhe gave for Talk) that ſhe had rather be a certain Gentleman's ſecond Wife, than the firſt to the greateſt Man in *England*; and you are but juſt return'd from a Journey to *Tunbridge*, in which that Lady was a Party; and the Motive for it, I am acquainted with, by a Letter here in my Hand.

He was diſpleaſed, and frowned: I look'd down, being reſolv'd not to be terrified, if I could help it.

I have caution'd you, *Pamela*—

I know you have, Sir, interrupted I; but be pleaſed to anſwer me, Has not the Counteſs taken a Houſe or Lodgings at *Tunbridge*?

She has:—And what then?

And is her Ladyſhip there, or in Town?

There:—And what then?

Are

Are you to go to *Tunbridge*, Sir, ſoon, or not? Be pleaſed to anſwer me but that one Queſtion.

I will know, riſing up in Anger, your Informants, *Pamela*.

Dear Sir, ſo you ſhall, in proper Time; you ſhall know all, as ſoon as I am convinc'd, that your Wrath will not be attended with bad Conſequences to yourſelf and others. That is wholly the Cauſe of my Reſerve in this Point; for I have not a Thought, and never had, ſince I have been yours, that I wiſh to be concealed from you.—But, dear Sir, your Knowledge of the Informants makes nothing at all as to the Truth of the Information.—Nor will I preſs you too home. I doubt not, you are ſoon to go down to *Tunbridge* again.

I *am*: And what then?—Muſt the Conſequence be Crime enough to warrant your Jealouſy?

Dear Sir, don't be ſo very angry, ſtill looking down; for I durſt not truſt myſelf to look up. I don't do this, as you charged me in your Letter, in a Spirit of matrimonial Recrimination: If you don't *tell* me that you ſee the Counteſs with Pleaſure, I *aſk* it not of you; nor have I any thing to ſay by way of Upbraiding. 'Tis my Misfortune, that ſhe is too lovely, and too attractive; and it is the leſs Wonder, that a fine young Gentleman as you are, and a fine young Lady as ſhe is, ſhould engage one another's Affections.

I knew all this, except what this Letter, which you ſhall read preſently, communicates, when you brought the two noble Siſters to viſit me: Hence proceeded my Grief; and ſhould I, Sir, have deſerv'd to be what I am, if I was *not* griev'd? Religion has helped me, Sir, and God has anſwer'd my Supplications, to inable me to act this new and uncommon Part before you, at this imaginary Bar. You ſhall ſee, Sir, that as, on one hand, I want not, as I ſaid before, to move your Paſſions in my Favour; ſo, on the other, I ſhall not be terrified by your Diſpleaſure, dreaded by me as it uſed to be, and as it will be again, the Moment that my raiſed Spirits ſink

ſink down to their uſual Level; or are diverted from this my long meditated Purpoſe, to tell you all my Mind.

I repeat then, Sir, that I knew all this, when the two noble Siſters came to viſit your poor Girl, and your *Billy*. Yet, *grave*, as the Counteſs called me, (dear Sir! might I not well be grave, knowing what I knew?) did I betray any Impatience of Speech or Action, any Diſcompoſure?

No, Sir, putting my Hand on my Breaſt, *here* all the Diſcompoſure lay, ſtruggling, vehemently ſtruggling, now and then, and wanting that Vent at my Eyes, which, it ſeems, (overcome by my Joy, to hear myſelf favourably ſpoken of by you and the Lady) it *too ſoon* made itſelf. But I could not help it—You might have ſeen, Sir, I could not!

But I want neither to recriminate, nor expoſtulate, nor yet, Sir, to form Excuſes for my general Conduct; for that you accuſe not in the main.—But be pleaſed, Sir, to read this Letter. It was brought by the Penny-poſt, as you'll ſee by the Mark. Who the Writer is, I know not. And did *you*, Sir, that Knowledge, and your Reſentment upon it, will not alter the Fact, or give it a more favourable Appearance.

I ſtepp'd to him, and giving him the Letter, came back to my Bar, and ſat down on one of the Chairs while he read it, drying my Eyes; for they would overflow as I talked, do what I could.

He was much moved at the Contents of this Letter. Called it d——n'd Malice, and hoped he might find out the Author of it, ſaying he would adverti ſe 500 Guineas Reward for the Diſcoverer.

He put the Letter in his Pocket. Well, *Pamela*, you believe all that you have ſaid, no doubt; and this matter has a black Appearance indeed, if you do. But who was your *firſt* Informant? Was that by Letter, or perſonally? That d——n'd *Turner*, I doubt not, is at the Bottom of all this. The vain Coxcomb has had the Inſolence to imagine the Counteſs would favour an Addreſs of his; and is inraged to meet with a Repulſe; and has taken Liberties

berties upon it, that have given Birth to all the Scandals which have been ſcatter'd about on this Occaſion. Nor do I doubt, but he has been the Serpent at the Ear of my *Eve*.

I ſtood up at my Bar, and ſaid, Don't be too haſty, Sir, in your Judgment—You *may* be miſtaken.

But *am* I miſtaken, *Pamela*? —You never yet told me an Untruth in Caſes the moſt arduous. *Am* I miſtaken?

Dear Sir, if I ſhould tell you it is *not* Mr. *Turner*, you'll gueſs at ſomebody elſe: And what avails all this to the Matter in Hand? You are your own Maſter, and muſt ſtand and fall by your own Conſcience. God grant, that *that* may acquit you!—But my intention is not either to accuſe or upbraid you.

But, my Dear, to the Fact then: This is a malicious and a villainous Piece of Intelligence! given you, perhaps, for the ſake of Deſigns and Views, that may not yet be proper to be avow'd.

By God's Grace, Sir, I defy all Deſigns and Views of any one, upon my Honour!

But, my Dear, the Charge is baſely falſe: We have not agreed upon any ſuch way of Life.

Well, Sir, all this only proves, that the Intelligence may be a little premature. But now let me, Sir, ſit down one Minute or two, to recover my failing Spirits, and then I'll tell you all I propoſe to do, and all I have to ſay, and that with as much Brevity as I can, for fear neither my Head nor my Heart ſhould perform the Parts I have been ſo long endeavouring to prevail upon them to perform.

I ſat down then, he taking the Letter out of his Pocket, and looking upon it again, with much Vexation and Anger in his Countenance; and after a few Tears and Sobs, that would needs be ſo officious as to offer their Service, unbidden and undeſired, to introduce what I had to ſay; I roſe up, my Feet trembling, as well as my Knees; which however, leaning againſt the Seats of the Chairs, which, made my Bar, as my Hand, held by the Back, tolerably ſuppor-

ſupported me, I cleared my Voice, wiped my Eyes, and ſaid:

You have all the Excuſes, dear Mr. *B.* that a Gentleman can have, in the Object of your preſent Paſſion.

Preſent Paſſion, *Pamela*!

Dear Sir, hear me out, without Interruption.

The Counteſs is a charming Lady. She excels your poor Girl in all thoſe outward Graces of Form, that your kind Fancy (more valu'd by me than the Opinion of all the World beſides) had made you attribute to me. And ſhe has all thoſe additional Advantages, as Nobleneſs of Birth, of Alliance, and Deportment, which I want (Happy for you, Sir, that you had known her Ladyſhip ſome Months ago, before you diſgrac'd yourſelf by the Honours you have done me!). This, therefore, frees you from the aggravated Crime of thoſe, who prefer to their own Ladies leſs amiable and leſs deſerving Perſons; and I have not the ſting that theſe muſt have, who are contemn'd and ill-treated for their Inferiors. Yet cannot the Counteſs love you better than your Girl; not even for your Perſon, which muſt, I doubt, be *her* principal Attachment; when I can truly ſay, all noble and attracting to the outward Eye as you are, that is the leaſt Conſideration by far with me: No, Sir, it is your Mind, your generous and beneficent Mind, that is the principal Object of my Affection; and the Pride I took in hoping, that I might be an humble Means, in the Hands of Providence, to bleſs you *hereafter* as well as *here*, gave me more Joy than all the Bleſſings I reaped from your Name or your Fortune. Judge then, my deareſt Mr. *B.* what my Grief and my Diſappointment muſt be!

But I will not expoſtulate; I *will not*, becauſe it muſt be to no Purpoſe; for could my Fondneſs for you, and my watchful Duty to you, have kept you ſteady, I ſhould not now have appear'd before you in this ſolemn manner; and I know the Charms of my Rivaleſs are too powerful for me to contend with. Nothing but Divine Grace can touch your Heart; and

and that I expect not, from the Nature of the Caſe, ſhould be inſtantaneous.

I will therefore, Sir, dear as you are to me, (don't look with ſuch tender Surprize upon me!) give up your Perſon to my happier, to my *worthier* Rivaleſs. For, ſince ſuch is your Will, and ſuch ſeem to be your Engagements, what avails it me to oppoſe them?

I have only to beg, therefore, that you will be ſo good as to permit me to go down to *Kent*, to my dear Parents, who, with many more, are daily rejoicing in your Favour and Bounty.

I will there (holding up my folded Hands) pray for you every Hour of my Life; and for every one, who ſhall be dear to you, not excepting your charming Counteſs.

I will never take your Name into my Lips, nor ſuffer any other in my Hearing, but with Reverence and Gratitude, for the Good I and mine *have* reap'd at your Hands; nor will I wiſh to be freed from my Obligations to you, except you ſhall chuſe to be divorced from me; and if you ſhould, I will give your Wiſhes all the Forwardneſs that I honourably can, with regard to my own Character, and yours, and that of my beloved Baby.

But you muſt give me ſomething worth living for along with me; your *Billy* and mine!— Unleſs it is your Deſire to kill me quite; and then, 'tis done, and nothing will ſtand in your happy Counteſs's Way, if you tear from my Arms my *ſecond* earthly Good, after I am depriv'd of You, my *firſt*.

I will there, Sir, dedicate all my Time to my firſt Duties; happier far, than once I could have hoped to be! And if, by any Accident, any Miſunderſtanding, between you, you ſhould part by Conſent, and you will have it ſo, my Heart will be ever yours, and my Hopes will be reſum'd of being an Inſtrument ſtill for your future Good, and I will receive your returning ever valu'd Heart, as if nothing had happen'd, the Moment I can be ſure it will be wholly mine.

For,

For, think not, dear Sir, whatever be your Notions of Polygamy, that I will, were my Life to depend upon it, conſent to live with a Gentleman, dear as, God is my Witneſs, (lifting up my tearful Eyes) you are to me, who lives in what I cannot but think open Sin with another! You *know*, Sir, and I appeal to you for the Purity, and I will aver Piety, of my Motives, when I ſay this, that I *would not*; and as you do know this, I cannot doubt, but my Propoſal will agreeable to you both. And I beg of you, dear Sir, to take me at my Word! and don't let me be tortur'd, as I have been ſo many Weeks, with ſuch Anguiſh of Mind, that nothing but religious Conſiderations can make ſupportable to me.

And are you in Earneſt, *Pamela*? ſaid the dear Gentleman, coming to me, and ſolding me in his Arms over the Chair's Back, the Seat of which ſupported my trembling Knees—Can you ſo eaſily part with me?

I can, Sir, and I will!—rather than divide my Intereſt in you, knowingly, with any Lady on Earth. But ſay not, however, Can I part with you, Sir; it is you that part with me; And tell me, Sir, tell me, but what you had intended ſhould become of me?

You talk to me, my deareſt Life, as if all you had heard againſt me was true; and you would have me anſwer you, (would you?) as if it was?

I want nothing to convince me, Sir, that the Counteſs loves you: You know the reſt of my Information: Judge for me, what I can, what I ought to believe!—You know the Rumours of the World concerning you: Even I, who ſtay ſo much at home, and have not taken the leaſt Pains to find out my Wretchedneſs, nor to confirm it, ſince I knew it, have come to the Hearing of it; and if you know the Licenſe taken with both your Characters, and yet correſpond ſo openly, muſt it not look to me, that you value not your Honour in the World's Eye, nor my Lady hers? I told you, Sir, the Anſwer ſhe made to her Uncle.

You

You told me, my Dear, as you were told. Be tender of a Lady's Reputation—for your own ſake. No one is exempted from Calumny; and even Words ſaid, and the Occaſion of ſaying them not known, may bear a very different Conſtruction from what they would have done, had the Occaſion been told.

This may be all true, Sir: I wiſh my Lady would be as tender of her Reputation as I would be, let her injure me in your Affections as ſhe will. But can you ſay, Sir, that there is nothing between you, that ſhould *not* be, according to *my* Notions of Virtue and Honour, and according to your *own*, Sir, which I took Pride in, before that fatal Maſquerade?

You anſwer me not, continu'd I; and may I not fairly preſume you are not able to anſwer me as I wiſh to be anſwer'd? But come, deareſt Sir, (and I put my Arms round his Neck) let me not urge you too boldly. I will never forget your Benefits and your paſt Kindneſs to me. I have been a happy Creature; no one, till within theſe few Weeks, was ever ſo happy as I. I will love you ſtill with a Paſſion as ardent as ever I loved you. Abſence cannot leſſen ſuch a Love as mine: I am ſure it cannot.

I ſee your Difficulties. You have gone too far to recede. If you can make it eaſy to your Conſcience, I will wait with Patience my happier Deſtiny; and I will wiſh to live, (if I can be convinc'd you wiſh me not to die) in order to pray for you, and to be a Directreſs to the firſt Education of my deareſt Baby.

You ſigh, dear Sir; repoſe your beloved Face next to my fond Heart. 'Tis all your own: And ever ſhall be, let it be worthy of the Honour in your Eſtimation or not.

But, yet, my dear Sir, if one could as eaſily, in the Prime of ſenſual Youth, look Twenty Years forward, as one can Twenty Years backward, what an empty Vanity, what a mere Nothing, will be all thoſe

thoſe groſſer Satisfactions, that now give Wings of Deſire to our debaſed Appetites?

Motives of Religion *will* have their due Force upon *your* Mind one Day, I hope; as, bleſſed be God, they have enabled *me* to talk to you on ſuch a touching Point (after infinite Struggles, I own) with ſo much Temper and Reſignation; and then, my deareſt Mr. *B.* when we come to that laſt Bed, from which the Piety of our Friends ſhall lift us, but from which, we ſhall never be able to raiſe ourſelves; for, dear Sir, your Counteſs, and you, and your poor *Pamela*, muſt all come to this!—we ſhall find what it is will give us the true Joy, and inable us to ſupport the Pangs of the dying Hour!—Think you my deareſt Sir, and I preſſed my Lips to his Forehead, as his Head was reclin'd on my throbbing Boſom, that *then*, in that important Moment, what now gives us ſo much Pleaſure, will have any Part in our Conſideration, but as it may give us Woe or Comfort in the Reflection?

But, I will not, I will not, O beſt Beloved of my Soul, thus afflict you!—Why ſhould *I* thus ſadden all your gaudy Proſpects? I have ſaid enough to ſuch a Heart as yours, if Divine Grace touches it. And if not all I can ſay, will be of no Avail!—I will leave you therefore to That, and to your own Reflections. And after giving you ten thouſand Thanks for your kind, your indulgent Patience with me, I will only beg, that I may ſet out in a Week for *Kent*, with my dear *Billy*; that you will receive one Letter from me, at leaſt, of Gratitude and Bleſſings; it ſhall not be of Upbraidings and Exclamations.

But my Child you muſt not deny me; for I ſhall haunt, like his ſhadow, every Place wherein you ſhall put my *Billy*, if you ſhould be ſo unkind to deny him to me!—And if, moreover, you will permit me to have the dear Miſs *Goodwin* with me, as you had almoſt given me room to hope, I will read over all the Books of Education, and digeſt them as well as I am able, in order to ſend you my Scheme, and to ſhew you how fit I hope your

Indulgence, at leaſt, will make you think me, of having two ſuch precious Truſts repoſed in me!

I was ſilent, waiting in Tears his Anſwer. But his generous Heart was touch'd, and ſeem'd to labour within him for Expreſſion.

He came round to me at laſt, and took me in his Arms: Exalted Generoſity! ſaid he; Noble-minded *Pamela!* Let no bar be put between us henceforth! No Wonder, when one looks back to thy firſt promiſing Dawn of Excellence, that thy fuller Day ſhould thus irreſiſtibly dazzle ſuch weak Eyes as mine. Whatever it coſts me, and I have been inconſiderately led on by blind Paſſion for an Object too charming, but which I never thought equal to my *Pamela*, I will (for it is yet, I bleſs God, in my Power) reſtore to your Virtue an Husband all your own.

Oh! Sir, Sir, (and I ſhould have ſunk down with Joy, had not his kind Arms ſupported me) what have you ſaid?—Can I be ſo happy as to behold you innocent as to Deed; God, of his infinite Goodneſs, continue you both ſo!—And Oh! that the dear Lady would make me as truly love her, for the Graces of her Mind, as I admire her for the Advantages of her Perſon!

You are Virtue itſelf, my deareſt Life; and from this Moment I will reverence you as my tutelary Angel. I ſhall behold you with Awe, and implicitly give up myſelf to all your Dictates; for what you *ſay*, and what you *do*, muſt be ever right,—But I will not, my deareſt Life, too laviſhly promiſe, leſt you ſhould think it the ſudden effect of Paſſions thus movingly touch'd, and which may ſubſide again, when the Soul, as you obſerv'd in your own Caſe, ſinks to its former Level: But this I promiſe you, (and I hope you believe me, and will pardon the Pain I have given you, which made me fear, more than once, that your dear Head was affected, ſo uncommon, yet ſo like yourſelf, has been the manner of your acting) that I will break off a Correſpondence, that has given you ſo much Uneaſineſs; And my *Pamela* may believe, that if I can be as good

as

as my Word in this Point, ſhe will never more be in Danger of any Rivaleſs whatever.

But ſay, my dear Love, (added the charming, charming Man) ſay you forgive me; and reſume but your former chearfulneſs, and affectionate Regards to me; elſe I ſhall ſuſpect the Sincerity of your Forgiveneſs: and you ſhall indeed go to *Kent*; but not without me, nor your Boy neither; and if you inſiſt upon it, the poor Miſs, you have wiſh'd ſo often and ſo generouſly to have, ſhall be given up abſolutely to your Diſpoſal.

Do you think, my Lady, I could ſpeak any one diſtinct Sentence! No indeed I could not—Pardon! Pardon *You*, dear Sir!——and I ſunk down on my Knees, from his Arms—All I beg—All I hope—*Your* Pardon—*my* Thankfulneſs.—O ſpare me—ſpare me but Words———And indeed I was juſt choak'd with my Joy; I never was ſo in my whole Life before. And my Eyes were fixed, as the dear Gentleman told me; for he was a little ſtartled, ſeeing nothing but the Whites; for the Sight was out of its Orbits, in a manner, lifted up to Heaven—in Ecſtaſy for a Turn ſo unexpected!

We were forced to ſeparate ſoon after; for there was no bearing each other. ſo exceſſive was my Joy, and his Goodneſs. He left me, and went down to his own Cloſet.

Judge my Imployment you will, I am ſure, my dear Lady. I had new Ecſtacy to be bleſt with, in a Joy and Thankfulneſs ſo exalted, that they left me all light and pleaſant, as if I had ſhook off Body, and trod in Air; ſo much Heavineſs had I loſt, and ſo much Joy had I received! From two ſuch Extremes, how was it poſſible I could preſently hit the Medium!——For when I had given up my beloved Husband, as loſt to me, and had dreaded the Conſequences to his future State; to find him not only untainted as to Deed, but, in all Probability, mine upon better and ſurer Terms than ever—O, Madam! is not this a Joy beyond all Joy, and ſurpaſſing all Expreſſion!

About Eight o'Clock, my dear Mr. *B.* ſent me up theſe Lines from his Cloſet, which will explain what I meant as to the Papers I muſt beg your Ladyſhip to return me.

My dear PAMELA,

"I HAVE ſo much real Concern at the Anguiſh "I have given you, and am ſo much affected "with the Recollection of the uncommon Scenes "between us, juſt now, that I write, becauſe I know "not how to look ſo excellent a Creature in the "Face.—You muſt therefore ſup without me, and "take your Mrs. *Jervis* to Bed with you; who, I "doubt not, knows all this Affair; and you may "tell her the happy Event. You muſt not interfere "with me juſt now, my Dear, while I am writing "upon a Subject which takes up all my Attention; "and which requiring great Delicacy, I may, poſſi-"bly, be all Night, before I can pleaſe myſelf in it. "I am determin'd, abſolutely, to make good my "Promiſe to you. But if you have written to your "Mother, to Miſs *Darnford*, or to Lady *Davers*, "any thing of this Affair, you muſt ſhew me the "Copies of your Letters, and let me into every "Tittle how you came by your Information.— "I ſolemnly promiſe you, on my Honour, (that "has not yet been violated to you, and I hope never "will) that not a Soul ſhall know or ſuffer by the "Communication, not even *Turner*; for I am con-"fident he has had ſome Hand in it. This Requeſt "you muſt comply with, if you can confide in me; "for I ſhall make ſome Uſe of it, (as prudent an one "as I am able) for the ſake of every one concern'd, "in the Concluſion of the Correſpondence between "the Lady and myſelf. Whatever you may have "ſaid, in the Bitterneſs of your Heart, in the Letters "I require to ſee, or whatever any of thoſe, to "whom they are directed, ſhall ſay, on the bad "Proſpect, ſhall be forgiven, and look'd upon as "deſerv'd, by

Your ever obliged and faithful, &c.

I return'd

I return'd the following :

Deareſt, dear Sir,

" I WILL not break in upon you, while you are " ſo importantly imploy'd. Mrs. *Jervis* has indeed " ſeen my Concern for ſome Time paſt, and has " heard Rumours, as I know by Hints ſhe has from " Time to Time given me; but her Prudence, and " my Reſerves, have kept us from ſaying any thing " to one another of it. Neither my Mother, nor " Miſs *Darnford*, know a Tittle of it from me. I " have received a Letter of Civility from Miſs, and " have anſwer'd it, taking and giving Thanks for " the Pleaſure of each other's Company, and beſt " Reſpects from her, and the *Lincolnſhire* Families, " to your dear Self. Theſe, my Copy, and her " Original, you ſhall ſee when you pleaſe. But, " in Truth, all that has paſſed, is between Lady " *Davers* and me, and I have not kept Copies of " mine; but I will diſpatch a Meſſenger to her " Ladyſhip for them, if you pleaſe, in the Morn- " ing before 'tis Light; not doubting your kind " Promiſe of excuſing every Thing and every Body. " I beg, dear Sir, you will take care your Health " ſuffers not by your ſitting up; for the Nights " are cold and damp. I will, now you have given " me the Liberty, let Mrs. *Jervis* know how " happy you have made me, by diſſipating my " Fears, and the idle Rumours, as I ſhall call them " to her, of Calumniators. God bleſs you, dear " Sir, for your Goodneſs and Favour to

" *Your ever dutiful*

" P. B."

He was pleaſed to return me this :

" *My dear Life*,

" YOU need not be in ſuch haſte to ſend. I " you write to Lady *Davers*, how the Mat-

" ter has ended, let me ſee the Copy of it. And " be very particular in *your*, or rather *my* Trial. " It ſhall be a ſtanding Leſſon to me for my future " Inſtruction, as it will be a freſh Demonſtration of " your Excellence, which every Hour I more and " more admire. I am glad Lady *Davers* only knows " the Matter. I think I ought to avoid ſeeing you, " till I can aſſure you, that every thing is accom- " modated to your Deſire. *Longman* has ſent me " ſome Advices, that will make it proper for me to " meet him at *Bedford* or *Glouceſter*. I will not " go to *Tunbridge*, till I have all your Papers; and " ſo you'll have three Days time to procure them. " your Boy, and your Penmanſhip, will find you no " diſagreeable Imployment till I return. Never- " the'eſs, on ſecond Thoughts, I will do myſelf the " Pleaſure of breakfaſting with you in the Morning, " to re-aſſure you of my unalterable Purpoſe, to ap- " prove myſelf,

" *My deareſt Life,*

" *Ever faithfully Yours.*"

Thus, I hope, is happily ended this dreadful Affair. My next ſhall inform your Ladyſhip of the Particulars of our Breakfaſt Converſation. But I would not ſlip this Poſt, without acquainting you with this bleſſed Turn; and to beg the Favour to ſend me back my Letters, which will lay a new Obligation upon,

Dear Madam,

Your obliged Siſter, and humble Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XXXVI.

My deareſt Lady,

YOUR joyful Correſpondent has obtained Leave to get every thing ready to quit *London* by *Friday* next, when your kind Brother promiſes to carry me down to *Kent*, and allows me to take my Charmer

Charmer with me. There's Happineſs for you, Madam! To ſee, as I hope I ſhall ſee, upon one bleſſed Spot, a dear faithful Huſband, a beloved Child, and a Father and Mother whom I ſo much love and honour!

Mr. *B.* told me this voluntarily, this Morning at Breakfaſt; and then, in the kindeſt manner, he took Leave of me, and ſet out for *Bedfordſhire.*

But I ſhould, according to my Promiſe, give your Ladyſhip a few Particulars of our Breakfaſt Conference.

I bid *Polly* withdraw, when her Maſter came up to Breakfaſt; and I ran to the Door to meet him, and threw myſelf on my Knees: O forgive me, deareſt, dear Sir, all my Boldneſs of Yeſterday!—My Heart was ſtrangely affected—or I could not have acted as I did. But never fear, my deareſt Mr. *B.* that my future Conduct ſhall be different from what it uſed to be, or that I ſhall keep up to a Spirit, that you hardly thought had Place in the Heart of your dutiful *Pamela*, till ſhe was thus ſeverely try'd.

I have weigh'd well your Conduct, my dear Life, ſaid the generous Gentleman, raiſing me to his Boſom; and I find an Uniformity in it, that is ſurpriſingly juſt.

There is in your Compoſition indeed, the ſtrangeſt Mixture of Meekneſs and high Spirit, that ever I met with. Never was a ſaucier dear Girl, than you, in your Maiden Days, when you thought your Honour in Danger: Never a more condeſcending Goodneſs, when your Fears were at an End. Now again, when you had Reaſon, as you believ'd, to apprehend a Conduct in me, unworthy of my Obligations to you, and of your Purity, you riſe in your Spirit, with a Dignity that becomes an injured Perſon; and yet you forget not, in the Height of your Reſentments, that angelick Sweetneſs of Temper, and Readineſs to forgive, which ſo well become a Lady who lives as you live,

and practiſes what you practiſe. My deareſt *Pamela*, I ſee, continued he, ſerves not GOD for nought: In a better Senſe I ſpeak it, than the Maligner ſpoke it of *Job*: Since in every Action and Motion of yours, the heavenly Direction you ſo conſtantly invoke, ſhews itſelf thus beautifully.

And now again, this charming Condeſcenſion, the Moment you are made eaſy, is an Aſſurance that your affectionate Sweetneſs is return'd: And I cannot fear any thing, but that I ſhall never be able to deſerve it.

He led me to the Tea-Table, and ſat down cloſe by me. *Polly* came in. If every thing, ſaid he, be here, that your Lady wants, you may withdraw; and let Mr. *Colbrand* and *Abraham* know I ſhall be with them preſently. Nobody ſhall wait upon me but you, my Dear.

Polly withdrew.

You are all Goodneſs, Sir: And how generouſly, how kindly, do you account for that Mixture in my Temper you ſpeak of!—Depend upon it, dear Sir, that I will never grow upon this your Indulgence.

I always *lov'd* you, my Deareſt, ſaid he, and that with a paſſionate Fondneſs, which has not, I dare ſay, many Examples in the marry'd Life: But I revere you now. And ſo great is my Reverence for your Virtue, that I choſe to ſit up all Night, as now to leave you for a few Days, until, by diſingaging myſelf from all Intercourſes that have given you Uneaſineſs, I can convince you, that I have render'd myſelf as worthy as I can be of ſuch an Angel, even upon your own Terms. I will account to you, continued he, for every Step I *ſhall* take, and will reveal to you every Step I *have* taken: For this I can do, becauſe the Lady's Honour is untainted, and wicked Rumour has treated her worſe than ſhe could deſerve.

I told him, that ſince *he* had been pleaſed to name my Lady, I would take the Liberty to ſay, I was glad, for her own ſake, to hear that. He changing

changing the Subject a little precipitately, as if it gave him Pain, told me, as above, that I might prepare on *Friday* for *Kent*; and I parted with him, with greater Joy and Gratitude than ever I did in my Life. So neceſſary ſometimes are afflictions, not only to teach one how to ſubdue one's Paſſions, and to make us, in our happieſt States, know we are ſtill on Earth, but even when they are over-blown, to augment and redouble our Joys.

I am now giving Orders, my dear Lady, for my beloved Journey, and quitting this undelightful Town, as it has been, and is, to me. My next will be from *Kent*, I hope; and perhaps I ſhall then have an Opportunity to acquaint your Ladyſhip with the Particulars, and (if GOD anſwers my Prayers) the Concluſion of the Affair, which has given me ſo much Uneaſineſs. Mean time, I am, with the greateſt Gratitude, for the kind Share you have taken in my paſt Afflictions, my good Lady,

Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt obliged Siſter, and Servant,
P. B.

LETTER XXXVII.

My deareſt PAMELA,

INcloſed are all the Letters you ſend for. I rejoice with you upon the Turn this afflicting Affair has taken, thro' your inimitable Prudence, and a Courage I thought not in you.—A Wretch!—to give you ſo much Diſcompoſure.—But I will not, if he be good now, rave againſt him, as I was going to do— I am impatient to hear what Account he gives of the Matter. I hope he will be able to abandon this—I won't call her Names; for ſhe loves the Wretch; and that, if he be juſt to *you*, will be her Puniſhment.

What Care ought theſe young Widows to take of their Reputation?—And how watchful ought they

to be over themſelves?—She was hardly out of her Weeds, and yet muſt go to a Maſquerade, and tempt her Fate, with all her Paſſions about her, with an Independence, and an Affluence of Fortune, that made her able to think of nothing but gratifying them.

Then her Lord and ſhe had been marry'd but barely Two Years; and one of them, ſhe was forc'd, with the gayeſt Temper in the World, to be his Nurſe: For, always inclin'd to a conſumptive Indiſpoſition, he languiſh'd, without Hope, a Twelvemonth, and then dy'd.

She has good Qualities—is generous—noble—but has ſtrong Paſſions, and is thoughtleſs and precipitant.

My Lord came home to me laſt *Tueſday*, with a long Story of my Brother and her; for I had kept the Matter as ſecret as I could, for his ſake and yours. It ſeems, he had it from Sir *John*—Uncle to the young Lord *C.* who is very earneſt to bring on a Treaty of Marriage between her and his Nephew, who is in Love with her, and is a fine young Gentleman: but has held back, on the Liberties ſhe has lately given herſelf with my Brother. I hope ſhe is innocent, as to Fact; but I know not what to ſay to it. He ought to be hang'd, if he did not ſay ſhe was. Yet I have a great Opinion of his Veracity: And yet he is ſo bold a Wretch!—And her Inconſideration is ſo great!—

But leſt I ſhould alarm your Fears, I will wait till I have the Account he gives you of this dark Affair; till when, I congratulate you upon the Leave you have obtain'd to quit the Town, and on your ſetting out for a Place ſo much nearer to *Tunbridge* (forgive me, *Pamela*, but he is an intriguing Wretch, and I would not have you to be too ſecure, leſt the Diſappointment ſhould be worſe for you, than what you knew before): For aſſure yourſelf, that I am, in all Caſes and Events,

Your affectionate Siſter and Admirer,

B. DAVERS.

P. S.

P. S. Your *Bar*, and ſome other Parts of your Conduct in your Trial, as you call it, make me (as, by your Account, it ſeemed to do him) apprehenſive, that you would hardly have been able to have kept your Intellect ſo untouched as were to be wiſh'd, had this Affair proceeded. And this, as it would have been the moſt deplorable Misfortune that could have befallen us, who love and admire you ſo juſtly, redoubles my Joy, that it is likely to end ſo happily. GOD ſend it may!

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Mrs. B. *to Lady* DAVERS.

My deareſt Lady,

MR. *B.* with great Goodneſs came back from *Bedfordſhire* to his Time. Every thing being in Readineſs, we ſet out, my Baby, and his Nurſe, and *Polly*, and *Rachel*, in the Coach. Mr. *B.* and myſelf in the Chariot. The other Maids are to go down with Mrs. *Jervis*, when every thing in *London* is ſettled by her Direction, to *Bedfordſhire*; and all the Men-ſervants too, except Mr. *Jonathan*, and *Abraham* and *John*, who went down with us on Horſeback; as alſo did Mr. *Colbrand*.

We were met by my Father and Mother in a Chaiſe and Pair, that your dear Brother had, unknown to me, preſented to them, that they might often take the Air together, and go to Church in it, (which is at ſome Diſtance from them) on *Sundays*. The Driver is cloathed in a good brown Cloth Suit, but no Livery; for that my Parents could not have borne, as Mr. *B.*'s Goodneſs made him conſider.

Your Ladyſhip muſt needs think, how much we were all overjoy'd at this Meeting: For my own Part, I cannot expreſs how much I was tranſported when we arrived at the Farm-houſe, to ſee all I delighted in, upon one happy Spot together!

Mr.

Mr. *B.* is much pleaſed with the Alterations made here*, and it is a ſweet, rural, and convenient Place.

We were at Church together on *Sunday*, and welcom'd into theſe Parts by the Bells, and by the Miniſter, and the People of moſt Note.

Mr. *B.* is to ſet out on *Tueſday* for *Tunbridge*, with my Papers. A happy Iſſue attend that Affair, I pray GOD! He has given me the following Particulars of it, to the Time of my Trial, beginning at the Maſquerade.

He ſays, That at the Maſquerade, when, pleaſed with the fair Nun's Shape, Air, and Voice, he had followed her to a Corner moſt unobſerved, ſhe ſaid, in *Italian*, Why are my Retirements invaded, audacious *Spaniard?*

Becauſe, reply'd he, my dear Nun, I hope you would have it ſo.

I can no otherwiſe, return'd ſhe, ſtrike dead thy bold Preſumption, t! .a to ſhew thee my Scorn and Anger thus — And unmaſking, ſhe ſurpris'd me, ſaid Mr. *B.* with a Face as beautiful, but not ſo ſoft, as my *Pamela*'s!—And I, ſaid Mr. *B.* to ſhew I can defy your Reſentment, will ſhew you a Countenance as intrepid, as yours is lovely. And ſo he drew aſide his Maſk too.

He ſays, he obſerved his fair Nun followed, whereever ſhe went, by a maſk habited like *Teſtimony* in *Sir Courtly Nice*, whoſe Attention was fixed upon them; and he doubted not, that it was Mr. *Turner*. So he and the fair Nun, took different Ways, and he joined me and Miſs *Darnford*, and found me ingag'd in the manner I related to your Ladyſhip; and his Nun at his Elbow, unexpected.

That afterwards, as he was ingag'd in *French* with a Lady who had the Dreſs of an *Indian* Princeſs, and the Maſk of an *Ethiopian*, his fair Nun ſaid,

* *See* Vol. III. *Letter* I.

ſaid, in broken *Spaniſh*, Art thou at all Complections?—By St. *Ignatius*, I believe thou'rt a Rover!

I am trying, reply'd he, in *Italian*, whether I can meet with any Lady comparable to my lovely Nun.

And what is the Reſult?

Not one; no, not one.

I wiſh you could not help being in Earneſt, ſaid ſhe; and ſlid from him.

He ingag'd her next at the Side-board, drinking under her Veil a Glaſs of Champaign. You know, *Pamela*, ſaid he, there never was a ſweeter Mouth in the World, than the Counteſs's, except your own. She drew away the Glaſs, as if, unobſerved by any body, to ſhew me the lower Part of her Face.

I cannot ſay, continued he, but I was ſtruck with her charming Manner, and an Unreſervedneſs of Air and Behaviour, that I had not before ſeen ſo becoming.—The Place, and the Freedom of Converſation and Deportment allowed there, gave her Manner great Advantages, in my Eye, altho' her Habit requir'd, as I thought, continued he, a little more Gravity and Circumſpection: And I could not tell how to reſiſt a ſecret Pride and Vanity, which is but too natural to both Sexes, when they are taken notice of by Perſons ſo worthy of Regard.

Naturally fond of any thing that carry'd the Face of an Intrigue, I long'd to know, proceeded he, who this charming Nun was.—And next Time I ingag'd her, my good Siſter, ſaid I, how happy ſhould I be, if I might be admitted to a Converſation with you at your Grate?

Anſwer me, thou bold *Spaniard*, (for that was a Name ſhe ſeem'd fond to call me by, ſaid he, which gave me to imagine, that Boldneſs was a Qualification with which ſhe was not diſpleaſed: 'Tis not unuſual with our vain Sex, obſerved he, to conſtrue even Reproaches to our Advantage) is the Lady here, whoſe Shackles thou weareſt?

Do

Do I look like a Man ſhackled, my faireſt Nun?

N—No! not much like ſuch an one. But I fanſy thy Wife is either a *Widow*, or a *Quaker?*

Neither, reply'd I, taking, by Equivocation, her Queſtion literally.

And art thou not a marry'd Wretch? Anſwer me quickly!—We are obſerv'd.

No—ſaid I.

Swear to me, thou art not.—

By St. *Ignatius* then: For, my Dear, I was no *Wretch*, you know.

Enough! ſaid ſhe—and ſlid away; and the Fanatick would fain have ingag'd her, but ſhe avoided him as induſtriouſly.

Before I was aware, continued Mr. *B.* ſhe was at my Elbow, and, in *Italian*, ſaid, That fair Quaker yonder is the Wit of the Aſſemblée: Her Eyes ſeem always directed to thy Motions: And her Perſon ſhews ſome Intimacies have paſſed with ſomebody! Is it with thee?

It would be my Glory if it was, ſaid I, were her Face anſwerable to her Perſon.

Is it not?

I long to know, reply'd Mr. *B.*

I am glad thou doſt not.

I am glad to hear my fair Nun ſay that.

Doſt thou, ſaid ſhe, hate Shackles? Or is it, that thy Hour is not come?

I wiſh! reply'd he, this be not the Hour, the very Hour——pretending (naughty Gentleman!—What Ways theſe Men have!—) to ſigh.

She went again to the Side board, put her Handkerchief upon it. Mr. *B.* followed her, and obſerved all her Motions. She drank a Glaſs of Lemonade, as he of Burgundy; and a perſon in a Domine, who was ſuppoſed to be the King, taking every one's Attention, and Mr. *B.* eying her Handkerchief, which he doubted not ſhe laid on purpoſe to forget taking up, ſhe left it there; and ſlipping by him, he, unobſerv'd, as he believes, took it, and put it in his Pocket, and at one Corner found the

Cover

Cover of a Letter, To the Right Honourable the Counteſs Dowager of——.

That after this, the fair Nun was ſo ſhy, ſo reſerv'd, and ſeem'd ſo ſtudiouſly to avoid him, that he had no Opportunity to return her Handkerchief; and the Fanatick obſerving how ſhe ſhunned him, ſaid, in *French*, What, Monſieur, have you doſe to your Nun?

Found her to be a very Coquet; and told her ſo—and ſhe is offended.

How could you affront a Lady, reply'd he, with ſuch a *charming Face?*

By that, I had Reaſon to think, ſaid Mr. *B.* that he had ſeen her unmaſk; and I ſaid—It becomes not any Character, but that you wear, to pry into the Secrets of others, in order to make ill-natur'd Remarks, and perhaps to take ungentlemanly Advantages.

No Man would make that Obſervation, return'd he, whoſe Views would bear prying into.

I was nettled, ſaid Mr. *B.* at this warm Retort, and drew aſide my Maſk: Nor would any Man, who wore not a Maſk, tell me ſo!

He took not the Challenge, and ſlid from me, and I ſaw him no more that Night.

So, thought I, another Inſtance this might have been of the glorious Conſequences of Maſquerading.—O my Lady, theſe Maſquerades are abominable Things!——

The King, they ſaid, met with a free Speaker that Night: In Truth, I was not very ſorry for it; for if Monarchs will lay aſide their ſovereign Diſtinctions, and mingle thus in Maſquerade with the worſt as well as the higheſt (I cannot ſay *beſt*) of their Subjects, let 'em take the Conſequence.—Perhaps they might have a Chance to hear more Truth here than in their Palaces—the only Good that poſſibly can accrue from them—that is to ſay—If they made a good Uſe of it when they heard it. For, you ſee, my Monarch, tho' told the Truth, as it happened, received the Hint with more Reſentment than

than Thankfulneſs!——So, 'tis too likely, did the Monarchs of us both!

And now my Lady, you need not doubt, that ſo polite a Gentleman would find an Opportunity to return the Nun her Handkerchief!——To be ſure he would: For what Man of Honour would rob a Lady of any Part of her Apparel? And ſhould he that wanted to ſteal a Heart, content himſelf with a Handkerch.ef?—No, no, that was not to be expected—So what does he do, but, the very next Day, after Dinner, the ſooneſt Opportunity he could well take, becauſe of the late Hours the Night before, reſolve to purſue this Affair! Accordingly, the poor Quaker little thinking of the Matter, away goes her naughty *Spaniard*, to find out his Nun at her Grate, or in her Parlour rather.

He aſks for the Counteſs. Is admitted into the outward Parlour—Her Woman comes down; requires his Name, and Buſineſs. His Name he mentioned not. His Buſineſs was, to reſtore into her Lady's own Hand, ſomething ſhe had dropt the Night before—Was deſir'd to wait.

I ſhould have told your Ladyſhip, that he was dreſs'd very richly—having no Deſign at all, to make Conqueſts; no, not he!—O this wicked Love of Intrigue!—A kind of Olive-colour'd Velvet, and fine brocaded Waiſtcoat. I ſaid, when he took Leave of me, You're a charming Mr. *B.*—and ſaluted him, more preſſingly than he return'd it; but little did I think, when I plaited ſo ſmooth his rich-lac'd Ruffles, and Boſom, where he was going, or what he had in his plotting Heart.—He went in his own Chariot, that he did: So that he had no Deſign to conceal who he was—But Intrigue, a new Conqueſt, Vanity, Pride!——O theſe Men!—They had need talk of Ladies!—but it is half our own Fault; indeed it is, to encourage their Vanity!

Well, Madam, he waited till his Statelineſs was moved to ſend up again, That he would wait on her Ladyſhip ſome other Time.—So down ſhe came, dreſs'd moſt richly, Jewels in her Breaſt, and in her Hair,

Hair, and Ears,——But with a very reſerved and ſtately Air——He approached her——Methinks I ſee him, dear ſaucy Gentleman. You know, Madam, what a noble manner of Addreſs he has!

He took the Handkerchief, from his Boſom, with an Air; and kiſſing it, preſented it to her, ſaying, This happy Eſtray, thus reſtor'd, begs Leave, by me, to acknowledge its lovely Owner!

What mean you, Sir?——Who be you, Sir?——What mean you?

Your Ladyſhip will excuſe me: But I am incapable of meaning any thing but what is honourable.——(No to be ſure!)——This, Madam, you left laſt Night, when the Domine took up every one's Attention but mine, which was much better ingag'd; and I take the Liberty to reſtore it to you.

She turn'd to the Mark; a Coronet, at one Corner. Tis true, Sir, I ſee now it is one of mine: But ſuch a Trifle was not worthy of being brought by ſuch a Gentleman as you ſeem to be; nor of my Trouble to receive it in Perſon. Your Servant, Sir, might have delivered the Bagatelle to mine.

Nothing ſhould be called ſo, that belongs to the Counteſs of——

She was no Counteſs, Sir, that *dropt* that Handkerchief; and a Gentleman would not attempt to penetrate *unbecomingly*, thro' the Diſguiſes that a Lady thinks proper to aſſume, eſpecially at ſuch a Place, where every Inquiry ſhould begin and end.

This, Madam, from a Lady, who had unmaſked——becauſe *ſhe would not be known!*——Very pretty, indeed!——Oh! theſe ſlight Cobweb Airs of Modeſty! ſo eaſily ſeen thro'——Hence ſuch Advantages againſt us are taken by the Men.

She had looked out of her Window, and ſeen no Arms quartered with his own; for you know, my Lady, I would never permit any to be procured for me: So, ſhe doub ed not, it ſeems, but he was an unmarried Gentleman, as he had intimated to her the Night before.

He

He told her, it was impoſſible, after having had the Opportunity of ſeeing the fineſt Lady in the World, not to wiſh to ſee her again; and that he hop'd, he did not, *unbecomingly*, break thro' her Ladyſhip's Reſerves: Nor had he made any Inquiries either on the Spot, or off of it; having had a much better Direction by Accident.

As how, Sir? ſaid ſhe, as he told me, with ſo bewitching an Air, between Attentive and Pleaſant, that bold Gentleman, forgetting all manner of Diſtance, ſo early too! he claſped his Arms round her Waiſt, and ſaluted her, ſtruggling with Anger and Indignation, he ſays: But I think little of that!—Whence this Inſolence—How now, Sir!—Begone! were her Words, and ſhe rung the Bell; but he ſet his Back againſt the Door——(I never heard ſuch Boldneſs in my Life, Madam,!)— till ſhe would forgive him.—And it is plain, ſhe was not ſo angry as ſhe pretended; for her Woman coming, ſhe was calmer: *Neltborpe*, ſaid ſhe, fetch my Snuff-box, with the Lavender in it.

Her Woman went; and then ſhe ſaid, You told me, Sir, laſt Night, of your Intrepidneſs: I think you are the boldeſt Man I ever met with: But, Sir, ſurely you ought to know, that you are not now in the *Hay-market*.

I think, truly, Madam, the Lady might have ſav'd herſelf that ſpeech; for, upon my Word, they neither of them wore Maſks—Tho' they ought both to have put on one of Bluſhes——I am ſure I do for 'em, while I am writing.

Her irreſiſtible Lovelineſs ſerved for an Excuſe, that ſhe could not diſapprove from a Man ſhe diſliked not; and his irreſiſtible—may I ſay aſſurance, Madam?—found too ready an Excuſe.

Well, but, Sir, ſaid I, pray, when her Ladyſhip was made acquainted, that you were a marry'd Gentleman, how then?——I long to hear, how then!—Pray, did *ſhe* find it out, or did *you* tell her?

Patience, my Dear!

Well,

Well, pray, Sir, go on.—What was next?

Why, next, I put on a more reſpectful and tender Air: I would have taken her Hand indeed, but ſhe would not permit it; and when ſhe ſaw I would not go, till her Lavender Snuff came down, (for ſo I told her, and her Woman was not in Haſte) ſhe ſeated herſelf, and I took my Place by her, and began upon a Subject of a charming Lady I ſaw the Night before, after I had parted with her Ladyſhip, but not equal by any means to her: And I was confident this would engage her Attention; for I never knew the Lady, who thought herſelf handſome, that was not taken by this Topick. Flattery and Admiration, *Pamela*, are the two principal Engines by which our Sex make their firſt Approaches to yours; and if you liſten to us, we are ſure, either by the Sap or the Mine, to ſucceed, and blow you up, whenever we pleaſe, if we do but take care to ſuit ourſelves to your particular Foibles; or, to carry on the Metaphor, point our Batteries to your weak Side: For the ſtrongeſt Fortreſſes, my Dear, are weaker in one Place than another!——A fine thing, Sir, ſaid I, to be ſo learned a Gentleman!——I wiſh tho' you had always come honeſtly by your Knowledge, thought I.

When the Lavender Snuff came down, continued he, we were engaged in an agreeable Diſputation, that I had raiſed on purpoſe to excite her Oppoſition, ſhe having all the Advantage in it; and in order to give it up, when ſhe was intent upon it, as a mark of my Conſideration for her.

I the leſs wonder, Sir, ſaid I, at your Boldneſs (pardon the Word!) with ſuch a Lady, in your firſt Viſit, becauſe of her Freedoms, when maſk'd; her Unmaſking, and her Handkerchief, and Letter-cover. To be ſure the Lady, when ſhe ſaw next Day, ſuch a fine Gentleman, and ſuch an handſome Equipage, had little Reaſon, after her other Freedoms, to be ſo very nice with you, as to decline an inſnaring Converſation, calculated on purpoſe to engage her Attention, and to lengthen out your Viſit. But did ſhe not aſk you, who you were?

Her

Her Servants did of mine.——And her Woman (for I knew all afterwards, when we were better acquainted) came, and whiſpered her Lady, that I was Mr. *B.* of *Bedfordſhire*; and had an immenſe Eſtate, to which they were ſo kind as to add two or three thouſand Pounds a Year, out of pure Good-will to me: I thank them.

But pray, dear Sir, what had you in View in all this? Did you intend to carry this Matter at firſt, as far as ever you could?

I had, at firſt my Dear, no View, but ſuch as Pride and Vanity ſuggeſted to me. I was carried away by inconſideration, and the Love of Intrigue, without ſo much as giving myſelf any Thought about the Conſequences. The Lady, I obſerved, had abundance of fine Qualities. I thought I could converſe with her, on a very agreeable Foot; and her Honour, I knew, at any Time, would preſerve me mine, if ever I ſhould find it in Danger: And, in my Soul, I preferr'd my *Pamela* to all the Ladies on Earth, and queſtioned not, but that, and your Virtue, would be another Barrier to my Fidelity.

As to the Notion of *Polygamy*, I never, but in the Levity of Speech, and the Wantonneſs of Argument, like other lively young Fellows, who think they have wit to ſhew, when they advance ſomething out of the common way, had it in my Head. I thought myſelf doubly bound by the Laws of my Country, to diſcourage that way of Thinking, as I was a Five hundreth Part of one of the Branches of the Legiſlature; and inconſiderable as that is, yet it makes one too conſiderable, in my Opinion, to break thoſe Laws, one ſhould rather join one's Intereſt to inforce.

In a Word, therefore, Pride, Vanity, Thoughtleſſneſs, were my Miſguiders, as I ſaid. The Counteſs's Honour and Character, and your Virtue and Merit, my Dear, and my Obligations to you, were my Defences: But I find one ſhould avoid the firſt Appearances of Evil. One knows not one's own Strength. 'Tis preſumptuous to depend upon it, where

where Wit and Beauty are in the Way on one Side, and Youth and ſtrong Paſſions on the other.

You certainly, Sir, ſay right. But be pleaſed to tell me, what her Ladyſhip ſaid, when ſhe knew you were marry'd?

The Counteſs's Woman was in my Intereſt, and let me into ſome of her Lady's Secrets, having a great Share in her Confidence; and particularly acquainted me, how loth her Lady was to believe I was marry'd. I had paid her three Viſits in Town, and attended her once to her Seat upon the Foreſt, before ſhe heard that I was. But when ſhe was aſſured of it, and directed her *Neſthorpe* to aſk me about it, and I readily own'd it, ſhe was greatly incenſed, tho' nothing but general Civilities, and Intimacies not inconſiſtent with honourable Friendſhip, had paſſed between us. The Conſequences was, ſhe forbid me ever ſeeing her again, and ſet out with her Siſter, and the Viſcount, for *Tunbridge*, where ſhe ſtay'd about three Weeks.

I thought I had already gone too far, and blamed myſelf for permitting her Ladyſhip ſo long to believe me a ſingle Man; and here the Matter had dropp'd, in all Probability, had not a Ball, given by Lord—, to which, unknown to each other, we were both, as alſo the Viſcounteſs, invited, brought us again into one another's Company. The Lady withdrew, after a while, with her Siſter, to another Apartment; and being reſolved upon perſonal Recrimination, (which is what a Lady, who is reſolved to break with a favoured Object, ſhould never truſt herſelf with) ſent for me, and reproached me on my Conduct, in which her Siſter join'd.

I own'd frankly, that it was rather Gaiety than Deſign, that made me give Cauſe, at the Maſquerade, for her Ladyſhip to think I was not marry'd; for that I had a Wife, who had a thouſand Excellencies, and was my Pride, and my Boaſt: That I held it very poſſible for a Gentleman and Lady to carry on an innocent and honourable Friendſhip, in a *Family* way; and I was ſure, when ſhe and her Siſter

ſiſter ſaw my Spouſe, they would not be diſpleaſed with her Acquaintance; and all that I had to reproach myſelf with, was, that after having, at the Maſquerade, given Reaſon to think I was not marry'd, I had been loth, *officiouſly*, to ſay I was, altho' it never was my Intention to conceal it.

In ſhort, I acquitted myſelf ſo well to both Ladies, that a Family Intimacy was conſented to.

I renew'd my Viſits, and we accounted to one another's Honour, by entering upon a kind of *Platonick* Syſtem, in which Sex was to have no manner of Concern.

But, my dear *Pamela*, I muſt own myſelf extremely blameable, becauſe I knew the World, and human Nature, I will ſay, better than the Lady, who never before had been truſted into it upon her own Feet; and who, notwithſtanding that Wit and Vivacity which every one admires in her, gave herſelf little Time for Conſideration, as ſhe had met with a Man whoſe Perſon and Converſation ſhe did not diſlike, and whoſe Circumſtances and Spirit ſet him above ſordid or mercenary Views: And beſides, I made myſelf uſeful to her in ſome of her Affairs, wherein ſhe had been groſly abuſed; which brought us into more intimate and frequent Converſations, than otherwiſe we ſhould have had Opportunities for.

I ought therefore to have more carefully guarded againſt Inconveniencies, that I knew were ſo likely to ariſe from ſuch Intimacies; and the rather, as I hinted, becauſe the Lady had no Apprehenſion at all of any: So that, my Dear, if I have no Excuſe from human Frailty, from Youth, and the Charms of the Object, I am intirely deſtitute of any.

I ſee, dear Sir, ſaid I, there is a great deal to be ſaid for the Lady, I wiſh I could ſay there was for the Gentleman. But ſuch a fine Lady had been ſafe, with all her Inconſideration, and ſo, forgive me, Sir, would the Gentleman, with all his intriguing Spirit, had it not been for theſe vile Maſquerades. Never, dear Sir, think of going to another.

Why,

Why, my Dear, he was pleaſed to ſay, thoſe are leaſt of all to be truſted at thoſe Diverſions, who are moſt deſirous to go to them.—Of this I am now fully convinced.

Well, dear Sir, I long to hear the further Particulars of this Story: For this generous Openneſs, now the Affair is over, cannot but be grateful to me, as it ſhews me you have no Reſerves; and as it tends to convince me, that the Lady was leſs blameable than I apprehended ſhe was: For dearly do I love, for the Honour of my Sex, to find Ladies of Birth and Quality innocent; who have ſo many Opportunities of knowing and practiſing their Duties, above what meaner Perſons can have—Elſe, what *one* fails in thro' Surprize and Ignorance, it will look as if the *others* did from Inclination: And what a Diſgrace is that upon the Sex in general? And what a Triumph to the wicked ones of yours?

Well obſerved, my Dear: This is like your generous and deep way of Thinking.

Well, but dear Sir, proceed, if you pleaſe.——— Your Reconciliation is now effected: A Friendſhip Quadrupartite is commenced. And the Viſcounteſs and myſelf are to find Cement for the erecting of an Edifice, that is to be devoted to *Platonick* Love. What, may I aſk, came next? And what did you deſign ſhould come of it?

The *Oxford* Journey, my Dear, followed next; and it was my Fault, that you made not a Party in it: For both Ladies were very deſirous of your Company: But it being about the Time you were going abroad, after your Lying-in, I excuſed you to them. Yet they both long'd to ſee you; eſpecially, as by this Time, you may believe, they knew all your Story: And beſides, whenever you were mentioned, I always did Juſtice, as well to your Mind, as your Perſon; and this, not only for the Sake of Juſtice, but, to ſay Truth, becauſe it gave the two Siſters, and the Viſcount, (whoſe ſoftly Character, and his Lady's prudent and reſpectful Conduct to him, notwithſtanding that, are both ſo well known) leſs

Cauſe

Cauſe of Suſpicion, that I had any diſhonourable Deſigns upon the Dowager Lady.

Miſs *Darnford* will have it, permit me, my dear Lady, to obſerve, that I have ſome Merit, with Regard to the reſt of my Sex, if I am inabled to reform ſuch a dangerous Spirit of Intrigue, as your dear Brother poſſeſſed: And the Hiſtory of this Affair from his own Mouth, made me begin to pride myſelf on this Head: For was he not, think you, my Lady, in this Caſe, a ſad Gentleman!—And how deeply was he able to lay his Miſchiefs! And how much had this fine Lady been to be pity'd, had ſhe fallen by his Arts, who was the only Man, almoſt, that from the Gracefulneſs of his Perſon, the Nobleneſs of his Mind, his Generoſity, Courage, ample Fortunes, and Wit, could have made her unhappy!—GOD be praiſed, that it was ſtopt in Time, tho', as it ſeems, but juſt in Time, as well for the poor Lady's ſake, as for Mr. *B*'s, and my own!

Excuſe me, Madam, for this Digreſſion. But yet, for what I am going to repeat, I ſhall ſtill want further Excuſe; for I cannot reſiſt a little riſing Vanity, upon a Compariſon (tho' only as to Features) drawn, by your dear Brother between the Counteſs and me; which, however the Preference he gives me in it, may be underſerved, yet it cannot but be very agreeable, in this particular Caſe of a Rivalry, to one who takes ſo much Pride in his good Opinion, and who makes it her chief Study, by all honeſt and laudable Means, to preſerve it; but who, elſe, I hope, is far from conſidering ſuch a tranſitory Advantage, (had I it in as great a Degree as his kind Fancy imputes to me) but as it deſerves. I will give it, as near as I can, in his own Words.

It may not be altogether amiſs, my Dear, now I have mentioned the Juſtice I always did your Character and Merit, to give you a brief Account of a Compariſon, which once the Counteſs's Curioſity drew from me, between your Features and hers.

She

She and I were alone in the Bow-window of her Library, which commands a fine View over *Windſor* Foreſt, but which View we could not enjoy; for it rain'd, and blew a Hurricane almoſt, which, tho' ready dreſs'd to go abroad, detain'd us within.

I began a Subject, which never fails to make the worſt of Weather agreeable to a fine Lady; that of praiſing her Beauty, and the Symmetry of her Features, telling her, how much I thought every graceful one in her Face adorn'd the reſt, as if they were all form'd to give and receive Advantage from each other. I added, approaching her, as if the more attentively to peruſe her fine Face, that I believ'd it poſſible, from the tranſparent Whiteneſs of her Skin, and the clear Blueneſs of her Veins, to diſcover the Circulation, without a Microſcope.

Keep your Diſtance, Mr. *B.* ſaid ſhe. Does your magnifying thus egregiouſly the Graces you impute to my outward Form, agree with your *Platonick* Scheme? Your Eye, penetrating as you imagine it, pierces not deep enough for a *Platonick*, if you cannot look farther than the White and the Blue, and diſcover the Circulation of the Spirit; for our Friendſhip is all Mind, you know.

True, Madam; but if the Face is the Index of the Mind, when I contemplate yours, I ſee and revere the Beauties of both in one. And what *Platonick* Laws forbid us to do Juſtice to the one, when we admire the other?

Well, ſit you down, bold Mr. *B.* ſit you down, and anſwer me a Queſtion or two on this Subject, ſince you will be always raiſing my Vanity upon it.

I did, ſaluting her Hand *only* (That was his Word, which I took notice of in the dear *Platonick*, tho' I ſaid nothing.)

Tell me now of a Truth, with all the Charms your too agreeable Flattery gives me, Which is the moſt lovely, your *Pamela*, or myſelf?

I told her, you were both inimitable, in a different Way.

Well, ſaid ſhe, I give up the Perſon and Air in general, becauſe I have heard, that ſhe is ſlenderer, and better ſhap'd, than moſt Ladies; but for a few Particulars, as to *Face*, (invidious as the Compariſon may be, and concern'd as you are to juſtify your Choice) I'll begin with the *Hair*, Mr. *B.* Whoſe HAIRS is of moſt Advantage to her Complection?—Come, I fanſy, I ſhall, at leaſt, divide Perfections with your *Pamela*.

Your Ladyſhip's delicate light Brown is extremely beautiful, and infinitely better becomes your Complection and Features, than would that lovely ſhineing Auburn, which ſuits beſt with my Girl's.

You muſt know, *Pamela*, I always called you my Girl, to her, as I do frequently to yourſelf and others.

So ſhe excels me there, I find!

I don't ſay ſo.

Well, but as to the FOREHEAD, Mr. *B?*

Indeed, Madam, my Girl has ſome Advantage, I preſume to think, in her Forehead: She has a noble Openneſs and Freedom there, that beſpeaks her mind, and every body's Favour, the Moment ſhe appears: Not but that your Ladyſhip's, next to hers, is the fineſt I ever ſaw.

So!—*Next* to hers! rubbing her Forehead—Well, BROWS, Mr. *B?*

Your Ladyſhip's fine Arch-Brow is a Beauty in your fair Face, that a Pencil cannot imitate; but then your fairer Hair ſhews it not to that Advantage, I muſt needs ſay, that her darker Hair gives her; for, as to COMPLECTION, you are both ſo charmingly fair, that I cannot, for my Life, give a Preference to either.

Well, well, fooliſh Man, ſaid ſhe, peeviſhly, thou art ſtrangely taken with thy Girl!—I wiſh thou wouldſt go about thy Buſineſs!—What ſignifies a little bad Weather to Men?—But if her Complection is as good as mine, it muſt look better, becauſe of her dark Hair—I ſhall come poorly off, I find!—Let's have the EYES, however.

For

For black Eyes in my Girl, and blue in your Ladyſhip, they are both the loveliest I ever beheld.—And, *Pamela*, I was wicked enough to ſay, That it would be the ſweeteſt Travelling in the World, to have you both placed at fifty Miles Diſtance from each other, and to paſs the Prime of one's Life from Black to Blue, and from Blue to Black; and it would be impoſſible to know which to prefer, but the preſent.

Ah! naughty Mr. *B.* ſaid I, were you not worſe than the Counteſs a great deal?

The Counteſs is not bad, my Dear. I was all in Fault.

But what, Sir, did ſhe ſay to you?

Say! why, the ſaucy Lady did what very few Ladies have ever done: She made the Powder fly out of my Wig, by a ſmart Cuff, with her nimble Fingers.

And how, Sir, did you take that?

How, my Dear!—Why I kiſs'd her in Revenge.

Fine Doings between two *Platonicks!* thought I.

But I will own to you, Madam, that my Vanity in this Compariſon, was too much ſoothed, not to wiſh to hear how it was carried on.

Well, Sir, did you proceed further in your Compariſon?

I knew, my Dear, you would not let me finiſh at half your Picture.—O *Pamela*—Who ſays, you are abſolutely perfect? Who ſays, there is no *Sex* in your *Mind?* and tapped my Neck.

All is owing, Sir, to the Pride I take in your Opinion. I care not how indifferent I appear in the Eyes of all the World beſides.

The CHEEK came next, proceeded Mr. B. I allow'd her Ladyſhip to have a livelier Carmine in hers, and that it was ſomewhat rounder, her Ladyſhip being a little plumper than my Girl; but that *your* Face, my Dear, being rather ſmaller featur'd of the two, there was an inimitably finer Turn in your Cheek, than I had ever ſeen in my Life.

Her Ladyſhip ſtroked her Cheek-bones, which, however, Madam, I think, are far from being high, (tho', to be ſure, ſhe is a little larger featur'd; in excellent Proportion, for all that, as ſhe is of a taller and a larger Make than me) and ſaid, Very well, Sir; you are determined to mortify me. But, added her Ladyſhip, (which ſhew'd, Madam, ſhe little depended upon *Platoniciſm* in him) if you have a *View* in this, you will be greatly miſtaken, I'll aſſure you: For, let me tell you, Sir, the Lady who can think meanly of herſelf, is any Man's Purchace.

The Nose I left in doubt, ſaid Mr. *B.* but allow'd, that each were exquiſitely beautiful on its own proper Face.

Her Ladyſhip was ſure of a Preference in her Mouth. I allow'd, that her Lips were ſomewhat plumper—and, ſaluting her by Surprize, (for which I had much ado to preſerve my Wig from another Diſorder—) a little ſofter, of Conſequence; but not quite ſo red—for, ſaid I, I never ſaw a Lip of ſo rich and balmy a Red in my Life, as my Girl's.

But *your* Smiles, Madam, are more bewitchingly free and attractive; for my Girl is a little too grave.

And, my Lady, charming as your Teeth are, I think hers not a whit inferior in Whiteneſs and Regularity.

Her Chin, my Lady, is a ſweet Addition to her Face, by that eaſy ſoft half Round, that looks as if Nature had begun at Top, and gave that as her finiſhing Stroke to the reſt: While, my dear Lady, yours is a little, little too ſtrong featur'd; but ſuch as ſo infinitely becomes your Face, that my Girl's Chin would not have half the Beauty upon your Face.

Her Ears, my Lady, are juſt ſuch as your own: —Muſt they not be beautiful then? Her Neck, tho' it muſt not preſume—let me ſee, Madam, approaching her—(Keep your Diſtance, Sir. I was forced to do ſo)—tho' it muſt not pretend to excel yours

yours for Whiteneſs, yet, except yours, did I never ſee any Neck ſo beautiful. But your Ladyſhip, it muſt be confeſs'd, being a little plumper in Perſon, has the Advantage *here*.

I had a ſmart Rap on my Knuckles with her Fan. And ſhe would hear no more. But was reſolv'd ſhe would ſee you, ſhe ſaid.

And, my Dear, I am the more particular in repeating this comparative Deſcription of the two charming'ſt Perſons in *England*, becauſe you will ſee the Reaſon, (and that it was not to inſult you, as you rightly-judg'd in your Letter to my Siſter *, but to your Advantage) that I gave way to the Importunity of the Counteſs to ſee you; for I little thought you were ſo well acquainted with our Intimacy; much leſs, that we had been made more intimate, to you, than ever, in Truth, we were, or, perhaps, might have been: And when I aſked you, Why you were not richer dreſs'd, and had not your Jewels, you may believe, (as I had no Reaſon to doubt, that the Counteſs would come in all her Ornaments) I was not willing my Girl ſhould give way to the noble Emulatreſs in any thing; being concern'd for your own Honour, as well as mine, in the Superiority of Beauty I had ſo juſtly given you.

Well, Sir, to be ſure, this was kind, very kind; and little was I diſpoſed (knowing what I knew) to paſs ſo favourable a Conſtruction on your Generoſity to me.

My Queſtion to her Ladyſhip, continued Mr. *B.* at going away, Whether you was not the charming'ſt Girl in the World, which, ſeeing you together at one View, rich as ſhe was dreſt, and plain as you, gave me the double Pleaſure (a Pleaſure ſhe ſaid afterwards I exulted in) of deciding in your Favour; my Readineſs to explain to you what we both ſaid, and her not ungenerous Anſwer, I thought would have intitled me to a better Return

* See *p.* 166. *l.* 35.

than a Flood of Tears; which confirm'd me, that your paſt Uneaſineſs was a Jealouſy, I was not willing to allow in you; tho' I ſhould have been more indulgent to it, had I known the Grounds you thought you had for it: And this was the Reaſon of my leaving you ſo abruptly as I did.

Here, Madam, Mr. *B.* broke off, referring to another time the Concluſion of his Narrative. And, having written a great deal, I will here alſo cloſe this Letter (tho' poſſibly I may not ſend it, till I ſend the Concluſion of this Story in my next) with the Aſſurance, that I am,

Your Ladyſhip's obliged Siſter and Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XXXIX.

My dear Lady,

NOW I will proceed with my former Subject; and with the greater Pleaſure, as what follows makes ſtill more in favour of the Counteſs's Character, than what went before, altho' that ſet it in a better Light, than it had once appeared to me in. I began, as follows:

Will you be pleaſed, Sir, to favour me with the Continuation of our laſt Subject? I will, my Dear. You left off, Sir, with acquitting me (as knowing what I knew) for breaking out into that Flood of Tears, which occaſioned your abrupt Departure. But, dear Sir, will you be pleaſed to ſatisfy me about that affecting Information, of your Intention and my Lady's, to live at *Tunbridge* together?

'Tis abſolutely Malice and Falſhood. Our Intimacy had not proceeded ſo far; and, thoughtleſs as my Siſter's Letters ſuppoſe the Lady, ſhe would have ſpurn'd at ſuch a Propoſition, I dare ſay.

Well, but then, Sir, as to the Expreſſion to her Uncle, that ſhe had rather have been a certain Gentleman's ſecond Wife?

I believe, ſhe might ſay ſomething like it in Paſſion to him: He had been teizing her (from the time that I held an Argument in favour of that fooliſh Topick *Polygamy*, in his Company, and his Niece's, and in that of her Siſter and the Viſcount) with Cautions againſt converſing with a Man, who, having, as he was pleaſed to ſay behind my Back, marry'd beneath him, wanted to ingage the Affections of a Lady of Birth, in order to recover, by doubling the Fault upon her, the Reputation he had loſt.

She deſpis'd his Inſinuation enough to anſwer him, That ſhe thought my Arguments in Behalf of *Polygamy* were convincing. This ſet him a raving, and he threw ſome coarſe Reflections upon her, which could not be repeated, if one may gueſs at them, by her being incapable to tell me what they were; and then, to vex him more, and to revenge herſelf, ſhe ſaid ſomething like what was reported: And this was Handle enough for her Uncle, who took care to propagate it with an Indiſcretion peculiar to himſelf; for I heard of it in three different Companies, before I knew any thing of it from herſelf; and when I did, it was ſo repeated, as you, my Dear, would hardly have cenſur'd her for it, the Provocation conſider'd.

Well, but then, dear Sir, is there nothing at all amiſs, at this Rate, in the Correſpondence between my Lady and you?

Not on her Side, I dare ſay, if her Ladyſhip can be excuſed to Punctilio, and for having a greater Eſteem for a married Man, than he can deſerve, or than may be ſtrictly defended to a Perſon of your Purity and Niceneſs.

Well, Sir, this is very noble in you. I love to hear the Gentlemen generous in Points where the Honour of our Sex is concern'd.

But, pray, Sir, what then was there on *your* Side, in that Matter, that made you give me ſo patient and ſo kind a Hearing?

Now, my Dear, you come to the Point: At firſt it was, as I have ſaid before, nothing in me but Vanity, Pride, and Love of Intrigue, to try my Strength, where I had met with ſome Encouragement, as I thought, at the Maſquerade; where the Lady went further too than ſhe would have done, had ſhe not thought I was a ſingle Man. For by what I have told you, *Pamela*, you will obſerve, that ſhe endeavour'd to ſatisfy herſelf on that Head, or ſoon as ſhe well could. Mrs. *Nelthorpe* acquainted me afterwards, when we were better known to one another, That her Lady was ſo partial in my Favour, (Who can always govern their Fancies, my Dear?) as to think, ſo early as at the Maſquerade, that if every thing anſwer'd Appearances, and that I were a ſingle Man, ſhe, who has a noble and independent Fortune, might poſſibly be induc'd to make me happy in her Choice.

Suppoſing then, that I was unmarry'd, ſhe left a Signal for me in her Handkerchief. I viſited her; had the Honour, after the cuſtomary firſt Shyneſs, of being well receiv'd by her; and continued my Viſits, till, perhaps, ſhe would have been glad I had not been marry'd: But, when ſhe found I was, ſhe avoided me, as I have told you; till the Accident I mention'd, threw us again upon one another, which renew'd our Intimacy upon Terms perhaps too inconſiderate on one Side, and too deſigning on the other.

For myſelf, what can I ſay? Only that you (without Cauſe, as I thought) gave me great Diſguſts by your unwonted Reception of me: Ever in Tears and Grief; the Counteſs ever chearful and lively: And apprehending, that your Temper was intirely changing; I believ'd I had no bad Excuſe to make myſelf eaſy and chearful abroad, ſince my Home became more irkſome to me, than ever I believ'd it could be. Then, as we naturally love thoſe, who love us, I had Vanity, and ſome Reaſon for my Vanity (indeed all vain Men believe they have)

have)—to think the Counteſs had more than an Indifference for me. She was ſo exaſperated by the wrong Methods taken with an independent Lady of her generous Spirit, to break off the Acquaintance with me, that in Revenge ſhe deny'd me leſs than ever Opportunities of her Company. The Pleaſure we took in each other's Converſation, was reciprocal. The World's Reports had united us in one common Cauſe; and you, as I ſaid, had made Home leſs delightful to me, than it us'd to be: What might not then have been apprehended from ſo many Circumſtances concurring with the Lady's Beauty and my Frailty?

I waited on her to *Tunbridge*. She took an Houſe there. Where Peoples Tongues will take ſo much Liberty, when they have no Foundation for it at all, and where the utmoſt Circumſpection is us'd, what will they not ſay, where ſo little of the latter is aim'd at? No wonder then, that Terms were ſaid to be agreed upon between us: From her Uncle's Story, of *Polygamy* propos'd by me, and agreed to by her, no wonder that all your *Thomaſine Fuller*'s Information was ſurmiſed.

And thus ſtood the Matter, when I was determin'd to give your Cauſe for Uneaſineſs a fair Hearing, and to take my Meaſures according to what ſhould reſult from that Hearing.

From this Account, dear Sir, ſaid I, it will not be ſo difficult, as I was afraid it would be, to end this Affair even to her *Ladyſhip*'s Satisfaction.

I hope not, my Dear.

But, if, now, Sir, the Counteſs ſhould ſtill be deſirous not to break with you; from ſo charming a Lady, who knows what may happen!

Very true, *Pamela*: But, to make you ſtill eaſier, I will tell you, That her Ladyſhip has a firſt Couſin marry'd to a Perſon with a publick Character to ſeveral of the *Italian* Courts; and had it not been for my Perſuaſions, ſhe would have accepted of their earneſt Invitations, and paſs'd a Year or two in *Italy*, where ſhe once reſided for three

Years together, which makes her ſo perfect a Miſtreſs of *Italian*.

Now I will let her know, additional to what I have written to her the Uneaſineſs I have given you, and, ſo far as it is proper, what is come to your Ears, and your generous Account of her, and the Charms of her Perſon, of which ſhe will not be a little proud; for ſhe has really noble and generous Sentiments, and thinks well (tho', her Siſter, in Pleaſantry, will have it, a little enviouſly) of you: And when I ſhall endeavour to perſuade her to go, for the ſake of her own Character, to a Place and Country of which ſhe was always fond, I am apt to think ſhe will come into it; for ſhe has a greater Opinion of my Judgment, than it deſerves: And I know a young Lord, that may be eaſily perſuaded to follow her thither, and bring her back his Lady, if he can obtain her Conſent: And what ſay you, *Pamela*, to this?

O, Sir! I believe I ſhall begin to love the Lady dearly, and that is what I never thought I ſhould. I hope this will be brought about.

But I ſee, give me Leave to ſay, Sir, how dangerouſly you might have gone on, both you and my Lady, under the Notion of this *Platonick* Love, till two precious Souls might have been loſt: And this ſhews one, as well in Spirituals as Temporals, from what ſlight Beginnings the greateſt Miſchiefs ſometimes ſpring; and how eaſy at firſt a Breach may be ſtopp'd, that, when neglected, the Waves of Paſſion will improve, and bear down all before them.

Your Obſervation, my Dear, is juſt, reply'd he; and tho' I am confident the Lady was more in Earneſt than myſelf in the Notion of *Platonick* Love, yet am I convinc'd, and always was, That *Platonick* Love is *Platonick* Nonſenſe: 'Tis the Fly buzzing about the Blaze, till its Wings are ſcorch'd: Or, to ſpeak ſtill ſtronger, It is a Bait of the Devil to catch the Unexperienc'd and Thoughtleſs: Nor ought ſuch Notions to be pretended to, till the Par-

ties

ties are Five or Ten Years on the other Side of their Grand Climacterick: For Age, Old-age, and nothing elſe, muſt eſtabliſh the Barriers to *Platonick* Love. But, continued he, this was my comparative Conſolation, tho' a very bad one, that had I ſwerv'd, I ſhould not have been the only Inſtance, where Perſons more ſcrupulous than I pretend to be, have begun Friendſhips even with ſpiritual Views, and ended them as groſly as I could do, were the Lady to have been as frail as her Tempter.

Here, Madam, Mr. *B.* finiſh'd his Narrative. He is now ſet out for *Tunbridge* with all my Papers. I have no Doubt in his Honour, and kind Aſſurances, and hope my next will be a joyful Letter; and that I ſhall inform you in it, that the Affair which went ſo near my Heart, is abſolutely concluded to my Satisfaction, to Mr. *B.*'s, and to the *Counteſs*'s; for if it be ſo to all three, my Happineſs will be founded on a permanent Baſis, I hope. Mean time I am, my dear good Lady,

Your moſt affectionate and
obliged Siſter and Servant,
P. B.

LETTER XL.

A New Misfortune, my dear Lady!—But this is of God Almighty's ſending; ſo muſt bear it patiently. My dear Baby is taken with the Small-pox! To how many Troubles are the happieſt of us ſubjected, in this Life! One need not multiply them by one's own wilful Miſmanagement!— I am able to mind nothing elſe!

I had ſo much Joy (as I told your Ladyſhip in the Beginning of my laſt Letter but one) to ſee, on our Arrival at the Farm-houſe, my deareſt Mr. *B.* my beloved Baby, and my good Father and Mother, all upon one happy Spot together, that I fear I was too proud.—Yet I was truly thankful—I am ſure I was!

was!——But I had, notwithſtanding, too much Pride and too much Pleaſure, on this happy Occaſion.

I told your Ladyſhip, in my laſt, that your dear Brother ſet out on *Tueſday* Morning for *Tunbridge* with my Papers: And I was longing to know the Reſult, hoping that every thing would be concluded to the Satisfaction of all Three: For, thought I, if this be ſo, my Happineſs muſt be permanent. But, alas! alas! There is nothing permanent in this Life, I feel it by Experience now!——I knew it before by Theory! But that was not ſo near and ſo intereſting by half!

For in the Midſt of all my Pleaſures and Hopes; in the Midſt of my dear Parents Joy and Congratulations on our Arrival, and on what had paſſed ſo happily ſince we were laſt here together, (in the Birth of the dear Child, and my Safety, for which they had been ſo apprehenſive) the dear Baby was taken ill. It was on that very *Tueſday* Afternoon, his Papa ſet out for *Tunbridge*: But we knew not it would be the Small-pox till *Thurſday!* Oh! Madam! how are all the Pleaſures I had form'd to myſelf, ſicken'd now upon me! for my *Billy* is very bad.

They talk of a kind Sort; but, alas! they talk at random: for they come not out at all! How then can they ſay they are kind?——I fear the Nurſe's Conſtitution is too hale and too rich for the dear Baby!—Had I been permitted—But, huſh! all my repining *Ifs*—Except one *If*; and that,—*If* it be got happily over, it will be beſt he had it ſo young, and while at the Breaſt!

Oh! Madam, Madam! The ſmall Appearance that there was, is gone in again: And my Child, my dear Baby, will die!——The Doctors ſeem to think ſo.

They want to ſend for Mr. *B.* to keep me from him!——But I forbid it!——For what ſignifies Life or any thing, if I cannot ſee my Baby, while he is ſo dangerouſly ill?

My

My Father and Mother are, for the firſt time, quite cruel to me; they have forbid me, and I never was ſo deſirous of diſobeying them before, to attend the Darling of my Heart: And why?—For fear of this poor Face!—For fear I ſhould get it myſelf!—But I am living low, very low, and have taken proper Precautions by Bleeding, and the like, to leſſen the Diſtemper's Fury, if I ſhould have it: And the reſt I leave to Providence. And if Mr. *B.*'s Value is confin'd ſo much to this poor tranſitory Sightlineſs, he muſt not break with his Counteſs, I think; and if I am ever ſo deform'd in Perſon, my poor Intellects, I hope, will not be impair'd, and I ſhall, if GOD ſpare my *Billy*, be uſeful in his firſt Education, and be helpful to dear Miſs *Goodwin*—or to any Babies—with all my Heart—he may make me an humble Nurſe to!—How peeviſh, ſinfully ſo, I doubt, does this Accident, and their affectionate Contradiction, make one!

I have this Moment received the following from M. *B.*

My deareſt Love, *Maidſtone.*

"I AM greatly touched with the dear Boy's "Malady, which I have this moment heard of. "I deſire you inſtantly to come to me hither, in the "Chariot, with the Bearer, Mr. *Colbrand.* I "know what your Grief muſt be; but as you can "do the Child no Good, I beg you will oblige me. "Every thing is in a happy Train; but I can "think of nobody but you, and (for *your* ſake "principally, but not a little for *my own*) my Boy. "I will ſet out to meet you; for I chuſe not to "come myſelf, leſt you ſhould endeavour to per-"ſuade me to permit your tarrying about him; "and I ſhould be ſorry to deny you any thing. I "have taken here handſome Apartments for you, "till the Event, which I pray GOD may be happy, "ſhall better determine me what to do. I will be "ever

"*Your moſt-affectionate and faithful.*"

Maidſtone

Maidſtone indeed is not ſo very far off, but one may hear every Day once or twice, by a Man and Horſe; ſo I will go, to ſhew my Obedience, ſince Mr. *B.* is ſo intent upon it.—But I cannot live, if I am not permitted to come back.—Oh! let me be enabled, gracious Father! to cloſe this Letter more happily than I have begun it!

I have been ſo dreadfully uneaſy at *Maidſtone*, that Mr. *B.* has been ſo good as to return with me hither; and I find my Baby's Caſe not yet quite deſperate!—I am eaſier now I ſee him, in Preſence of his beloved Papa—who lets me have all my Way, and approves of my preparative Method for myſelf; and he tells me, that, ſince I will have it ſo, he will indulge me in my Attendance on the Child, and endeavour to imitate my Reliance on God—that is his kind Expreſſion, and leave the Iſſue to Him. And on my telling him, that I feared nothing in the Diſtemper, but the loſs of his Love, he ſaid, in Preſence of the Doctors, and my Father and Mother, preſſing my Hand to his Lips, My deareſt Life, make yourſelf eaſy under this Affliction, and apprehend nothing for yourſelf: I love you more for your Mind than your Face. That and your Perſon will be the ſame; and were that ſweet Face to be cover'd with Seams and Scars, I will value you the more for the Misfortune: And glad I am, that I had your Picture ſo well drawn in Town, to ſatisfy thoſe who have heard of your Lovelineſs, what you were and hitherto are. For myſelf, my Admiration lies deeper; and, drawing me to the other End of the Room, whiſperingly he ſaid, The laſt Uneaſineſs between us was, now I begin to think, neceſſary, becauſe it has turned all my Delight in you, more than ever, to the Perfections of your Mind; and ſo God preſerves to me the Life of my *Pamela*, I care not, for my own Part, what Ravages the Diſtemper makes here; and tapp'd my Cheek.

How generous, how noble, how comforting was this!—I will make this Uſe of it; I will now be reſigned

reſigned more and more to this Diſpenſation, and prepare myſelf for the worſt; for it is the Diſpenſation of that GOD, who gave me my Baby, and all I have!

When I retir'd, the Reflections which I made, on ſuppoſing the worſt, gave Birth to the following ſerious Lines, (for I cannot live without Pen and Ink in my Hand) written, as by a third Perſon, ſuppoſe a good Miniſter. Your Ladyſhip will be pleaſed to give them your favourable Allowances.

Tell me, fond, weeping Parent, why
Thou fear'ſt ſo much thy Child ſhould die?
'Tis true, tho' human Frailty *may,*
Yet Reaſon *can't, have much to ſay.*
What is it thou thyſelf haſt found
In this dull, heavy, tireſome Round
Of Life—to make thee wiſh thy Son
Should thro' the like dark Mazes run?
Suppoſe the worſt!—'Twill end thy Fears,
And free thee from a world of Cares.
For, Oh! what anxious Thoughts ariſe
From hopefull'ſt Youths, to damp our Joys?
Who, from the Morning's brighteſt Ray,
Can promiſe, what will be the Day?

When I went from my Apartment, to go to my Child, my dear Mr. *B.* met me at the Nurſery Door, and led me back again. You muſt not go in again, my Deareſt. They have juſt been giving the Child other Things to try to drive out the Malady; and ſome Puſtules ſeem to promiſe on his Breaſt. I made no Doubt, my Baby was then in Extremity; and I would have given the World to have ſhed a few Tears; but I could not.

With the moſt ſoothing Goodneſs he led me to my Deſk, and withdrew to attend the dear Baby himſelf;—to ſee his laſt Gaſpings, poor little Lamb, I make no doubt!

This Suſpenſe, and my own ſtrange Hardneſs of Heart, that would not give up one Tear, (for the Paſſage

Paſſage from *that* to my *Eyes* ſeem'd quite choak'd up, which uſed to be ſo open and ready on other Occaſions, affecting ones too) produced theſe Lines:

Why does my full-ſwoln Heart deny
The Tear, relief-ful, to my Eye?
If all my Joys are paſs'd away,
And thou, dear Boy, to Parent Clay
Art haſting, the laſt Debt to pay;
Reſign me to thy Will, my God:
Let me, with Patience, bear this Rod.
However heavy be the Stroke,
If thou wilt not his Doom revoke,
Let me all ſinful Anguiſh ſhun,
And ſay, reſign'd, Thy Will be done!

Two Days have paſs'd, dreadful Days of Suſpenſe! and now, bleſſed be GOD! who has given me Hope, that our Prayers are heard, the Puſtules come kindly out, very thick in his Breaſt, and on his Face; but of a good Sort, they tell me.—They won't let me ſee him, indeed they won't!—What cruel Kindneſs is this! One muſt believe all they tell one!

But, my dear Lady, my Spirits are ſo weak, and I have ſuch a violent Head-ach, and have ſuch a ſtrange ſhivering Diſorder all running down my Back, and I was ſo hot juſt now, and am ſo cold at this preſent—Aguiſhly inclin'd—I don't know how!—that I muſt leave off, the Poſt going away, with the Aſſurance, that I am, and will be to the laſt Hour of my Life,

Your Ladyſhip's grateful and

obliged Siſter and Servant.

P. B.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

From Mr. B. *to Lady* DAVERS.

My dear Siſter,

I Take very kindly your Solicitude for the Health of my beloved *Pamela.* The laſt Line ſhe wrote, was to you; for ſhe took to her Bed the Moment ſhe laid down her Pen.

I told her your kind Meſſage, and Wiſhes for her Safety, by my Lord's Gentleman; and ſhe begg'd I would write a Line to thank you in her Name for your affectionate Regards to her.

She is in a fine way to do well: for, with her accuſtomed Prudence, ſhe had begun to prepare herſelf by a proper Regimen, the Moment ſhe knew the Child's Illneſs was the Small pox.

The worſt is over with the Boy, which keeps up her Spirits; and her Mother is ſo excellent a Nurſe to both, and we are ſo happy likewiſe in the Care of a ſkilful Phyſician, Dr. *M.* (who directs and approves of every thing the good Dame does) that it is a ſingular Providence, this Malady ſeiz'd them here; and affords no ſmall Comfort to the dear Creature herſelf.

When I tell you, that, to all Appearance, her charming Face will not receive any Diſfigurement by this cruel Enemy to Beauty, I am ſure you will congratulate me upon a Felicity ſo deſirable: But were it to be otherwiſe, if I were capable of ſlighting a Perſon, whoſe principal Beauties are much deeper than the Skin, I ſhould deſerve to be thought the moſt unworthy and ſuperficial of Huſbands.

Whatever your Notions have been, my ever-ready cenſuring Lady *Davers*, of your Brother, on a certain Affair, I do aſſure you, That I never did, and never can, love any Lady as I love my *Pamela.*

It is indeed impoſſible I can ever love her better than I do; and her outward Beauties are far from being indifferent to me; yet, if I know myſelf, I

am

am ſure I have Juſtice enough to love her *equally*, and Generoſity enough to be *more tender* of her, were ſhe to ſuffer by this Diſtemper. But, as her Humility, and her Affection to me, would induce her to think herſelf under greater Obligation to me, for ſuch my Tenderneſs to her, were ſhe to loſe any the *leaſt* valuable of her Perfections, I rejoice, that ſhe will have no Reaſon for Mortification on that Score.

My Reſpects to Lord *Davers*, and all your noble Neighbours. I am

Your affectionate Brother,
And humble Servant.

LETTER XLII.

From Lady DAVERS, *in Anſwer to the preceding.*

My dear Brother,

I DO moſt heartily congratulate you on the Recovery of Maſter *Billy*, and the good Way my Siſter is in. I am the more rejoic'd, as her ſweet Face is not likely to ſuffer by the Malady; for, be the Beauties of the Mind what they will, thoſe of Perſon are no ſmall Recommendation, with ſome Folks, I am ſure; and I began to be afraid, that when it was hardly poſſible for *both conjoined* to keep a roving Mind conſtant, that *one only* would not be ſufficient.

This News gives me the more Pleaſure, becauſe I am well inform'd, that a certain gay Lady was pleaſed to give herſelf Airs upon hearing of my Siſter's Illneſs; as, That ſhe could not be ſorry for it; for now ſhe ſhould look upon herſelf as the prettieſt Woman in *England*. She meant only, I ſuppoſe, as to *outward* Prettineſs, Brother!

You give me the Name of a *ready Cenſurer*, I own, I think myſelf to be not a little intereſted in all that regards my Brother, and his Honour. But when ſome People are not readier to *cenſure*, than others

others to *treſpaſs*, I know not whether they can with Juſtice be ſtyled *cenſorious*.

But however that be, the Rod ſeems to have been held up, as a Warning—and that the Blow, in the irreparable Deprivation, is not given, is a Mercy, that I hope will be deſerved; tho' you never can thoſe very ſignal ones you receive at the Divine Hands, beyond any Gentleman I know. For even (if I ſhall not be deemed cenſorious again) your very Vices have been turned to your Felicity, as if GOD would try the Nobleneſs of the Heart he has given you, by overcoming you (in Anſwer to my Siſter's conſtant Prayers, as well as mine) by Mercies rather than by Judgments.

I might give Inſtances of the Truth of this Obſervation, in almoſt all the Actions and Attempts of your paſt Life: And take care, (if you *are* diſpleaſed, I *will* ſpeak it) take care, thou bold Wretch, that if this Method be ingratefully ſlighted, the uplifted Arm fall not down with double Weight on thy devoted Head!

I muſt always love and honour my Brother; but cannot help ſpeaking my Mind: Which, after all, is the natural Reſult of that very Love and Honour, and which obliges me to ſtyle myſelf,

Your truly affectionate Siſter,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XLIII.

From Mrs. B. *to Lady* DAVERS.

My deareſt Lady,

MY firſt Letter, and my firſt Devoirs, after thoſe of Thankfulneſs to that gracious GOD, who has ſo happily conducted me thro' two ſuch heavy Trials, as my Child's and my own Illneſs, muſt be directed to your Ladyſhip, with all due Acknowledgment of your generous and affectionate Concern for me.

We

We are now preparing for our Journey to *Bedfordſhire*; and there, to my great Satisfaction, I am to be favour'd with the Care of Miſs *Goodwin*.

After we have tarry'd about a Month there, Mr. *B.* will make a Tour with me thro' ſeveral Counties, (taking the Hall in the Way, for about a Fortnight) and ſhew me what is remarkable everywhere as we paſs; for this, he is pleaſed to think, will better contribute to my Health, than any other Method; for the Diſtemper has left upon me a kind of Wearineſs and Liſtleſſneſs: And he propoſes to be out with me till the *Bath* Seaſon begins; and by the Aid of thoſe healing and balſamick Waters, he hopes, I ſhall be quite eſtabliſh'd. Afterwards he purpoſes to return to *Bedfordſhire* for a little while; then to *London*; then to *Kent*; and, if nothing hinders, has a great mind to carry me over to *Paris*.

Thus moſt kindly does he amuſe and divert me with his agreeable Schemes and Propoſals. But I have made one Amendment to them; and that is, that I muſt not be deny'd to pay my Reſpects to your Ladyſhip, at your Seat, and to my good Lady Counteſs; and this will be far from being the leaſt of my Pleaſures.

I have had Congratulations without Number, on my Recovery; but one, among the reſt, I did not expect; from the Counteſs Dowager: Could you think it, Madam? Who ſent me, by her Gentleman, the following Letter, from *Tunbridge*.

" *Dear Mrs. B.*

" I Hope, among the Congratulations of your " numerous Admirers, on your happy Reco- " very, my very ſincere ones, will not be unac- " ceptable. I have no other Motive for making " you my Compliments on this Occaſion, on ſo " ſlender an Acquaintance, than the Pleaſure it " gives me, that the Publick, as well as your pri- " vate Friends, have not been deprived of a Lady " whoſe Example, in every Duty of Life, is of ſo

" much

"much Concern to both. May you, Madam, "long rejoice in an uninterrupted State of Happi- "neſs, anſwerable to your Merits, and to your "own Wiſhes, are thoſe of

"*Your moſt obedient humble Servant.*"

To this kind Letter I return'd the following:

"*My good Lady,*

"I AM under the higheſt Obligation to your "generous Favour, in your kind Compliments "of Congratulation on my Recovery. There "is ſomething ſo noble and ſo condeſcending in "the Honour you have done me, on ſo ſlender an "Acquaintance, that it beſpeaks the exalted Mind "and Character of a Lady, who in the Principles "of Generoſity, and in true Nobleneſs of Nature, "has no Example. May God Almighty bleſs "you, my dear Lady, with all the Good you "wiſh me, and with Increaſe of Honour and "Glory, both here and hereafter, prays, and will "always pray,

Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt obliged and obedient Servant,
P. B.

This leads me to mention to your Ladyſhip, what my Illneſs would not permit me to do before, that Mr. *B.* met with ſuch a Reception and Audience from the Counteſs, when he attended her, in all he had to offer and propoſe to her, and in her patient Hearing of what he thought fit to read to her from your Ladyſhip's Letters and mine, that he ſaid, Don't be jealous, my dear *Pamela*; but I muſt admire her, as long as I live.

He gave me the Particulars, ſo much to her Lady- ſhip's Honour, that I told him, he ſhould not only be welcome to admire her Ladyſhip, but that I would admire her too.

They parted very good Friends, and with great Profeſſions of Eſteem for each other—And as Mr. *B.* had

had undertaken to inſpect into ſome exceptionable Accounts and Managements of her Ladyſhip's Bailiff, one of her Servants brought a Letter for him on *Monday* laſt, wholly written on that Subject. But her Ladyſhip was ſo kindly conſiderate, as to ſend it unſealed, in a Cover directed to me. When I open'd it, I was frighted, to ſee it begin, to Mr. *B.* and I haſtened to find him, in the Walk up to the new-rais'd Mount.—Dear Sir—Here's ſome Miſtake—You ſee the Direction is to Mrs. *B.*—'Tis very plain—But upon my Word, I have not read it.

Don't be uneaſy, my Love!—I know what the Subject muſt be; but I dare ſwear there is nothing, nor will there ever be, but what you or any body may ſee.

He read it, and giving it to me to peruſe, ſaid, Anſwer yourſelf the Poſtſcript, my Dear—That was—" If, Sir, the Trouble I give you, is likely " to ſubject you or your Lady to Uneaſineſs or " Apprehenſions, I beg you will not interfere in it. " I will then ſet about the Matter myſelf: for my " Uncle I will not trouble: Yet, Women enter " into theſe Particulars with as little Advantage " to themſelves, as Inclination."

I told him, I was intirely eaſy and unapprehenſive; and, after all his Goodneſs to me, ſhould be ſo, if he ſaw the Counteſs every Day. That's kindly ſaid, my Dear, return'd he; but I will not truſt myſelf to ſee her every Day, or at all, for the preſent: I'll aſſure you, I will not.—But I ſhall be obliged to correſpond with her for a Month or ſo, on this Occaſion: Unleſs you prohibit it; and it ſhall be in your Power to do ſo.

I ſaid, With my whole Heart, he might; and I ſhould be quite eaſy in both their Honours.

Yet will I not, *Pamela*, ſaid he, unleſs you ſee our Letters; for I know ſhe will always, now ſhe has begun, ſend in a Cover to you, what ſhe will write to me, unſeal'd; and whether I am at home or abroad, I ſhall take it unkindly, if you do not read them.

He

He went in with me, and wrote an Anſwer, which he ſent by the Meſſenger; but would make me, whether I would or not, read it, and ſeal it up with his Seal. But all this needed not to me now, who think ſo much better of the Lady than I did before; and am ſo well ſatisfy'd in his own Honour and generous Affection for me; for you ſaw, Madam, in what I wrote before, that he always loved me, tho' he was angry, at times, at my Change of Temper, as he apprehended it, not knowing, that I was appriſed of what paſſed between him and the Counteſs.

I really am better pleas'd with this Correſpondence than I ſhould have been, had it not been carry'd on; becauſe the Servants, on both Sides, will ſee, by my Deportment on the Occaſion, (and I will officiouſly, with a ſmiling Countenance, throw myſelf in their Obſervation) that it is quite innocent; and this may help to ſilence the Mouths of thoſe who have ſo freely cenſur'd their Conduct.

Indeed, Madam, I think I have received no ſmall Good myſelf by that Affair, which once lay ſo heavy upon me: For I don't believe I ſhall ever be jealous again; indeed, I don't think I ſhall. And won't that be an ugly Foible overcome? I ſee what may be done, in Caſes not favourable to our Wiſhes, by the Aid of proper Reflection; and that the Bee is not the only Creature that may make Honey out of the bitter Flowers, as well as the ſweet.

My beſt and moſt grateful Reſpects and Thanks to my good Lord *Davers*; to the Earl, and his excellent Counteſs; and, moſt particularly, to Lady *Betty*, with whoſe kind Compliments your Ladyſhip acquaints me; and to Mr. *H.* for all your united Congratulations on my Recovery. What Obligations do I lie under to ſuch noble and generous Well-wiſhers!— I can make no Return, but my Prayers, that God, by *his* Goodneſs, will ſupply all my Defects. And theſe will always attend you, from, my deareſt Lady,

Your ever obliged Siſter, and humble Servant,

P. B.

Mr.

Mr. *H.* is juſt arriv'd. He ſays, He comes a ſpecial Meſſenger, to make a Report how my Face has come off. He makes me many Compliments upon it. How kind your Ladyſhip is, to enter ſo favourably into the minuteſt Concerns, which you think may any way affect my future Happineſs in your dear Brother's Wiſhes!— I want to pour out all my Joy and my Thankfulneſs to God, before your Ladyſhip, and my goood Lady Counteſs of *C*———! For I am a happy, yea, a bleſſed Creature!— Mr. *B.*'s Boy, your Ladyſhip's Boy, and my Boy, is charmingly well; quite ſtrong, and very forward, for his Months; and his Papa is delighted with him more and more.

LETTER XLIV.

My dear Miſs DARNFORD,

I HOPE you are happy and well. You kindly ſay you can't be ſo, till you hear of my perfect Recovery. And this, bleſſed be God! you have heard already from Mr. *B.*

As to your Intimation of the fair Nun, 'tis all happily over. Bleſſed be God, for that too: And I have a better and more indearing Huſband than ever. Did you think that could be?

My *Billy* too improves every Day: And my dear Father and Mother ſeem to have their Youth renew'd like the Eagle's. How many Bleſſings have I to be thankful for!

We are about to turn Travellers, to the Northern Counties, I think, quite to the Borders; and afterwards to the Weſtern, to *Bath*, to *Briſtol*, and I know not whither myſelf. But among the reſt, to *Lincolnſhire*, that you may be ſure of. Then how happy ſhall I be in my dear Miſs *Darnford!*

I long to hear whether poor Mrs. *Jewkes* is better or worſe for the Advice of the Doctor, whom I or-

I order'd to attend her from *Stamford*; and in what Frame her Mind is.

Do, my dear Miſs, vouchſafe her a Viſit, in my Name; tell her, if ſhe be low-ſpirited, what God has done for me, as to my Recovery, and comfort her all you can; and bid her ſpare neither Expence nor Attendance, nor any thing her Heart can wiſh for, nor the Company of any Relations or Friends ſhe may deſire to be with her.

If ſhe is in her *laſt Stage*, poor Soul! how noble will it be in you to give her Comfort and Conſolation in her dying Hours!

Altho' we can merit nothing at the Hand of God, yet I have a Notion, that we cannot deſerve more of one another, and, in ſome Senſe, for that Reaſon, of HIM, than in our Charities on ſo trying an Exigence! When the poor Soul ſtands ſhivering, as it were, on the Edge of Life, and has nothing ſtrong, but its Fears and Doubts!—Then a little Balm pour'd into the Wounds of the Mind, a little comforting Advice to rely on God's Mercies, from a good Perſon; how conſolatory muſt it be! And, how, like Morning Miſts before the Sun, muſt all Diffidences and gloomy Doubts be chaſed away by it!

But, my dear Miſs, the great Occaſion of my writing to you juſt now, is, by Lady *Davers*'s Deſire, on a quite different Subject. She knows how we love one another. And ſhe has ſent me the following Lines by her Kinſman, who came to *Kent*, purpoſely to inquire how my Face far'd in the Small-pox; and accompany'd us from *Kent* hither, (*i. e.* to *Bedfordſhire*) and ſets out To-morrow for Lord *Davers*'s.

My dear PAMELA,

"JACKEY will tell you the Reaſon of his "Journey, my Curioſity, on your own Account: "And I ſend this Letter by him; but he knows not "the Contents. My good Lord *Davers* wants to "have his Nephew marry'd, and ſettled in the "World: And his noble Father leaves the whole

" Matter to my Lord, as to the Perſon, Settle-
" ments, *&c.*

" Now I, as well as my Lord, think ſo highly of
" the Prudence, the Perſon, and Family of your
" Miſs *Darnford*, that we ſhall be obliged to you,
" to ſound that young Lady on this ſcore.

" I know Mr. *H.* would wiſh for no greater Hap-
" pineſs. But if Miſs is engag'd, or cannot love my
" Nephew, I don't care, nor would my Lord, that
" ſuch a Propoſal ſhould be receiv'd with undue
" Slight. His Birth, the Title and Eſtate he is Heir
" to, are advantages that require a Lady's Conſi-
" deration. He has not indeed ſo much Wit as Miſs;
" but he has enough for a Lord, whoſe Friends are
" born before him, as the Phraſe is; is very good-
" humour'd, no Fool, no Sot, no Debauchee: And,
" let me tell you, theſe are Circumſtances not to be
" met with every Day in a young Man of Quality.

" As to Settlements, Fortune, *&c.* I fancy there
" would be no great Difficulties. The Buſineſs is, If
" Miſs could love him well enough for a Husband?
" That we leave to you to ſound the young Lady;
" and if ſhe thinks ſhe can, we will directly begin
" a Treaty with Sir *Simon* on that Subject. I am,
" my deareſt *Pamela*,

Your ever affectionate Siſter,

B. DAVERS.

Now, my dear Miſs, as my Lady has ſo well ſtated the Caſe, I beg you to inable me to return an Anſwer. I will not ſay one Word *pro* or *con*, till I know your Mind.—Only that I think he is good-humour'd, and might be eaſily perſuaded to any thing a Lady ſhould think reaſonable.

And now, I muſt tell you another Piece of News in the matrimonial way. Mr. *Williams* has been here to congratulate us, on our multiply'd Bleſſings; and he has acquainted Mr. *B.* that an Overture has been made him by his new Patron, (for I ſuppoſe you know, that all is adjuſted according to the Scheme I formerly acquainted you with.

with, between Mr. *Adams* and him, and both are ſettled in their reſpective Livings; only, that I ought to have told you, that Mr. *Williams*, on mature Conſideration, declin'd the ſtipulated 80 *l. per Annum* from Mr. *Adams*, as he thought it would have a Simoniacal Appearance) of a Kinſwoman of his Lordſhip's, a Lady of Virtue and Merit, and a Fortune of 3000 *l.* to make him Amends, as the Earl tells him, for quitting a better Living to oblige him; and that he is in great Hope of obtaining the Lady's Conſent, which is all that is wanting. Mr. *B.* is very much pleaſed with ſo good a Proſpect in Mr. *Williams*'s Favour, and has been in the Lady's Company formerly at a Ball, at *Glouceſter*; and he ſays, ſhe is a prudent and deſerving Lady; and offers to make a Journey on Purpoſe to forward it, if he can be of Service.

But now my Hand's in, let me tell you of a third matrimonial Propoſition, which gives me more Puzzle and Diſlike a great deal. And that is, Mr. *Adams* has, with great Reluctance, and after abundance of baſhful Apologies, requeſted of me, to know, If I have any Objection to his making his Addreſſes to *Polly Barlow?* Which, however, he told me, he had not mention'd to her, nor to any body living, becauſe he would firſt know whether I ſhould take it amiſs, as her Service was ſo immediately about my Perſon.

This unexpected Motion perplex'd me a good deal. The Gentleman is a worthy and a pious Man. He has now a very good Living; but is but juſt enter'd upon it; and I think, according to his accuſtom'd Prudence in other reſpects, had better have turn'd himſelf about firſt.

But that is not the Point with me neither. I have a great Regard to the Function. I think it is as neceſſary, in order to preſerve the Reſpect due to the Clergy, that their Wives ſhould be nearly, if not quite, as unblemiſh'd, and as circumſpect, as themſelves; and this for the Gentleman's own ſake, as well as in

the Eye of the World; for how ſhall he purſue his Studies with Comfort to himſelf, if he be made uneaſy at home? or how ſhall he expect his Female Pariſhioners will regard his *publick* Preaching, when he cannot influence the *private* Practice of his Wife?

I can't ſay, excepting in the Inſtance of Mr. *H.* but *Polly* is a good ſort of Body enough; ſo far as I know: But that is ſuch a Blot in the poor Girl's Eſcutcheon, a Thing not *accidental*, not *ſurpriz'd* into, not owing to *Inattention*, but to cool *Premeditation*, after ſhe had ſlept over and over upon it; that, I think, I could wiſh Mr. *Adams* a Wife more unexceptionable.

'Tis true, Mr. *Adams* knows not this;—but *that* is one of my Difficulties. If I tell him, I ſhall hurt the poor Maiden irreparably, and deprive her of a Gentleman for a Huſband, to whom ſhe may poſſibly make a good Wife—For ſhe is not very meanly deſcended—much better than myſelf, as the World would account it, were they to judge from my Father's low Eſtate, when I was exalted.—I never, dear Miſs, ſhall be aſham'd of theſe Retroſpections!

She is genteel, has a very innocent Look, a good Face, is neat in her Perſon, and not addicted to any Exceſs, that I know of. But *ſtill*, my dear Miſs, that one *premeditated* Fault, is ſo ſad a one, that tho' ſhe might make a good Wife, for any middling Man of Buſineſs,—yet ſhe wants, methinks, that Purity, that Conduct, which I would always have in the Wife of a good Clergyman.

Then, beſides, ſhe has not apply'd her Thoughts to that ſort of Oeconomy, which is proper for the Wife of a Country Clergyman to know ſomething of: And ſhe has a Turn to Dreſs and Appearance, that I can ſee if indulg'd, ſhe would not be one that would help to remove the Scandal which ſome ſevere Remarkers are apt to throw upon the Wives of *Parſons* as they call them.

The Maiden, I believe, likes Mr. *Adams* not a little. She is very courteous to every body, but moſt to him of any body, and never has miſs'd being

being preſent at our *Sunday* Duties; and five or ſix times, Mrs. *Jervis* tells me ſhe has found her deſirous to have Mr. *Adams* expound this Text, and that Difficulty; and the good Man is taken with her Piety: Which, and her Reformation, I hope, is ſincere: But, Oh! Miſs! ſhe is very ſly, very ſubtle, as I have found in ſeveral Inſtances, as fooliſh as ſhe was in the Affair I hint at.

So, ſometimes, I ſay to myſelf, the Girl may love Mr. *Adams*: Ay, but then I anſwer, So ſhe did Mr *H.* and on his own very bad Terms too.—In ſhort,—but I won't be too cenſorious neither.

So I'll ſay no more, than that I was perplexed; and yet ſhould be very glad to have *Polly* well marry'd; for, ſince *that* Time, I have always had ſome Diffidences about her——Becauſe, you know, Miſs—her Fault was ſo enormous, and ſo premeditated! I wanted you to adviſe with—But this was the Method I took.

I appointed Mr. *Adams* to drink a Diſh of Tea with me in the Afternoon. *Polly* attended, as ſhe generally does; for I can't ſay I love Men Attendants in theſe womanly Offices—A Tea kettle in a Man's Hand, that would, if there was no better Imployment for him, be fitter to hold a Plough, or handle a Flail, or a Scythe, has ſuch a Look with it!—This is like my low Breeding, ſome would ſay perhaps——But I cannot call Things polite, that I think unſeemly; and, moreover, let me tell you Lady *Davers* keeps me in Countenance in this my Notion; and who doubts her Politeneſs?

Well, but *Polly* attended, as I ſaid; and there were ſtrange Simperings, and Bowing, and Court'ſying, between them; the honeſt Gentleman ſeeming not to know how to let his Miſtreſs wait upon him; while ſhe behav'd with as much Reſpect and Officiouſneſs, as if ſhe could not do too much for him.

Very well, thought I; I have ſuch an Opinion of your Veracity, Mr. *Adams*, that I dare ſay you have not, becauſe you told me you have not, mention'd the Matter to *Polly*: But, between her Officiouſneſs,

and your mutual Simperings, and Complaiſance, I ſee you have found out a Language between you, that is full as ſignificant as plain *Engliſh* Words. *Polly* thought I, ſees no Difficulty in *this* Text; nor need you, Mr. *Adams*, have much Trouble to make her underſtand, when you come to expound on *this* Subject.

I was forced, in ſhort, to put on a ſtatelier and more reſerv'd Appearance than uſual, to make them avoid Acts of Complaiſance for one another, that might not be proper to be ſhewn before me, from one who ſat as my Companion, to my Servant.

When ſhe withdrew, the modeſt Gentleman hem'd and look'd on one Side, and turn'd to the right and left, as if his Seat was uneaſy to him, and I ſaw he knew not how to ſpeak; ſo I began in mere Compaſſion to him, and ſaid, Mr. *Adams*, I have been thinking of what you mention'd to me, as to *Polly Barlow*.

Hem! Hem! ſaid he; and pull'd out his Handkerchief, and wip'd his Mouth—Very well, Madam; —I hope, no Offence, Madam!

No, Sir, none at all. But I am at a Loſs how to diſtinguiſh in this Caſe; whether it may not be from a Motive of too humble Gratitude, that you don't think yourſelf above matching with *Polly*, as you may ſuppoſe her a Favourite of mine; or whether it be your Value for her Perſon and Qualities, that makes her more agreeable in your Eyes, than any other Perſon would be.

Madam—Madam, ſaid the baſhful Gentleman heſitatingly—I do—I muſt needs ſay—I can't but own—that—Mrs. *Mary*—is a Perſon—whom I think very agreeable; and no leſs modeſt and virtuous.

You know, Sir, your own Circumſtances. To be ſure you have a very pretty Houſe, and a good Living to carry a Wife to. And a Gentleman of your Prudence and Diſcretion wants not any Advice: But you have reap'd no Benefits by your Living. It has been an Expence to you, rather, that you will not

not preſently get up: Do you propoſe an early Marriage, Sir? Or were it not better, that you ſuſpended your Intentions of that ſort for a Year or two more?

Madam, if your Ladyſhip chuſe not to part with—

Nay, Mr. *Adams*, interrupted I, I ſay not any thing for my own ſake in this Point; that is out of the Queſtion with me. I can very willingly part with *Polly*, were it To morrow, for her Good and yours.

Madam, ſaid he, I humbly beg Pardon; but—but—Delays—may breed Dangers.

Oh! very well! thought I; I'll be further, if the artful Girl has not let him know, by ſome Means or other, that ſhe has ſome other humble Servant.

And ſo, Miſs, it has proved—For, diſmiſſing my Gentleman, with aſſuring him, that I had no Objection at all to the Matter, or to parting with *Polly*, as ſoon as it ſuited with their Conveniency—I ſounded her, and aſked, If ſhe thought Mr. *Adams* had any Affection for her?

She ſaid, He was a very good Gentleman.

I know it, *Polly*; and are you not of Opinion, he loves you a little?

Dear Ma'm, good your Ladyſhip—love me!—I don't know what ſuch a Gentleman, as Mr. *Adams*, ſhould ſee in me, to love me!

Oh! thought I, does the Objection lie on *that* Side then?—I ſee 'tis not of *thine*.

Well, but, *Polly*, if you have *another* Sweetheart, you ſhould do the fair Thing, that you ſhould; it would be wrong, if you encourag'd any body elſe, if you thought of Mr. *Adams*.

Indeed, Ma'm, I had a Letter ſent me—A Letter that I receiv'd—from—from a young Man in *Bedford*; but I never gave an Anſwer to it.

Oh! thought I, then thou wouldſt not encourage *two at once*; this was as plain a Declaration as I wanted, that ſhe had Thoughts of Mr. *Adams*.

But how came Mr. *Adams*, *Polly*, to know of this Letter?

How came Mr. *Adams* to know of it, Ma'm—repeated ſhe—half ſurpris'd—Why, I don't know,

I can't tell how it was—but I dropp'd it near his Deſk — pulling out my Handkerchief, I believe, Ma'm; and he brought it after me; and gave it me again.

Well, thought I, thou'rt an intriguing Slut, I doubt, *Polly*—*Delays may breed Dangers*, quoth the poor Gentleman! Ah! Girl, Girl! thought I, but did not ſay ſo, thou deſerveſt to be blown up, and to have thy Plot ſpoiled, that thou doſt—But if thy Forwardneſs ſhould expoſe thee afterwards to Evils, which thou mayſt avoid, if thy Schemes take Place, I ſhould very much blame myſelf. And I ſee he loves thee—So let the Matter take its Courſe; I will trouble myſelf no more about it. 'Tis an invidious Taſk; and I wiſh thou wilt but make Mr. *Adams* the Wife he deſerves.

And ſo I diſmiſs'd her, telling her, That whoever thought of being a Clergyman's Wife, ſhould reſolve to be as good as himſelf; to ſet an Example to all her Sex in the Pariſh, and ſhew how much his Doctrines had Weight with her; ſhould be humble; circumſpect, gentle in her Temper and Manners, frugal, not proud, nor vying in Dreſs with the Ladies of the Laity; ſhould reſolve to ſweeten his Labours, and to be obliging in her Deportment to Poor as well as Rich, that her Husband got no Diſcredit thro' her Means, which would weaken his Influence upon his Auditors; and that ſhe muſt be moſt of all obliging to him, and ſtudy his Temper, that his Mind might be more diſingag'd, in order to purſue his Studies with the better Effect.

And ſo much, my dear Miſs *Darnford*, for *your* humble Servant; and for Mr. *William*'s and Mr. *Adams*'s matrimonial Proſpects — And don't think me diſreſpectful, that I have mention'd my *Polly*'s Affair in the ſame Letter with yours. For in High and Low, (I forget the *Latin* Phraſe—I have not had a Leſſon a long, long while, from my dear Tutor) Love is in all the ſame!—But whether you'll like Mr. *H.* as well as *Polly* does Mr. *Adams*, that's the Queſtion. But, leaving that to your own Deciſion, I

conclude

conclude with one Obſervation: That altho' I thought ours was a Houſe of as little Intriguing as any body's, ſince the dear Maſter of it has left off that Practice; yet I cannot ſee, that any Family can be clear of ſome of it long together, where there are Men and Women worth plotting for, as Husbands and Wives.

My beſt Wiſhes and Reſpects attend you all, my moſt worthy Neighbours. I hope, ere many Months are paſt, to aſſure you all, ſeverally, (to wit, Sir *Simon*, my Lady, and your dear Self, Mrs. *Jones*, Mr. *Peters*, and his Lady, and Niece, whoſe kind Congratulations make me very proud, and very thankful) how much I am obliged to you; and particularly, my dear Miſs, how much I am

Your ever affectionate and
faithful Friend and Servant,
P. B.

LETTER XLV.

From Miſs DARNFORD, *in Anſwer to the preceding.*

My dear Mrs. B.

I HAVE been ſeveral times (in Company with Mr. *Peters*) to ſee Mrs. *Jewkes*. The poor Woman is very bad, and cannot live many Days. We comfort her all we can; but ſhe often accuſes herſelf of her paſt Behaviour to ſo excellent a Lady; and, with Bleſſings upon Bleſſings, heaped upon you, and her Maſter, and your charming little Boy, ſhe is continually declaring how much your Goodneſs to her exaſperates her former Faults to her own Conſcience.

She has her Siſter-in-law and her Niece with her, and has ſettled all her Affairs, and thinks ſhe is not long for this World.

Her Diſtemper is an inward Decay, all at once, as it were, from a Conſtitution that ſeem'd like one

of Iron; and ſhe is a mere Skeleton: You would not know her, I'm ſure.

I will ſee her every Day; and ſhe has given me up all her Keys, and Accompts, to give Mr. *Longman*; who is daily expected, and I hope will be here ſoon; for her Siſter-in-law, ſhe ſays herſelf, is a Woman of *this World*, as *ſhe* has been.

Mr. *Peters* calling on me to go with him to viſit her, I will break off here.

Mrs. *Jewkes* is much as ſhe was; but your faithful Steward is come. I am glad of it—and ſo is ſhe.—Nevertheleſs I will go every Day, and do all the Good I can for the poor Woman, according to your charitable Deſires, and excellent Intentions.

I thank you, Madam, for your Communication of Lady *Davers*'s Letter. I am much obliged to my Lord, and her Ladyſhip; and ſhould have been proud of an Alliance with that noble Family: But with all Mr. *H.*'s good Qualities, as my Lady paints them out, I could not, for the World, make him my Huſband.

I'll tell you one of my Objections, in Confidence tho' (for you are only to *ſound* me, you know;) and I would not have it mention'd, that I have taken any Thought about the Matter, becauſe a ſtronger Reaſon may be given, ſuch an one as my Lord and Lady will both allow; which I will communicate to you by-and-by.

My Objection ariſes even from what you intimate of Mr. *H.*'s Good-humour, and his Perſuadableneſs, if I may ſo ſay. Now, Madam, were I of a boiſterous Temper, and high Spirit, ſuch an one as required great Patience in a Huſband, to bear with me, then Mr. *H*'s Character of Good-humour might have been a Conſideration with me. But when I have (I pride myſelf in the Thought) a Temper not wholly unlike your own, and ſuch an one as would not want to contend for Superiority with a Huſband, it is no Recommendation to me, that Mr. *H.* is a good-humour'd Gentleman, and will bear with Faults I deſign not to be guilty of.

But,

But, my dear Mrs. *B.* my Huſband muſt be a Man of Senſe, and muſt give me Reaſon to think, he has a ſuperior Judgment to my own, or I ſhall be unhappy. He will otherwiſe do wrong-headed Things, I ſhall be forced to oppoſe him in them: He will be obſtinate and tenacious, and will be taught to talk of Prerogative, and to call himſelf a Man, without knowing how to behave as one, and I to deſpiſe him of courſe; and ſo be deem'd a bad Wife, when I hope I have Qualities that would make me a tolerable good one, with a Man of Senſe, for my Huſband. You know who ſays,

For Fools (pardon me this harſh Word, 'tis in my Author)
For Fools are ſtubborn in their Way,
As Coins are harden'd by th' Allay;
And Obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

Now you muſt not think I would diſpenſe with real Good-humour in a Man. No, I make it one of my *Indiſpenſables* in a Huſband. A good-natur'd Man will put the beſt Conſtructions on what happens: But he muſt have Senſe to *diſtinguiſh* the beſt. He will be kind to little, unwilful, undeſigned Failings: But he muſt have Judgment to diſtinguiſh what *are* or are *not* ſo.

But Mr. *H.*'s Good-humour is Softneſs, as I may call it; and my Huſband muſt be ſuch an one, in ſhort, as I need not be aſham'd to be ſeen with in Company; one, who being my Head, muſt not be beneath all the Gentlemen he may happen to fall in with; and who, every time he is adjuſting his Mouth for Speech, will give me Pain at my Heart, and Bluſhes in my Face, even before he ſpeaks.

I could not bear, that every Gentleman, and every Lady, we encounter'd, ſhould be prepar'd, whenever he offer'd to open his Lips, by their contemptuous Smiles, to expect ſome weak and ſilly Things from him; and when he *had* ſpoken, that he ſhould, with a booby Grin, ſeem pleaſed that he had not diſappointed them.

The

The only recommendatory Point in Mr. *H.* is, that he dreſſes exceedingly ſmart, and is no contemptible Figure of a Man. But, dear Madam, you know, that's ſo much the worſe, when the Man's Talent is not Taciturnity, except before his Aunt, Mr. *B.* and you; when he is not conſcious of internal Defect, and values himſelf upon outward Appearance.

As to his Attempt upon your *Polly*, tho' I don't like him the better for it, yet it is a Fault ſo wickedly common among Gentlemen, that when a Lady reſolves never to marry, till a quite virtuous Man addreſſes her, it is, in other Words, reſolving to die ſingle: So that I make not this the *chief* Objection; altho', I muſt tell you, I would abate in my Expectations of half a dozen other good Qualities, rather than that one of Virtue in a Huſband.

But, when I reflect upon the Figure Mr. *H.* made in that Affair, I cannot bear him; and if I may judge of other Coxcombs by him, what Wretches are theſe ſmart, well-dreſſing, Querpo-fellows, many of which you and I have ſeen admiring themſelves at the Plays and Operas!

This is one of my infallible Rules, and I know it is yours too; That he who is taken up with the Admiration of his own ſweet Perſon, will never admire a Wife's. His Delights are centred in himſelf, and he will not wiſh to get out of that narrow, that exceeding narrow Circle; and, in my Opinion, ſhould keep no Company, but that of ailors, Wigpoffers, and Milianers.

But I will run on no further upon this Subject; but will tell you a Reaſon, that you *may* give to Lady *Davers*, why her kind Intentions to me cannot be anſwer'd; and which ſhe'll take better than what I *have ſaid*, were ſhe to know it, as I hope you won't let her: And this is, my Papa has had a Propoſal made to him from a Gentleman you have ſeen, and have thought polite. It is from Sir *W. G.* of this County, who is one of *your* great Admirers, and Mr. *B.*'s too; and that, you muſt

ſuppoſe,

ſuppoſe, makes me have never the worſe Opinion of him, or of his Underſtanding; altho' it requires no great Sagacity or Penetration to ſee how much you adorn our Sex, and human Nature too.

Every thing was adjuſted between my Papa and Mamma, and Sir *William*, on Condition we approv'd of each other, before I came down, which I knew not, till I had ſeen him here four times, and then my Papa ſurpris'd me into an half Approbation of him: And this, it ſeems, was one of the Reaſons I was ſo hurry'd down from you.

I can't ſay, but I like the Gentleman as well as moſt I have ſeen; he is a Man of Senſe and Sobriety, to give him his Due; and is in very eaſy Circumſtances, and much reſpected by all who know him; and that's no bad Earneſt, you are ſenſible, in a Marriage Proſpect.

But hitherto, he ſeems to like me better than I do him. I don't know how it is; but I have often obſerv'd, that when any thing is in our own Power, we are not half ſo much taken with it, as we ſhould be, perhaps, if we were kept in Suſpenſe! Why ſhould this be?

But this I am convinc'd of, There is no Compariſon between Sir *William* and Mr. *Murray*.

Now I have nam'd this Brother-in-law of mine; what do you think?

Why, that good Couple have had their Houſe on Fire three times already, and that very dangerouſly too; for once it was put out by Mr. *Murray*'s Mother, who lives near them; and twice Sir *Simon* has been forced to carry Water to extinguiſh it; for, Truly, Mrs. *Murray* would go home again to her Papa: She would not live with ſuch a ſurly Wretch: And it was, with all his Heart: A fair Riddance! for there was no bearing the Houſe with ſuch an ill-natur'd Wife:—Her Siſter *Polly* was worth a thouſand of her!

I am ſorry, heartily ſorry, for their Unhappineſs: But could ſhe think every body muſt bear with her, and her fretful Ways?

They'll

They'll jangle on, I reckon, till they are better us'd to one another; and when he ſees ſhe can't help it, why he'll bear with her, as Huſbands generally do with ill-temper'd Wives; that is to ſay, he'll try to make himſelf happy abroad, and leave her to quarrel with her Maids inſtead of him; for ſhe muſt have ſomebody to vent her Spleen upon; poor *Nancy!*

I am glad to hear of Mr. *Williams*'s good Fortune. As Mr. *Adams* knows not *Polly*'s Fault, and it was prevented in time, they may be happy enough. She is a *ſly* Girl. I always thought her ſo: Something ſo innocent, and yet ſo artful in her very Looks! She is an odd Compound of a Girl. But theſe worthy and piouſly turn'd young Gentlemen, who have but juſt quitted the College, are mere Novices, as to the World: indeed, they are *above* it, while *in* it; they therefore give themſelves little Trouble to ſtudy it, and ſo depending on the Goodneſs of their own Hearts, are more liable to be impoſed upon, than People of half their Underſtanding.

I think, as he ſeems to love her, you do right not to hinder the Girl's Fortune. But I wiſh ſhe may take your Advice, in her Behaviour to *him*, at leaſt; for as to her Carriage to her Neighbours, I doubt ſhe'll be one of the Heads of the Pariſh, preſently, in her own Eſtimation.

'Tis pity, methinks, any worthy Gentleman of the Cloth ſhould have a Wife, who, by a bad Example, ſhould pull down, as faſt as he, by a good one, can build up.

This is not the Caſe of Mrs. *Peters*, however; whoſe Example I wiſh was more generally follow'd by Gentlewomen, who are made ſo by marrying a good Clergyman, if they were not ſo before.

Don't be ſurpris'd, if you ſhould hear that poor *Jewkes* is given over!—She made a very exemplary—Full of Bleſſings—And more eaſy and reſign'd, than I apprehended ſhe would be.

I know you'll ſhed a Tear for the poor Woman:

—I

—I cann't help it myſelf. But you will be pleas'd, that ſhe had ſo much Time given her, and made ſo good Uſe of it.

Mr. *Peters* has been every thing that one would wiſh one of his Function to be, in his Attendances and Advice, to the poor Woman. Mr. *Longman* will take proper Care of every thing.

So, I will only add, that I am, with the ſincereſt Reſpects, in Hopes to ſee you ſoon, (for I have a Multitude of things to talk to you about) Dear Mrs. *B.*

Your ever faithful and affectionate

POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER XLVI.

From Mrs. B. *to Lady* DAVERS.

My dear Lady Davers,

I Underſtand from Miſs *Darnford*, that before ſhe went down from us, her Papa had encourag'd a Propoſal made by Sir *W. G.* whom you ſaw, when your Ladyſhip was a kind Viſitor in *Bedfordſhire*. We all agreed, if your Ladyſhip remembers, that he was a polite and ſenſible Gentleman, and I find it is countenanc'd on all Hands.

Poor Mrs. *Jewkes*, Madam, as Miſs informs me, has paid her laſt Debt. I hope, thro' Mercy, ſhe is happy! Poor, poor Woman!—But why ſay I ſo!—Since in *that* Caſe, ſhe will be richer than an earthly Monarch! At leaſt till he is levell'd with her in Death!

Your Ladyſhip was once mentioning a Siſter of Mrs. *Worden*'s, whom you could be glad to recommend to ſome worthy Family.——Shall I beg of you, Madam, to oblige Mr. *B*'s in this Particular? I am ſure ſhe muſt have Merit, if your Ladyſhip thinks well of her; and your Commands in this, as well

well as in every other Particular, ſhall have their due Weight with

Your Ladyſhip's
Obliged Siſter, and humble Servant,
P. B.

Juſt now, dear Madam, Mr. *B.* tells me, I ſhall have Miſs *Goodwin* brought me hither To-morrow!

LETTER XLVII.

From Lady DAVERS *to Mrs.* B. *in Anſwer to the preceding.*

My dear Pamela,

I AM glad Miſs *Darnford* is likely to be ſo happy in a Huſband as Sir *W. G.* will certainly make her. I was afraid, that the Propoſal I made, would not do with Miſs, had ſhe not had ſo good a Tender. I want *too*, to have the fooliſh Fellow marry'd—— for ſeveral Reaſons; one of which is, He is continually teizing us to permit him to go up to Town, in order for him to reſide there for ſome Months, to *ſee the World*, as he calls it. But we are convinc'd he would *feel* it, as well as *ſee* it, if we gave way to his Requeſt: For, in Underſtanding, Dreſs, and inconſiderate Vanity, he is ſo exactly fiz'd and cut out for a Town Fop, Coxcomb, or pretty Fellow, as it is called, that he will undoubtedly fall into all the Vices of thoſe People; and, perhaps, having ſuch Expectations as he has, will be made the Property of Rakes and Sharpers. He complains, that we uſe him like a Child in a Go-cart, or a Baby with Leading-ſtrings, and that he muſt not be truſted out of our Sight. 'Tis a ſad thing, that theſe *Bodies* will grow up to the Stature of Men, when the *Minds* improve not at all with them, but are ſtill thoſe of Boys and Children. Yet, he would certainly make a fond Huſband; for, at preſent, he has no very bad Qualities. But is ſuch a *Narciſſus!*—But this

this between ourſelves; for his Uncle is wrapt up in the Fellow—And why? Becauſe he is good-humour'd, that's all. He has vex'd me lately, which makes me write ſo angrily about him——But 'tis not worth troubling you with the Particulars.

I hope Mrs. *Jewkes* is happy, as you ſay!—— Poor Woman! ſhe ſeemed to promiſe for a longer Life! But what ſhall we ſay?

Your Compliment to me, of my *Beck*'s Siſter, is a very kind one. I am greatly obliged to you for it. Mrs. *Oldham* is a ſober, grave Widow, a little aforehand in the World, but not much; has liv'd well; underſtands Houſehold Management thoroughly; is diligent, and has a Turn to ſerious Things, which will make you like her the better.

I'll order *Beck* and her to wait on you in a Chaiſe and Pair, and ſhe will ſatisfy you in every thing, as to what you may, and may not, expect of her.

You cann't think how kindly I take this Motion from you. You forget nothing that can oblige your Friends. Little did I think you would remember me, of (what I had forgotten in a manner) my favourable Opinion and Wiſhes for her, expreſs'd ſo long ago——But you are, what you are——a dear, obliging Creature.

Beck is all Joy and Gratitude upon it; and her Siſter had rather ſerve you, than the Princeſs. You need be under no Difficulties about Terms: She would ſerve you for nothing, if you would accept of her Service.

I am glad, becauſe it pleaſes you ſo much, that Miſs *Goodwin* will be ſoon put into your Care. It will be happy for the Child, and I hope ſhe will be ſo dutiful to you, as to give you no Pain for your generous Goodneſs to her. Her Mamma has ſent me a Preſent of ſome choice Products of that Climate, with Acknowledgments of my Kindneſs to Miſs. I will ſend part of it to you by your new Servant; for ſo I preſume to call her already.

What a naughty Siſter you are, however, to be ſo far advanc'd again, as to be obliged to ſhorten

your

your intended Excurſions, and yet not to ſend me Word of it yourſelf? Don't you know how much I intereſt myſelf in every thing that makes for my Brother's Happineſs and yours?——More eſpecially in ſo material a Point, as is the Increaſe of a Family, that it is my Boaſt to be ſprung from——Yet I muſt find this out by Accident, and by other Hands!—— Is not this very ſlighting?——But never do ſo again, and I'll forgive you now, becauſe of the Joy it gives me: Who am

Your truly affectionate and obliged Siſter,

B. DAVERS.

I thank you for your Book upon the Plays you ſaw. Incloſed is a Liſt of ſome others, which I deſire you to read, and to oblige me with your Remarks upon them at your Leiſure; tho' you may not perhaps have ſeen them by the Time you will favour me with your Obſervations.

LETTER XLVIII.

From Mrs. B. *to Lady* DAVERS.

My dear Lady Davers,

I HAVE a valuable Preſent made me by the ſame excellent Lady: So hope you will not take it amiſs, that, with abundance of Thanks, I return yours by Mrs. *Worden*; whoſe Siſter I much approve of, and thank your Ladyſhip for your kind Recommendation of ſo worthy a Gentlewoman. We begin with ſo much good Liking to one another, that I doubt not we ſhall be very happy together.

A moving Letter, much more valuable to me, than the handſome Preſent, was put into my Hands, at the ſame time with that; of which the following is a Copy.

LET-

LETTER

From Mrs. WRIGHTSON *(formerly Miſs* SALLY GODFREY*) to Mrs.* B.

Happy, deſervedly happy, dear Lady!

'PErmit theſe Lines to kiſs your Hands, from 'one, who, tho' ſhe is a Stranger to your Per-'ſon, is not ſo to your Character: *That* has reach'd 'us here, in this remote Part of the World, where 'you have as many Admirers as have heard of you. 'But I more particularly am bound to be ſo, by 'an Obligation, that I can never diſcharge, but by 'my daily Prayers for you, and the Bleſſings I con-'tinually implore upon You and Yours.

'I can write my whole Mind *to* you, tho' I can-'not, from the moſt deplorable Infelicity, receive '*from* you the Wiſh'd for Favour of a few Lines 'in Return, written with the ſame Unreſervedneſs: 'So unhappy am I, from the Effects of an Incon-'ſideration and Weakneſs on one hand, and Temp-'tations on the other, which You, at a tenderer 'Age, moſt nobly, for your own Honour, and that 'of your Sex, have eſcaped: Whilſt I—But let my 'Tears in theſe Blots ſpeak the reſt—as my Heart 'bleeds, and has conſtantly bled ever ſince, at the 'grievous Remembrance—But believe me, how-'ever, dear Madam, that 'tis Shame and Sorrow, 'and not Pride and Impenitence, that makes me loth 'to ſpeak out, to ſo much Purity of Life and Man-'ners, my own odious Weakneſs.

'Nevertheleſs, I ought, and I *will* accuſe myſelf 'by Name: Imagine then, illuſtrious Lady, truly 'illuſtrious, for Virtues, which are infinitely ſuperior 'to all the Advantages of Birth and Fortune!——I 'imagine, I ſay, that, in this Letter, you ſee before you 'the *once* guilty, and therefore, I doubt, *always* guilty, '*but ever penitent*, *Sarah Godfrey*; the unhappy, 'tho' fond and tender Mother of the poor Infant, 'to whom your generous Goodneſs, as I am in-

'form'd,

'form'd, has extended itſelf, in ſuch manner, as to 'make you deſirous of taking her under your wor-'thy Protection: GOD for ever bleſs you for it! 'prays an indulgent Mother, who admires, at an 'awful Diſtance, that Virtue in you, which ſhe could 'not practiſe herſelf.

'And will you, my deareſt Lady, will you take 'under your own immediate Protection, the poor 'unguilty Infant? Will you love her, for the ſake 'of her ſuffering Mamma, whom you know not; 'for the ſake of the Gentleman, now ſo dear to 'you, and ſo worthy of you, as I hear with Plea-'ſure he is? And will you, by the beſt Example 'in the World, give me a moral Aſſurance, that 'ſhe will never ſink into the Fault, the Weakneſs, 'the Crime (I ought not to ſcruple to call it ſo) 'of her poor, inconſiderate——But You are her 'Mamma *now*: I will not think of a *guilty* one 'therefore. And what a Joy is it to me, in the 'midſt of my heavy Reflections on my paſt Miſ-'conduct, that my beloved *Sally* can boaſt a *vir-'tuous* and *innocent Mamma*, who has withſtood 'the Snares and Temptations, that have been ſo 'fatal—elſewhere!—and whoſe Example, and In-'ſtructions, next to GOD's Grace, will be the ſtrongeſt 'Fences, that can be wiſh'd for, to her Honour! 'Once more I ſay, and on my Knees I write it! 'GOD for ever bleſs you here, and augment your 'Joys hereafter, for your generous Goodneſs to my 'poor, and till now, *motherleſs* Infant.

'I hope the dear Child, by her Duty and Oblige-'ingneſs, will do all in her little Power to make 'you Amends, and never give you Cauſe to repent 'this your *unexampled* Kindneſs to *her* and to *me*. 'ſhe cannot, I hope, (except her Mother's Crime 'has had an Influence upon her, too much like 'that of an original Stain) be of a ſordid, or an in-'grateful Nature. And O my poor *Sally!* if you '*are*, and if you ever fail in your Duty to your 'new Mamma, to whoſe Care and Authority I

'transfer

'transfer my *whole* Right in you, remember that
'you have no more a Mamma in me, nor can you
'be intitled to my Bleſſing, or to the Fruits of my
'Prayers for you, which I make now, on that *only*
'Condition, Your implicit Obedience to all your
'new Mamma's Commands and Directions.

'You may have the Curioſity, Madam, to wiſh
'to know how I live: For no doubt you have
'heard all my ſad, ſad Story!—Know then, that
'I am as happy, as a poor Creature can be, who
'has once ſo deplorably, ſo inexcuſably fallen. I
'have a worthy Gentleman for my Huſband, who
'marry'd me as a Widow, whoſe only Child by
'my former, was the Care of her Papa's Friends,
'particularly of good Lady *Davers*, and her Bro-
'ther.—Poor, unhappy I! to be under ſuch a *ſad*
'Neceſſity, to diſguiſe the Truth!—Mr. *Wrightſon*
'(whoſe Name I am unworthily honour'd by) has
'ſeveral times earneſtly intreated me to ſend for
'the poor Child, and to let her be join'd as his—
'killing Thought, that it cannot be!—with two
'others, I have by him!—Judge, my good Lady,
'how that very Generoſity, which, had I been
'guiltleſs, would have added to my Joys, muſt
'wound me deeper, than even ungenerous or un-
'kind Uſage from him could do! And how heavy
'that Crime muſt lie upon me, which turns my
'very Pleaſures to Miſery, and fixes all the Joy I
'*can* know, in Repentance for my paſt Miſdeeds!—
'How happy are You, Madam, on the contrary,
'You, who have nothing of this ſort to pall, no-
'thing to mingle with your Felicities! who, b'eſs'd
'in an Honour untainted, and a Conſcience that
'cannot reproach you, are enab'led to enjoy every
'well-deſerved Comfort, as it offers itſelf; and can
'*improve* it too, by Reflection on *your* paſt Con-
'duct! While *mine*—alas!—like a Winter Froſt,
'nips in the Bud every riſing Satisfaction!

'My Spouſe is rich, as well as generous, and very
'tender of me—Happy, if I could think *myſelf* as
'deſerving, as *he* thinks me!—My principal Com-

fort,

'fort, as I hinted, is in my Penitence for my paſt 'Faults; and that I have a merciful God for my 'Judge, who knows that Penitence to be ſincere!

'You may gueſs, Madam, from what I have 'ſaid, in what Light I *muſt* appear here; and if you 'would favour me with a Line or two, in Anſwer 'to the Letter you have now in your Hand, it will 'be one of the greateſt Pleaſures I *can* receive: A 'Pleaſure next to that which I *have* receiv'd in 'knowing, that the Gentleman you love beſt, has 'had the Grace to repent of all his Evils; has 'early ſeen his Errors; and has thereby, I hope, 'freed *two* Perſons from being, one Day, mutual 'Accuſers of each other: For now I pleaſe myſelf 'to think, that the Crimes of both may be waſh'd 'away in the Blood of that Saviour GOD, whom 'both had ſo grievouſly offended!

'May that good GOD, who has not ſuffer'd me 'to be abandon'd intirely to my own Shame, as 'I deſerved, continue to ſhower down, upon You, 'thoſe Bleſſings, which a Virtue like yours may 'expect from his Mercy! May you long be happy 'in the Poſſeſſion of all you wiſh! And late, very 'late, for the Good of Thouſands, I wiſh this!) 'may you receive the Reward of your Piety, your 'Generoſity, and your filial, your ſocial, and con-'jugal Virtues! are the Prayers of

Your moſt unworthy Admirer,
and obliged humble Servant,
SARAH WRIGHTSON.

'Mr. *Wrightſon* begs your Acceptance of a ſmall Preſent, Part of which can have no Value, 'but what its excelling Qualities, for what 'it is, will give it at ſo great a Diſtance as 'that dear *England*, which I once left with 'ſo much Shame and Regret; but with a 'laudable Purpoſe, *however*, becauſe I would 'not incur ſtill *greater* Shame, and of Con-'ſequence give Cauſe for ſtill *greater* Regret!

To

To this Letter, my dear Lady *Davers*, I have written the following Anſwer, which Mr. *B.* will take care to have convey'd to the good Lady.

Deareſt Madam,

'I Embrace with great Pleaſure the Opportunity 'you have ſo kindly given me, of writing to a 'Lady whoſe Perſon tho' I have not the Honour to 'know, yet whoſe Character, and noble Qualities, 'I truly revere.

'I am infinitely obliged to you, Madam, for the 'precious Truſt you have repoſed in me, and the 'Right you make over to me, of your maternal 'Intereſt in a Child, on whom I ſet my Heart, the 'Moment I ſaw her.

'Lady *Davers*, whoſe Love and Tenderneſs for 'Miſs, as well for her Mamma's ſake, as your late 'worthy Spouſe's, had, from her kind Opinion of 'me, conſented to grant me this Favour; and I 'was, by Mr. *B.*'s Leave, in actual Poſſeſſion of my 'pretty Ward, about a Week before your kind Let-'ter came to my Hands.

'As I had been long very ſolicitious for this Fa-'vour, judge how welcome your kind Concur-'rence was to me; and the rather, as, had I known, 'that a Letter from you was on the Way to me, I 'ſhould have apprehended, that you had yielded to 'the Intreaties of your worthy Spouſe, and would 'have inſiſted upon depriving the ſurviving Friends 'of her dear Papa, of the Pleaſure they all take 'in the dear Miſs. Indeed, Madam, I believe we 'ſhould one and all have join'd to diſobey you, 'had *that* been the Caſe; and it is a very great 'Satisfaction to us, that we are not under ſo hard 'a Neceſſity, as the diſputing with a tender Mamma 'the Enjoyment of her own Child, would have 'been.

'Aſſure yourſelf, deareſt, worthieſt, kindeſt Ma-'dam, of a Care and Tenderneſs in me to your 'dear Miſs, truly maternal, and anſwerable, as much 'as is in my Power, to the Truſt you repoſe in

'me.

'me. The little Boy, that GOD has given me, ſhall 'not be more dear to me, than my ſweet Miſs 'ſhall be; and my Care, by GOD's Grace, ſhall ex-'tend to her *future* as well as her *preſent* Proſpects, 'that ſhe may be worthy of that Piety, and *truly* 'religious Excellence, which I admire in your Cha-'racter.

'We all rejoice, dear Madam, in the Account 'you give of your preſent Happineſs. It was im-'poſſible, that GOD Almighty ſhould deſert a Lady 'ſo exemplarily deſerving; and HE certainly con-'ducted you in your Reſolutions to abandon every 'thing that you loved in *England*, after the Loſs 'of your dear Spouſe, becauſe it ſeems to have been 'the Intention of His Providence, that you ſhould 'reward the Merit of Mr. *Wrightſon*, and meet 'with your own Reward in ſo doing.

'Miſs is very fond of my little *Billy*: She is a 'charming Child, is eaſy and genteel in her Shape, 'and very pretty; ſhe dances finely, has a ſweet 'Air, and is improving every Day in Muſick; 'works with her Needle, and reads admirably, for 'her Years, and takes a Delight in both, which 'gives me no ſmall Pleaſure. But ſhe is not very 'forward in her Penmanſhip, as you will ſee by 'what follows: The inditing too is her own; but 'in that, and the Writing, Miſs took a good deal 'of Time, on a ſeparate Paper.

Deareſt dear Mamma,

"YOur *Sally* is full of Joy, to have any Com-"mands from her honoured Mamma. I pro-"miſe to follow all your Directions. Indeed, and "upon my Word, I will. You pleaſe me mightily "in giving me ſo dear a new Mamma here. Now, "I know indeed, I have a Mamma, and I will "love and obey her, as if ſhe was you your own "Self, Indeed I will. You muſt always bleſs me, "becauſe I will be always good. I hope you will "believe me, becauſe I am above telling Fibs. I "am, my honoured Mamma, on the other Side

"of

" of the Water, and ever will be, as if you was " here,

Your dutiful Daughter,
SALLY GOODWIN.

' Miſs (permit me, dear Madam, to ſubjoin) is a ' very good-temper'd Child, eaſy to be perſuaded, ' and, I hope, loves me dearly; and I will endea- ' vour to make her love me better and better; for ' on that Love will depend the Regard which, I ' hope, ſhe will pay to all I ſhall ſay and do for her ' Good.

' Repeating my Acknowledgments for the kind ' Truſt you repoſe in me, and with Thanks for the ' valuable Preſent you have ſent me, we all here ' join in Reſpects to worthy Mr. *Wrightſon*, and in ' wiſhing you, Madam, a Continuance and Increaſe ' of worldly Felicity; and I particularly beg Leave ' to aſſure you, that I am, and ever will be, with ' the higheſt Reſpect and Gratitude, tho' perſonally ' unknown, deareſt Madam,

The affectionate Admirer of your Piety,
and your obliged humble Servant,
P. B.

Your Ladyſhip will ſee how I was circumſcrib'd and limited; otherwiſe I would have told the good Lady (what I have mention'd, more than once) how I admire and honour her for her Penitence, and that noble Reſolution, which enabled her to do what Thouſands could not have had the Heart to do, abandon her Country, her Relations, Friends, Baby, and all that was dear to her, as well as the wicked Seducer, whom ſhe too well loved, and hazard the Sea, the Dangers of Pirates, and poſſibly of other wicked Attempters of the miſchievous Sex, in a World ſhe knew nothing of, among Strangers; and all to avoid repeating a Sin, ſhe had been unhap- pily drawn into; and for which the dear good Lady ſtill abhors herſelf.

Muſt not ſuch a Lady as this, dear Madam, have as much Merit, as many even of thoſe, who, having not had her Temptations, have not fallen? This, at leaſt, one may aver, that next to not committing an Error, is certainly the Reſolution to retrieve it all that one may, to repent of it, and ſtudiouſly to avoid the Repetition of it. But who, beſides this excellent Mrs. *Wrightſon*, having ſo fallen, and, being ſtill ſo ardently ſollicited and purſued (and flatter'd, perhaps, by fond Hopes, that her Spoiler would, one Day, do her all the Juſtice he *could*—For who can do complete Juſtice to a Lady he has robb'd of her Honour)—could reſolve as ſhe reſolv'd, and act as ſhe acted?

Miſs is a ſweet pretty Dear; but permit me to ſay, has a little of her Papa's Spirit; haſty, yet generous and acknowledging, when ſhe is convinc'd of her Fault; a little haughtier and prouder than I wiſh her to be; but in every thing elſe deſerves the Character I give of her to her Mamma.

She is very fond of fine Cloaths, is a little too lively to the Servants—Told me once when I took notice, that Softneſs and Mildneſs of Speech became a young Lady; That they were *but* Servants; and ſhe could ſay no more, than *Pray*, and *I deſire*, and *I wiſh you'd be ſo kind*—to her Uncle or to me.

I told her, Our Servants were not common Servants, and deſerved any civil Diſtinctions; and that ſo long as they were ready to oblige her in every thing, by a kind Word, it would be very wrong to give them imperative ones, which could ſerve for no other Ends but to convince every one of the Haughtineſs of one's own Temper; and looked, as if one would queſtion their Compliance with one's own Will, unleſs we would exact it with an high Hand; which might caſt a Slur upon the Command we gave, as if we thought it was hardly ſo reaſonable, as otherwiſe to obtain their Obſervation of it.

Beſides, my Dear, ſaid I, you don't conſider, that if you ſpeak as haughtily and commandingly to them

on common, as on extraordinary Occaſions, you weaken your own Authority, if ever you ſhould be permitted to have any, and they'll regard you no more in the one Caſe, than in the other.

She takes great Notice of what I ſay, and when her little proud Heart is ſubdued by Reaſonings ſhe cannot anſwer, ſhe will ſit as if ſhe were ſtudying what to ſay, that ſhe may come off as flyingly as ſhe can: And as the Caſe requires, I let her off eaſily, or I puſh the little Dear to her laſt Refuge, and make her quit her Poſt, and yield up her Spirit, captive to Reaſon and Diſcretion, two excellent Commanders, with whom, I tell her, I muſt bring her to be intimately acquainted.

Yet, after all, till I can be ſure, that I can inſpire her with the Love of Virtue, for *its own* Sake, I will rather try to conduct her Spirit to proper Ends, than endeavour totally to ſubdue it; being ſenſible our Paſſions are given us for excellent Ends, and may, by a proper Direction, be made ſubſervient to the nobleſt Purpoſes.

I tell her ſometimes, there is a decent Pride in Humility, and that it is very poſſible for a young Lady to behave with ſo much *true* Dignity, as ſhall command Reſpect by the Turn of her Eye, ſooner than by Aſperity of Speech; and that ſhe may depend upon it, that the Perſon who is always finding Faults, frequently cauſes them; and that it is no Glory to be better born than Servants, if ſhe is not better behav'd too.

Beſides, I tell her, Humility is a Grace that ſhines in an *high* Condition, but cannot equally in a *low* one; becauſe that is already too much humbled, perhaps: And that, tho' there is a Cenſure lies againſt being *poor and proud*, yet I would rather forgive Pride in a poor Body, than in a rich; for in the Rich it is Inſult and Arrogance, proceeding from their high Condition; but in the Poor it may be a Defenſative againſt Diſhoneſty, and may ſhew a natural Bravery of Mind, perhaps, if properly directed, and manifeſted

feſted on right Occaſions, that the Frowns of Fortune cannot depreſs.

She ſays, She hears every Day Things from me, that her Governeſs never taught her.

That may very well be, I tell her, becauſe her Governeſs has *many* young Ladies to take care of, I but *one*; and that I want to make her wiſe and prudent betimes, that ſhe may be an Example to other Miſſes; and that Governeſſes and Mamma's ſhall ſay to their Miſſes, When will you be like Miſs *Goodwin?* Do you ever hear Miſs *Goodwin* ſay a naughty Word? Would Miſs *Goodwin*, think you, have done ſo or ſo?

She threw her Arms about my Neck, on one ſuch Occaſion as this: Oh, ſaid ſhe, What a charming Mamma have I got! I will be in every thing as like you, Madam, as ever I can!—And then You will love me, and ſo will my Uncle, and Every-body elſe.

Mr. *B.* whom, now-and-then ſhe ſays, ſhe loves as well as if he were her own Papa, ſees, with Pleaſure, how we go on; and loves us both, if poſſible, better and better. But ſhe tells me, I muſt not have any Daughter but her; and is very jealous on the Occaſion, about which your Ladyſhip ſo kindly reproaches me.

There is a Pride, you know, Madam, in ſome of our Sex, that ſerves to uſeful Purpoſes, and is a good Defence againſt improper Matches, and mean Actions; and this is not wholly to be ſubdu'd, for that Reaſon; for, tho' it is not *Virtue*, yet, if it can be Virtue's *Subſtitute*, in high, raſh, and inconſiderate Minds, it may turn to good Account. So I will not quite diſcourage my dear Pupil neither, till I ſee what Diſcretion, and riper Years, may add to her diſtinguiſhing Faculty. For, as ſome have no Notion of Pride, ſeparate from Imperiouſneſs and Arrogance; ſo others know no Difference between Humility and Meanneſs.

There is a golden Mean in every thing; and if it pleaſe God to ſpare us both, I will endeavour to point

point her Paſſions, and ſuch even of thoſe Foibles, which ſeem too deeply rooted to be ſoon eradicated, to uſeful Purpoſes; and ſo, as Phyſicians do in ſome Chronical Illneſſes, as I have read in Lord *Bacon*, rather proceed by Palliatives, than by harſh Extirpatives, which, thro' the Reſiſtance given to them by the Conſtitution, may create ſuch Ferments in it, as may deſtroy that Health it was their intention to eſtabliſh.

But, whither am I running?—Your Ladyſhip, I hope, will excuſe this parading Freedom of my Pen: For tho' theſe Notions are well enough with regard to Miſs *Goodwin*, they muſt be very impertinent to a Lady, who can ſo much better inſtruct Miſs's Tutoreſs, than that vain Tutoreſs can her Pupil. And therefore, with my humbleſt Reſpects to my good Lord *Davers*, and your noble Neighbours, and to Mr. *H.* I haſten to conclude myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's obliged Siſter,
and obedient Servant,
P. B.

Your *Billy*, Madam, is a charming Dear!—I long to have you ſee him. He ſends you a Kiſs upon this Paper. You'll ſee it ſtain'd, juſt here. The Charmer has cut two Teeth, and is about more: So you'll excuſe the dear, pretty, ſlabbering Boy. Miſs *Goodwin* is ready to eat him with Love: And Mr. *B.* is fonder and fonder of us all: And then your Ladyſhip, and my good Lord *Davers*, love us too. O my dear Lady, what a bleſſed Creature am I!

Miſs begs I'll ſend her Duty to her *Noble* Uncle and Aunt; that's her juſt Diſtinction always, when ſhe ſpeaks of you both, which is not ſeldom. She aſk'd me, pretty Dear! juſt now, If I think there is ſuch an happy Girl in the World, as ſhe is? I tell her, GOD always bleſſes good Miſſes, and makes them happier and happier.

LETTER XLIX.

My dear Lady Davers,

I Have Three Marriages to acquaint you with, in One Letter. In the firſt Place, Sir *W. G.* has ſent, by the particular Deſire of my dear Friend, that he was made one of the happieſt Gentlemen in *England*, on the 18th paſt; and ſo I have no longer any Miſs *Darnford* to boaſt of. I have a very good Opinion of the Gentleman; but if he be but half as good an Huſband, as ſhe will make a Wife, they will be exceedingly happy in one another.

Mr. *Williams*'s Marriage to a Kinſwoman (as you have heard was in a Treaty) of his Noble Patron, is the next; and there is great Reaſon to believe from the Character of both, that they will likewiſe do Credit to the State.

The third is Mr. *Adams* and *Polly Barlow*; and I wiſh them, for both their Sakes, as happy as either of the former. They are ſet out to his Living, highly pleas'd with one another; and I hope will have Reaſon to continue ſo to be.

As to the firſt, I did not indeed think, the Affair would have been ſo long concluded; and Miſs kept it off ſo long, as I underſtand, that her Papa was angry with her: And indeed, as the Gentleman's Family, Circumſtances, and Character were ſuch, that there could lie no Objection againſt him, I think it would have been wrong to have delay'd it.

I ſhould have written to your Ladyſhip before; but have been favour'd with Mr. *B.*'s Company into *Kent*, on a Viſit to my good Mother, who was indiſpos'd. We tarry'd there a Week, and left both my dear Parents, to my thankful Satisfaction, in as good Health as ever they were in their Lives.

Mrs. *Judy Swynford*, or Miſs *Swynford* (as ſhe refuſes not being call'd, now-and-then) has been with us for this Week paſt, and ſhe expects her Brother,

Brother, Sir *Jacob*, to fetch her away about a Week hence.

It does not become me to write the leaſt Word, that may appear diſreſpectful of any Perſon, who has the Honour to bear a Relation to your Ladyſhip and Mr. *B.* Otherwiſe I ſhould ſay, That the *B's* and the *S---s* are directly the Oppoſites of one another. But yet, as ſhe ſays, ſhe never ſaw your Ladyſhip but once, you will forgive me to mention a Word or two about this Lady, becauſe ſhe is a Character, that is in a manner new to me.

She is a Maiden Lady, as you know, Madam; and tho' ſhe will not part with the green Leaf from her Hand, one ſees by the Grey-gooſe Down on her Brows and her Head, that ſhe cannot be leſs than Fifty-five.—But ſo much Pains does ſhe take, by Powder, to have never a dark Hair in her Head, becauſe ſhe has one Half of them white, that I am ſorry to ſee, what is a Subject for Reverence, ſhould be deem'd, by the good Lady, Matter of Concealment.

She is often, in Converſation, indeed, ſeemingly reproaching herſelf, that ſhe is an *old Maid*, and an *old Woman*; but it is very diſcernible, that ſhe expects a Compliment, that ſhe is *not ſo*, every time ſhe is ſo free with herſelf: And if nobody makes her one, ſhe will ſay ſomething of that ſort in her own Behalf.

She takes particular Care, that of all the publick Tranſactions which happen to be talked of, her Memory will never carry her back above Thirty Years, and then it is, about Thirty Years ago, when I was a Girl, or, when I was in Hanging ſleeves; and ſo ſhe makes herſelf, for Twenty Years of her Life, a very uſeleſs and inſignificant Perſon.

If her Teeth, which, for her Time of Life, are very good, tho' not over-white, (and which, by the Care ſhe takes of them, ſhe ſeems to look upon as the laſt Remains of her better Days) would but fail her, I imagine it would help her to a Conviction, that would ſet her Ten Years forwarder at leaſt. But,

poor Lady! ſhe is ſo *young*, in Spite of her Wrinkles, that I am really concern'd for her Affectation; becauſes it expoſes her to the Remarks and Ridicule of the Gentlemen, and gives one Pain for her.

Surely, theſe Ladies don't act prudently at all; ſince for every Year, Mrs. *Judy* would take from her Age, her Cenſurers add two to it; and, behind her Back, make her going on towards Seventy; whereas, if ſhe would lay Claim to her *Reverentials*, as I may ſay, and not endeavour to conceal her Age, ſhe would have a great many Compliments for looking ſo well at her Time of Life. And many a young Body would hope to be the better for her Advice and Experience, who now are afraid of affronting her, if they ſuppoſe ſhe has lived much longer in the World than themſelves.

Then ſhe laughs back to the Years ſhe owns, when more ſlippant Ladies, at the Laughing-time of Life, delight to be frolick: She tries to ſing too, altho', if ever ſhe had a Voice, ſhe has outliv'd it; and her Songs are of ſo antique a Date, that they would betray her; only as ſhe tells us, they were learnt her by her Grandmother, who was a fine Lady at the Reſtoration: She will join in a Dance; and tho' her Limbs move not ſo pliantly, as might be expected of a Lady no older than ſhe would be thought to be, and whoſe Dancing Days are not intirely over, yet that was owing to a Fall from her Horſe ſome Years ago, which, ſhe doubts, ſhe ſhall never recover, ſo as to be quite well; tho' ſhe finds ſhe grows better and better *every Year*.

Thus ſhe loſes the Reſpect, the Reverence, ſhe might receive, were it not for this miſerable Affectation; takes Pains, by aping Youth, to make herſelf unworthy of her Years, and even leſs valuably diſcreet than ſhe would be thought, for fear ſhe ſhould be imagined older, if ſhe appear'd wiſer.

What a ſad Thing is this, Madam?—What a miſtaken Conduct?—We pray to live to old Age; and it is promiſed as a Bleſſing, and as a Reward, for the Performance of certain Duties; and yet, when

when we come to it, we had rather be thought as fooliſh as Youth, than to be deemed wiſe, and in Poſſeſſion of it. And ſo we ſhew how little we deſerve what we have been ſo long coveting; and yet covet on: For what? Why, to be more and more aſham'd, and more and more unworthy of what we covet!

How fantaſtick a Character is this!—Well may irreverent, unthinking Youth deſpiſe, inſtead of revering, the hoary Head, which the Wearer is ſo much aſham'd of.

Will you forgive me, Madam? The Lady boaſts a Relationſhip to you, and to Mr. *B.* and, I think, I am very bold. But my Reverence for Years, and the Diſguſt I have to ſee any Body behave unworthy of them, makes me take the greater Liberty: Which, however, I ſhall wiſh I had not taken, if it meets not with that Allowance, which I have always had from your Ladyſhip in what I write.

God knows whether ever I may enjoy the Bleſſing I ſo much revere in others. For now my heavy Time approaches. But I was ſo apprehenſive before, and ſo troubleſome to my beſt Friends, with my vapouriſh Fears, that now (with a perfect Reſignation to the Divine Will) I will only add, That I am

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged Siſter and Servant,

P. B.

My dear *Billy*, and Miſs *Goodwin*, improve both of them every Day, and are all I can deſire or expect them to be. Could Miſs's poor Mamma be here with a Wiſh and back again, how much would ſhe be delighted with one of our Afternoon's Conferences; our *Sunday* Imployments, eſpecially! — And let me tell your Ladyſhip, that I am very happy in another young Gentleman of the Dean's recommending, inſtead of Mr. *Adams*.

LETTER L.

My deareſt Lady,

I AM once more, bleſſed be God for all his Mercies to me! enabled to dedicate to you the firſt Fruits of my Penmanſhip, on my Upſitting, to thank you, and my noble Lord, for all your kind Solicitudes for my Welfare. *Billy* every Day improves, Miſs is all I wiſh her to be, and my ſecond dear Boy continues to be as lovely and as fine a Baby as your Ladyſhip was pleaſed to think him; and their Papa, the beſt of Gentlemen, and of Huſbands!

I am glad to hear Lady *Betty* is likely to be ſo happy. Mr. *B.* ſays, her noble Admirer is as worthy a Gentleman as the Peerage boaſts; and I beg of your Ladyſhip to congratulate the dear Lady, and her noble Parents, in my Name, if I ſhould be at a Diſtance, when the Nuptials are celebrated.

I have had the Honour of a Viſit from my Lady, the Counteſs Dowager, on Occaſion of her leaving the Kingdom for one Year, for which Space ſhe deſigns to reſide in *Italy*; principally at *Naples* or *Florence*.

M. *B.* was abroad when her Ladyſhip came, having taken a Turn to *Glouceſter* the Day before, and I expected him not till the next Day. Her Ladyſhip ſent her Gentleman, the preceding Evening, to let me know, that Buſineſs had brought her as far as *Wooburn*; and if it would not be unacceptable, ſhe would pay her Reſpects to me, at Breakfaſt the next Morning, being ſpeedily to leave *England*. I return'd, that I ſhould be very proud of that Honour. And about ten her Ladyſhip came.

She was exceedingly fond of my two Boys, the little Man, and the pretty Baby, as ſhe called them; and I had very different Emotions from the Expreſſion of her Love to them, and her Viſit to me, from what I had once before. She was ſorry, ſhe ſaid, Mr. *B.* was abroad; tho' her Buſineſs was principally

ly with me. For, Mrs. *B.* ſaid ſhe, I come to tell you all that paſs'd between Mr. *B.* and myſelf, that you may not think worſe of either of us than we deſerve; and I could not leave *England*, till I had done myſelf the Pleaſure of waiting on you for this Purpoſe.

I ſaid, I was very ſorry, I had ever been uneaſy, when I had two Perſons of ſo much Honour—Nay, ſaid ſhe, interrupting me, you have no need to apologize: Things look'd bad enough, as they were repreſented to you, to juſtify greater Uneaſineſs than you expreſs'd.

She aſk'd me, Who that pretty genteel Miſs was?—I ſaid, a Relation of Lord *Davers*, who was intruſted lately to my Care. Then, Miſs, ſaid her Ladyſhip, and kiſſed her, you are very happy.

Believing the Counteſs was deſirous of being alone with me, I ſaid, My dear Miſs *Goodwin*, won't you go to your little Nurſery, my Love? For ſo ſhe calls my laſt Bleſſing—You'd be ſorry the Baby ſhould cry for you—For Miſs was ſo taken with the charming Lady, that ſhe was loth to leave us—But on my ſaying this, withdrew.

When we were alone, the Counteſs began her Story with a ſweet Confuſion, that added to her Lovelineſs. She ſaid, She would be brief, becauſe ſhe ſhould exact all my Attention, and not ſuffer me to interrupt her till ſhe had done.

She began with acknowledging, "That ſhe "thought, when ſhe ſaw Mr. *B.* firſt at the Maſque-"rade, that he was the fineſt Gentleman ſhe had ever "ſeen; that the allow'd Freedoms of the Place had "made her take Liberties in following him, and "engaging him where-ever he went. She blamed "him very freely for paſſing for a ſingle Gentleman; "for, that ſhe ſaid, as ſhe had ſo ſplendid a Fortune "of her own, was all ſhe was ſolicitous about; having "never, as ſhe confeſs'd, ſeen a Gentleman ſhe could "like ſo well; her former Marriage having been in "ſome ſort forced upon her, at an Age, when ſhe "knew

" knew not how to diſtinguiſh; and that ſhe was " very loth to believe him marry'd, even when ſhe " had no Reaſon to doubt it. Yet, this, I muſt ſay, " Madam, ſaid her Ladyſhip, I never heard a Gen- " tleman, when he owned he was married, expreſs " himſelf of a Lady, with more affectionate Regard " and Fondneſs, than he, when he ſpoke of you to me; " which made me long to ſee you; For I had a " great Opinion of thoſe perſonal Advantages, which " every one flatter'd me with: And I was very un- " willing to yield the Palm of Beauty to you.

" I believe you will cenſure me, Mrs. *B.* ſaid ſhe, " for permitting his Viſits, after I knew how happy " he was in ſuch a Lady—theſe were her Words. " To be ſure, that was a thoughtleſs and a faulty " Conduct in me—But the World's ſaucy Cenſures, " and my Friends indiſcreet Interpoſals, incenſed " me; and, knowing the Uprightneſs of my own " Heart, I was reſolved to diſregard both, when I " found they could not think worſe of me than they " did.

" I am naturally, ſaid ſhe, of a haughty Spirit, " impatient of Contradiction, always gave myſelf " Freedoms, for which, ſatisfy'd with my own In- " nocence and Honour, I thought myſelf above be- " ing accountable to any body—And then Mr. *B.* " has ſuch noble Sentiments, a Courage and Fearleſs- " neſs, which I ſaw on more Occaſions than one, " that all Ladies, who know the Weakneſs of their " own Sex, and how much they want the Protection of " the Brave, are taken with. Then his perſonal Ad- " dreſs was ſo peculiarly diſtinguiſhing, that having " an Opinion of his Honour, I was imbaraſs'd great- " ly how to deny myſelf his Converſation; altho', " you'll pardon me, Mrs. *B.* I began to be afraid, " that my Honour might ſuffer in the World's Opini- " on for the Indulgence.

" Then, ſaid ſhe, when I had reſolv'd, as ſeveral " times was the Caſe, to ſee him no more, ſome un- " foreſeen Accident threw him in my way again, at " one publick Entertainment or other; for I love

" Balls

" Balls, and Concerts, and publick Diverſions, per-
" haps, better than I ought; and I had all my Re-
" ſolves to begin again.

" Yet this, ſaid ſhe, I can truly ſay, whatever his
" Views were, I never heard from his Lips the leaſt
" indecent Expreſſion, nor ſaw in his Behaviour to
" me, aught that might make me very apprehenſive;
" ſaving, that I began to fear, that by his inſinuating
" Addreſs, and noble Manner, I ſhould be too much
" in his Power, and too little in my own, if I went
" on ſo little doubting, and ſo little alarm'd, if e-
" ver he ſhould pull off the Maſk, and avow diſho-
" nourable Deſigns.

" I had often lamented, ſaid her Ladyſhip, that
" our Sex were prohibited, by the Deſigns of the
" other upon their Honour, and by the World's
" Cenſures, from converſing with the ſame Eaſe and
" Freedom with Gentlemen, as with one another.
" And when once I aſked myſelf, To what this Con-
" verſation might tend at laſt? And where the Plea-
" ſure each ſeem'd to take in the other's might poſ-
" ſibly end? I reſolv'd to break it off; and told him
" my Reſolution next time I ſaw him. But he
" ſtopp'd my Mouth with a romantick Notion, as I
" ſince think it, (tho' a ſorry Plea will have Weight
" in favour of a Propoſal one has no Averſion to) of
" *Platonick* Love; and we had an Intercourſe by
" Letters, to the Number of Six or Eight, I believe,
" on that and other Subjects.

" All this time, I was the leſs apprehenſive, con-
" tinued her Ladyſhip, becauſe he always ſpoke ſo
" tenderly, and even with Delight, whenever he
" mention'd his Lady; and I could not find, that
" you were at all alarm'd at our Acquaintance; for
" I never ſcrupled to ſend my Letters, by my
" own Livery, to your Houſe, ſealed with my own
" Seal.

" At laſt, indeed, he began to tell me, that from
" the ſweeteſt and the eveneſt Temper in the World,
" you ſeem'd to be leaning towards Melancholy, were

" always

" always in Tears, or ſhew'd you had been weeping, " when he came home; and that you did not make " his Return to you ſo agreeable as he uſed to find " it.

" I aſked, if it was not owing to ſome Alteration " in his own Temper? if you might not be uneaſy " at our Acquaintance? And at his frequent Abſence " from you, and the like? He anſwer'd, No!— " that you were above Diſguiſes, were of a noble and " frank Nature, and would have taken ſome Oppor- " tunity to hint it to him, if you had.

" This, however, gave me but little Satisfaction, " and I began to think ſeriouſly of the Matter, and " was more and more convinced, that my Honour " requir'd it of me, to break off this Intimacy.

" And altho' I permitted Mr. *B.* to go with me " to *Tunbridge*, when I went to take a Houſe there, " yet I was uneaſy, as he ſaw. And, indeed, ſo was " he, tho' he tarry'd a Day or two longer than he " deſigned, on account of a little Excurſion, my " Siſter and her Lord, and he and I, made into " *Suſſex*, to ſee an Eſtate that I had Thoughts of " purchaſing; for he was ſo good as to look into " my Affairs for me, and has put them upon an ad- " mirable Eſtabliſhment.

" His Uneaſineſs, he told me, was upon your Ac- " count, and he ſent you a Letter to excuſe himſelf " for not waiting on you on *Saturday*, and to tell " you, he would dine with you on *Monday*. And " I remember when I ſaid, Mr. *B.* you ſeem to be " chagrin'd at ſomething; you are more thought- " ful than uſual; his Anſwer was—Madam, you are " right. Mrs. *B.* and I have had a little Miſ- " underſtanding. She is ſo ſolemn and ſo melancho- " ly of late, that I fear it will be too eaſy a Mat- " ter to put her out of her right Mind: And I " love her ſo well, that then I ſhould hardly keep " my own.

" Is there no Reaſon, think you, ſaid I, contin- " the Counteſs, to imagine, that your Acquaintance " and mine gives her Uneaſineſs? You know, Mr. *B.*

" how

" how that Villain *T.* (a Gentleman, ſaid ſhe,
" whoſe inſolent Addreſs I rejected with the Con-
" tempt it deſerv'd) has ſlander'd us. How know
" you, but he has found a way to your Wife's Ear,
" as he has done to my Uncle's, and to all my
" Friends? And if ſo, it is beſt for us both to diſ-
" continue a Friendſhip, that may be attended with
" diſagreeable Conſequences!

" He ſaid, he ſhould find it out on his Return to
" you. And will you ſaid I, ingenuouſly, acquaint
" me with the Iſſue of your Inquiries? for, added
" I, I never beheld a Countenance in ſo young a
" Lady, that ſeem'd to mean more than Mrs. *B.'s*,
" when I ſaw her in Town; and notwithſtanding
" her Prudence, I could ſee a Reſerve and Thought-
" fulneſs in it, that, if it was not natural to it, muſt
" indicate too much.

" He return'd to you, Madam: He wrote to me,
" in a very moving Letter, the Iſſue of your Confe-
" rence, and referred to ſome Papers of yours, that
" he would ſhew me, as ſoon as he could procure
" them, they being out of your own Hands, and let
" me know that *T.* was the Accuſer, as I had ſuſ-
" pected.

" In brief, Madam, when you went down into
" *Kent*, he came to me, and read ſome Part of
" your Account to Lady *Davers*, of your Inform-
" ant and Information; your Apprehenſions; your
" Prudence; your Affection for him; the Reaſon
" of your Melancholy; and, according to the
" Appearance Things bore, Reaſon enough you
" had, eſpecially from the Letter of *Thomaſine*
" *Fuller*, which was one of *T.'s* vile Forgeries: For
" tho' we had often, for Argument's ſake, talked
" of Polygamy, (he arguing for it, I againſt it) yet
" had not Mr. *B. dared*, I will ſay, nor was he in-
" clined, I verily believe, to propoſe any ſuch
" thing to me: No, Madam, I was not ſo much
" abandon'd of a Senſe of Honour, as to give Rea-
" ſon for any one, but my impertinent and fooliſh
" Uncle, to impute ſuch a Folly to me; and he had

" ſo

" ſo behaved to me, that I cared not what *he*
" thought.

" Then, what he read to me, here and there, as
" he pleaſed, gave me Reaſon to admire you for
" your generous Opinion of one you had ſo much
" ſeeming Cauſe to be afraid of: He told me his Ap-
" prehenſions, from your uncommon Manner, that
" your Mind was in ſome Degree affected, and your
" ſtrange Propoſal of parting with an Huſband every
" one knows you ſo dearly love: And we agreed to
" forbear ſeeing each other, and all manner of Cor-
" reſpondence, except the latter, for one Month,
" by Letter, till ſome of my Affairs were ſettled,
" which had been in great Diſorder, and were in
" his kind Management then; and I had not one
" Relation, whom I car'd to trouble with them,
" becauſe of their Treatment of me on Mr. *B.*'s
" account. And this, I told him, ſhould not be nei-
" ther, but thro' your Hands, and with your Con-
" ſent.

" And thus, Madam, ſaid her Ladyſhip, have I
" told you the naked Truth of the whole Affair.

" I have ſeen Mr. *B.* but once ſince, and that at
" an Horce-race, in the open Field.

" I reſpect him greatly; you muſt allow me to
" ſay that. Except in the Article of permitting me
" to believe, for ſome Time, that he was a ſingle
" Gentleman, which is a Fault he cannot be excuſed
" for, and which made me heartily quarrel with him,
" when I firſt knew it, he has always behaved to-
" wards me with ſo much Generoſity and Honour,
" that I could have wiſh'd I had been of his Sex,
" ſince he has a Lady ſo much more deſerving than
" myſelf; and never would there have been then, had
" he had the ſame Eſteem for me, a more perfect
" Friendſhip.

" I am now going, continu'd her Ladyſhip, to
" embark for *France*, and ſhall paſs a Year in *Italy*;
" and then I ſhall, I hope, return, as ſolid, as grave,
" as circumſpect, tho' not ſo wiſe, as Mrs. *B.*"

In

In this manner the Counteſs concluded her Narrative; and I told her, That I was greatly obliged to her Ladyſhip for the Honour ſhe did me in this Viſit, and the kind and conſiderate Occaſion of it: But that Mr. *B.* had made me intirely happy in every Particular, and had done her Ladyſhip the Juſtice ſhe ſo well deſerv'd, having taken upon himſelf the Blame of paſſing as a ſingle Gentleman, at his firſt Acquaintance with her Ladyſhip.

I added, That I could hope her Ladyſhip might be prevented, by ſome happy Gentleman, from leaving a Kingdom to which ſhe was ſo great an Ornament, as well by her Birth, her Quality, and Fortune, as by her Perfections of Perſon and Mind.

She ſaid, She had not been the happieſt of her Sex in her former Marriage; altho' nobody, her Youth conſider'd, thought her a bad Wife; and her Lord's Goodneſs to her, at his Death, had demonſtrated his own favourable Opinion of her by Deeds, as he had done by Words, upon all Occaſions: But that ſhe was yet young; a little too gay and unſettled; and had her Head turn'd towards *France* and *Italy*, for one Tour, of a Year at leaſt, having paſs'd ſome Time in thoſe Countries, which ſhe thought of with Pleaſure, tho' then but a Girl of Twelve or Thirteen: That for this Reaſon, and having been on a late Occaſion ſtill more unſettled, (looking down with Bluſhes, which often overſpread her lovely Face, as ſhe talked) ſhe had refuſed ſome Offers, not deſpiſable: That, indeed, Lord *C*— threatened to follow her to *Italy*, in hopes of meeting better Succeſs there; but if he did, tho' ſhe would make no Reſolutions, ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhould be too much offended with him, to give him Reaſon to boaſt of his Journey.

She wiſh'd to ſee Mr. *B.* and to take Leave of him, but not out of my Company, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, Your Ladyſhip's Conſideration for me, reply'd I, lays me under high Obligation; but, indeed, Madam, there is no Occaſion for it, from any Diffidences I have in yours or Mr. *B.*'s Honour. And if your Ladyſhip

Ladyſhip will give me the Pleaſure of knowing when it will be moſt acceptable, I will beg of Mr. *B.* to oblige me with his Company to return this Favour, the firſt Viſit I make abroad.

You are very kind, my dear Mrs. *B.* ſaid ſhe: But I think to go to *Tunbridge* for a Fortnight, when I have diſpoſed of every thing for my Imbarkation, and ſo ſet out from thence. And if you ſhould then be both in *Kent*, I ſhall be glad to take you at your Word.

To be ſure, I ſaid, Mr. *B.* at leaſt, would attend her Ladyſhip there, if any thing ſhould happen to deprive me of that Honour; and if it would be agreeable to her Ladyſhip, I made no doubt he would, with as high a Pleaſure, as I ſhould receive in his doing ſo, attend her Ladyſhip on board, and ſee her ſafe on the other Side.

You are a generous Lady! ſaid the Counteſs—I take great Concern to myſelf, for having been the Means of giving you a Moment's Uneaſineſs formerly: But I muſt now endeavour to be circumſpect, in order to retrieve my Character, which has been ſo baſely traduc'd by that preſumptuous Fellow *Turner*, that was her Word, who hoped, I ſuppoſe, thereby to bring me down to his Level.

Her Ladyſhip would not be prevailed upon to ſtay Dinner, and ſaying, ſhe ſhould be at *Wooburn* all the next Day, took a very kind and tender Leave of me, wiſhing me all manner of Happineſs, as I did her.

Mr. *B.* came home in the Evening, and next Morning rode to *Wooburn*, to pay his Reſpects to the Counteſs, and came back in the Evening. Thus happily, and to the Satisfaction of all Three, as I hope, ended this perplexing Affair.

Mr. *B.* aſks me, Madam, How I reliſh Mr. *Locke*'s *Treatiſe of Education?* which he put into my Hands ſome time ſince, as I told your Ladyſhip. I anſwer'd, Very well; and I thought it an excellent Piece, in the main.

I'll tell you, ſaid he, what you ſhall do. You have not ſhew'd me any thing you have written for a good while. I would be glad, you would fill up your

your Leiſure-time, as you cannot be without Pen and Ink, with your Obſervations on that Treatiſe, that I may know what you can object to it; for you ſay, *In the main*, which ſhews, that you do not intirely approve of every Part of it.

But will not that be preſumptuous, Sir?

I admire Mr. *Locke*, reply'd he; and I admire my *Pamela*. I have no Doubt of his Excellencies; but I want to know the Sentiments of a young Mother, as well as of a learned Gentleman, upon the Subject of Education; becauſe I have heard ſeveral Ladies cenſure ſome Part of his Regimen, when I am convinc'd that the Fault lies in their own over-great Fondneſs for their Children.

As to myſelf, Sir, ſaid I, who, in the early Part of my Life, have not been brought up too tenderly, you will hardly meet with any Objection to the Part which I imagine you have heard moſt objected to by Ladies who have been more indulgently treated in their firſt Stage. But there are a few other Things that want clearing up to my Underſtanding; but which, however, may be the Fault of that.

Then, my Dear, ſuppoſe me at a Diſtance from you, cannot you give me your Remarks in the ſame manner as if you were writing to Lady *Davers*, or Miſs *Darnford*, that was?

Yes, Sir, depending on your kind Favour to me, I believe I could.

Do then, return'd he; and the leſs Reſtraint you write with, the more I ſhall be pleaſed with it. But I confine you not to Time or Place. We will make our Excurſions as I once propoſed to you; and do you write me a Letter now-and-then upon the Subject; for the Places and Remarkables you will ſee, will be new only to yourſelf; nor will either of thoſe Ladies expect from you an Itinerary, or a particular Deſcription of Countries, which they will find better deſcribed by Authors, who have made it their Buſineſs to treat upon thoſe Subjects. By this Means, you will be uſefully imploy'd in your own way, which may turn to good Account to us both,

and

and to the dear Children, which it may pleaſe God to beſtow upon us.

You don't expect, Sir, any thing regular or digeſted from me?

I don't, my dear. Let your Fancy and your Judgment be both imploy'd; and I require no Method; for I know, in your eaſy, natural way, that would be a Confinement, that would cramp your Genius, and give what you write a ſtiff, formal Air, that I might expect in a Pedagogue, but not in my *Pamela*.

Well, but, Sir, ſaid I, altho' I may write nothing to the Purpoſe, yet if Lady *Davers* is deſirous to give it a Reading, will you allow me to tranſmit, what I ſhall write, to her Hands, when you have perus'd it yourſelf? For your good Siſter is ſo indulgent to my Scribble, that ſhe will expect to be always hearing from me; and this way I ſhall oblige her Ladyſhip, while I obey her dear Brother.

With all my Heart, he was pleaſed to ſay.

So, my Lady, I ſhall now-and-then pay my Reſpects to you in the writing way, tho' I muſt addreſs myſelf, it ſeems, to my deareſt Mr. *B.*; and I hope I ſhall be received on theſe my own Terms, ſince they are your Brother's Terms alſo; and, at the ſame time, ſuch as will convince you, how much I wiſh to approve myſelf, to the beſt of my poor Ability,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged Siſter,
and humble Servant,
P. B.

LETTER LI.

My deareſt Mr. B.

I Have been conſidering of your Commands, in relation to Mr. *Locke*'s Book; and as you are pleas'd to give me Time to acquit myſelf of the Taſk, I ſhall take the Liberty to propoſe to include in a little Book my humble Sentiments, as I did to Lady *Davers*, in that I ſhew'd you in relation to the

the Plays I have ſeen. And, ſince you confine me not to Time or Place, perhaps, I ſhall be three or four Years in completing it, becauſe I ſhall reſerve ſome Subjects to my further Experience in Childrens Ways and Tempers, and in order to benefit myſelf by thoſe good Leſſons and Inſtructions, which I ſhall receive from your delightful Converſation, in that Compaſs of Time, if God ſpare us to one another: And then it will, moreover, be more worthy, than it can otherwiſe be, of the Peruſal of the moſt honoured and beſt-beloved of all my Correſpondents, much honour'd and beloved, as they all are.

I muſt needs ſay, my dear Mr. *B.* that this is a Subject to which I was always particularly attentive; and among the Charities your bountiful Heart permits me to diſpenſe to the Poor and Indigent, I have had always a watchful Eye upon the Children of ſuch, and endeavour'd, by Queſtions put to them, as well as to their Parents, to inform myſelf of their little Ways and Tempers, and how Nature delights to work in different Minds, and how it might be pointed to their Good, according to their reſpective Capacities; and I have for this Purpoſe erected, with your Approbation, a little School of Seven or Eight Children, among which are Four in the earlieſt Stages, when they can but juſt ſpeak, and call for what they want, or love: And I am not a little pleas'd to obſerve, when I viſit them in their School-time, that Principles of Goodneſs and Virtue may be inſtill'd into their little Hearts much earlier than is uſually imagin'd. And why ſhould it not be ſo? For may not the Child, that can tell its Wants, and make known its Inclinations, be eaſily made ſenſible of *yours*, and what you expect from it, provided you take a proper Method? For, ſometimes, Signs and Tokens, (and even Looks) uniformly practis'd, will do as well as Words; as we ſee in ſuch of the Young of the Brute Creation, as we are diſpos'd to domeſticate, and to teach to practiſe thoſe little

little Tricks, of which the Aptneſs or Docility of their Natures makes them capable.

But yet, dear Sir, I know not enough of the next Stage, or the *maturer* Life, to touch upon that, as I wiſh to do; and yet there is a natural Connection and Progreſſion from the one to the other: And I would not be thought a vain Creature, who believes herſelf equal to *every* Subject, becauſe ſhe is indulg'd with the good Opinions of her Friends, in a *few*, that are ſuppoſed to be within her own Capacity. For,

I humbly conceive, that it is no ſmall Point of Wiſdom to know, and not to miſtake, one's own Talents; and for this Reaſon, permit me, dear Sir, to ſuſpend, till I am better qualified for it, even my own Propoſal of beginning my little Book; and, in the mean time, to touch upon a few Places of the admirable Author, you have put into my Hand, that ſeem to me to warrant another way of Thinking, than that which he preſcribes.

But, dear Sir, let me premiſe, that all that your dear Babies can demand of my Attention for ſome time to come, is their Health; and it has pleas'd God to bleſs them with ſuch ſound Limbs, and, to all Appearance, good Conſtitutions, that I have very little to do, but to pray for them every time I pray for their dear Papa; and that is hourly, and yet not ſo often as you confer upon me Benefits, and Favours, and new Obligations, even to the Prevention of all my Wiſhes, were I to ſit down to ſtudy for what muſt be the next.

As to the Point of *Health*, Mr. *Locke* gives theſe plain and eaſy to be obſerved Rules.

He preſcribes, Firſt, *Plenty of open Air*. That this is right, the Infant will inform one, who, tho' it cannot ſpeak, will make Signs to be carry'd abroad, and is never ſo well pleas'd, as when it is enjoying the open and free Air; for which Reaſon I conclude, that this is one of thoſe natural Pointings, as one may call it, that is implanted in every Creature, teaching it to chuſe its Good, and to avoid its Evil.

Sleep

Sleep is the next, which he injoins to be indulg'd to its utmoſt Extent: An admirable Rule, as I humbly conceive; ſince ſound Sleep is one of the greateſt Nouriſhers in Nature, both to the *once* Young, and to the *twice* Young, if I may ſo phraſe it. And I the rather approve this Rule to Children, becauſe it keeps the Nurſe unimploy'd, who otherwiſe, perhaps, would be doing it the greateſt Miſchief, by cramming and ſtuffing its little Bowels, till they were ready to burſt. And, if I am right, what an inconſiderate and fooliſh, as well as pernicious Practice is it, for a Nurſe to *waken* the Child from its nouriſhing Sleep, for fear it ſhould ſuffer by Hunger, and inſtantly pop the Breaſt into its pretty Mouth, or provoke it to feed, when it has no Inclination to either; and, for want of Digeſtion, muſt have its Nutriment turn to Repletion, and bad Humours!

Excuſe me, dear Sir, theſe leſſer Particulars. Mr. *Locke* begins with them; and ſurely they may be allow'd to a young *Mamma*, writing (however it be to a Gentleman of Genius and Learning) to a *Papa*, on a Subject, that in its loweſt Beginnings ought not to be unattended to by either. I will therefore purſue my excellent Author without further Apology, ſince you have put his Work into my Hands.

The next Thing then, which he preſcribes, is *plain Diet*. This ſpeaks for itſelf; for the Baby can have no corrupt Taſte to gratify: All is pure, as out of the Hand of Nature; and what is not plain and natural, muſt vitiate and offend.

Then, *no Wine*, or *ſtrong Drink*. Equally juſt, and for the ſame Reaſons.

Little or *no Phyſick*. Undoubtedly right. For the *Uſe* of Phyſick, without Neceſſity, or by way of *Précaution*, as ſome call it, begets the *Neceſſity* of Phyſick; and the very *Word* ſuppoſes *Diſtemper* or *Diſorder*; and where there is none, would a Parent beget one, or render its ſalutary Force ineffectual, by frequent Uſe, when it was wanted?

Next,

Next, he forbids *too warm*, and *too ſtreight Cloathing*. Dear Sir, this is juſt as I wiſh it. How has my Heart ached, many and many a time, when I have ſeen poor Babies roll'd and ſwath'd, ten or a dozen times round, then Blanket upon Blanket, Mantle upon that; its little Neck pinn'd down to one Poſture; its Head, more than it frequently needs, triple-crown'd like a young Pope, with Covering upon Covering; its Legs and Arms, as if to prevent that kindly Stretching, which we rather ought to promote, when it is in Health, and is aiming at Growth and Inlargement, the former bundled up, the latter pinn'd down; and how the poor Thing lies on the Nurſe's Lap, a miſerable little pinion'd Captive, goggling and ſtaring with its Eyes, the only Organs it has at Liberty, as if it was ſupplicating for Freedom to its fetter'd Limbs! Nor has it any Comfort at all, till, with a Sigh or two, like a dying Deer, it drops aſleep; and happy then will it be, till the officious Nurſe's Care ſhall awaken it for its undeſired Food, juſt as if the good Woman were reſolv'd to try its Conſtitution, and were willing to ſee how many Difficulties it could overcome.

Then this Gentleman adviſes, that the Head and Feet ſhould be kept cold; and the latter often us'd to cold Water, and expos'd to Wet, in order to lay the Foundation, as he ſays, of an healthy and hardy Conſtitution.

Now, Sir, what a Pleaſure is it to your Girl, that her Notions, and her Practice too, fall in ſo exactly with this learned Gentleman's Advice, that, excepting one Article, which is, that your *Billy* has not yet been accuſtom'd to be *wet-ſhod*; every other Particular has been obſerv'd!—And don't you ſee what a charming, charming Baby he is?—Nay, and ſo is your little *Davers*, for his Age—pretty Soul!

Perhaps ſome, were they to ſee this, would not be ſo ready, as I know you will be, to excuſe me; and would be apt to ſay, What Nurſery Impertinencies are theſe, to trouble a Man with!—But, with all their Wiſdom, they would be miſtaken; for

for if a Child has not good Health, (and are not theſe Rules, the moral Foundation, as I may ſay, of that Bleſſing?) its animal Organs will play but poorly in a weak or craſy Caſe. Theſe, therefore, are neceſſary Rules to be obſerved for the firſt two or three Years; for then the little Buds of their Minds will begin to open, and their watchful Mamma will be imploy'd, like a ſkilful Gardener, in aſſiſting and encouraging the charming Flower thro' its ſeveral hopeful Stages to Perfection, when it ſhall become one of the principal Ornaments of that delicate Garden, your honour'd Family. Pardon me, Sir, if in the above Paragraph I am too figurative. I begin to be afraid I am out of my Sphere, writing to your dear Self, on theſe important Subjects.

But be that as it may, I will here put an End to this my firſt Letter, (on the earlieſt Part of my Subject) rejoicing in the Opportunity you have given me of producing a freſh Inſtance of that Duty and Affection, wherewith I am, and ſhall ever be, my deareſt Mr. *B.*

Your gratefully happy, P. B.

LETTER LII.

I Will now, my deareſt, my beſt-beloved Correſpondent of all, begin, ſince the tender Age of my dear Babies will not permit me to have an Eye yet to their *better* Part, to tell you what are the little Matters, to which I am not quite ſo well reconcil'd to Mr. *Locke:* And this I ſhall be better inabled to do, by my Obſervations upon the Temper and natural Bent of my dear Miſs *Goodwin*, as well as by thoſe, which the Viſits I make now-and-then to the bigger Children of my little School, and thoſe at the Cottages adjacent, have inabled me to form: For human Nature, Sir, you are not to be told, is human Nature, whether in the High-born, or in the Low.

This excellent Author, in his Fifty-ſecond Section, having juſtly diſallow'd of ſlaviſh and corporal Puniſhments in the Education of thoſe we would have to

be wiſe, good, and ingenious Men, adds:—"On "the other Side, to flatter Children by Rewards of "Things, that are pleaſant to them, is as carefully "to be avoided. He that will give his Son Apples, "or Sugar-plums, or what elſe of this Kind he is "moſt delighted with, to make him learn his Book, "does but authorize his Love of Pleaſure, and "cockers up that dangerous Propenſity, which he "ought, by all means, to ſubdue and ſtifle in him. "You can never hope to teach him to maſter it, "whilſt you compound for the Check you give his "Inclination in one Place, by the Satisfaction you "propoſe to it in another: To make a good, a "wiſe, and a virtuous Man, 'tis fit he ſhould learn "to croſs his Appetite, and deny his Inclination to "Riches, Finery, or pleaſing his Palate, &c."

This, Sir, is excellently ſaid; but is it not a little too philoſophical and abſtracted, not only for the Generality of Children, but for the Age he ſuppoſes them to be of, if one may gueſs by the Apples and the Sugar-plums propoſed for the Rewards of their Well-doing? Would not this, Sir, require in Children, that Memory and Reflection, which the ſame Author, in another Place, calls the Concomitant of Prudence and Age, and not of Childhood?

It is undoubtedly very right, to check an unreaſonable Appetite, and that at its firſt Appearance. But if ſo ſmall and ſo reaſonable an Inducement will prevail, ſurely, Sir, it might be comply'd with. A generous Mind takes Delight to win over others by good Uſage and Mildneſs, rather than by Severity; and it muſt be a great Pain to ſuch an one, to be always inculcating on his Children or Pupils the Doctrine of Self-denial, by Methods quite grievous to his own Nature.

What I would then humbly propoſe, is, That the Encouragements offer'd to Youth, ſhould, indeed, be innocent ones, as the Gentleman injoins, and not ſuch as would lead to Luxury, either of Food or Apparel: But I humbly think it neceſſary, that Rewards, *proper* Rewards, ſhould be propos'd as Incentives to laudable Actions: For is it not by this Method, that the

the whole World is influenc'd and govern'd? Does not GOD himſelf, by Rewards and Puniſhments, make it our *Intereſt*, as well as our *Duty*, to obey HIM? And can we propoſe to ourſelves, for the Government of our Children, a better Example than that of the Almighty?

This fine Author ſeems, dear Sir, to think he had been a little of the ſtricteſt, and liable to ſome Exception. "I ſay not this," proceeds he, (§ 53) "that I would have Children kept from the Con-"veniencies or Pleaſures of Life, that are not inju-"rious to their Health or Virtue. On the contrary, "I would have their Lives made as pleaſant and as "agreeable to them as may be, in a plentiful Enjoy-"ment of whatſoever might innocently delight them." And yet, dear Sir, he immediately ſubjoins a very hard and difficult Proviſo to the Indulgence he has juſt granted — "Provided," ſays he, "it be with "this Caution, That they have thoſe Enjoyments "only as the Conſequences of the State of Eſteem "and Acceptation they are in with their Parents and "Governors."

I doubt, my dear Mr. *B.* this is expecting ſuch a Diſtinction and Diſcretion in Children, as they are ſeldom capable of in their tender Years, and requiring ſuch Capacities as are not commonly to be met with: So that it is not preſcribing to the *Generality*, as this excellent Author intended. 'Tis, I humbly conceive, next to impoſſible, that their tender Minds ſhould diſtinguiſh beyond Facts: They covet this or that Plaything, and have no other Motive than being gra-tify'd in the Poſſeſſion of what they deſire. The Parent, or Governor, has another Motive in obliging the Child: He takes Advantage of its Deſires, and annexes to the Indulgence which the Child hopes for, ſuch or ſuch a Taſk or Duty, as a Condition; and ſhews himſelf pleas'd with its Compliance with it: So the Child wins its Plaything, and receives the Praiſe and Commendation ſo neceſſary to lead on young Minds to laudable Purſuits. But, dear Sir, ſhall it not be ſuffer'd to enjoy the innocent Reward

of its Compliance, unleſs it can give Satisfaction that its greateſt Delight is not in having the Thing coveted, but in performing the Taſk, or obeying the Injunctions, impos'd upon it as a Condition of its being oblig'd? I doubt, Sir, this is a little too ſtrict, and not to be expected from Children. A Servant, full-grown, would not be able to ſhew one, that, on Condition he comply'd with ſuch and ſuch Terms, (which, it is to be ſuppos'd by the *Offer*, he would not have comply'd with, but for that Inducement) that he ſhould have ſuch and ſuch a Reward; I ſay, he would hardly be able to ſhew one, that he preferr'd the Pleaſure of performing the requiſite Conditions to the ſtipulated Reward. How then is it to be expected from a Child, who is leſs capable of diſtinguiſhing?

Let therefore, if, Sir, I may preſume to ſay ſo, innocent Rewards be propos'd, and let us be contented to lead on the ductile Minds of Children to a Love of their Duty, by obliging them with ſuch: We may tell them what we *expect* in this Caſe; but we ought not, I humbly conceive, to be too rigorous in *exacting* it; for, after all, the Inducement will certainly be the uppermoſt Conſideration with the Child: 'Tis out of Nature to ſuppoſe it otherwiſe; nor had it been offer'd to it, if the Parent himſelf had not thought ſo. And therefore we can only let the Child know his Duty in this reſpect, and that he *ought* to give a Preference to that, and then reſt ourſelves contented, altho' we ſhould diſcern, that the Reward is the chief Incentive, if it do but oblige to the Performance of it. For this, from whatever Motive inculcated, may beget a Habit in the Child doing it; and then, as it improves in Years, one may hope, that Reaſon will take place, and enable him, from the moſt ſolid and durable Motives, to give a Preference to the Duty.

Upon the Whole, then, may I, Sir, venture to ſay, That we ſhould not inſiſt upon it, that the Child ſhould ſo nicely diſtinguiſh away its little *innate* Paſſions, as if we expected it to be born a Philoſopher?

Self-denial

Self-denial is indeed a moſt excellent Doctrine, to be inculcated in Children, and it muſt be done *early* too: But we muſt not be too ſevere in our exacting it; for a Duty too rigidly inſiſted upon, will make it odious. This Mr. *Locke* himſelf excellently obſerves in another Place, on the Head of too great Severity; which he illuſtrates by a familiar Compariſon; "Offenſive Circumſtances," ſays he, "ordinarily "infect innocent Things, which they are joined "with. And the very Sight of a Cup, wherein "any one uſes to take nauſeous Phyſick, turns his "Stomach; ſo that nothing will reliſh well out of "it, tho' the Cup be never ſo clean and well-ſhap'd, "and of the richeſt Materials."

Permit me, dear Sir, to add, that Mr. *Locke* proceeds to explain himſelf ſtill more rigorouſly on the Subject of Rewards; which I quote, to ſhew I have not miſunderſtood him. "But theſe Enjoy-"ments," ſays he, "ſhould *never* be offer'd or "beſtow'd on Children, as the Rewards of this or "that particular Performance, that they ſhew an "Averſion to, or to which they would not have "apply'd themſelves without that Temptation." If, my dear Mr. *B*, the Minds of Children *can* be led on by innocent Inducements to the Performance of a Duty, of which they are capable, what I have humbly offer'd, is enough, I preſume, to convince one, that it *may* be done. But if ever a particular Study be propos'd to be maſter'd, or a Byas to be overcome, that is not an *indiſpenſable* Requiſite to his future Life or Morals, to which the Child ſhews an Averſion, I would not, methinks, have him be too much tempted or compell'd to conquer or ſubdue it, eſpecially if it appear to be a *natural* or rivetted Averſion.

For, Sir, permit me to obſerve, That the Education and Studies of Children ought, as much as poſſible, to be ſuited to their Capacities and Inclinations: And, by this means, we may expect to have always *uſeful*, and often *great* Men, in different Profeſſions: For that Genius, that will not take to

one Study, may ſhine in another no leſs neceſſary Part of Science. But, if innocent, the Promiſe of innocent, Rewards, will conquer this *Averſion*, as it is call'd; it will then hardly bear that Name; and let them, by all means, if I may preſume to ſay ſo, be propos'd for their Encouragement. Nevertheleſs, I muſt repeat, that if, as the Child grows up, and is capable of ſo much Reaſon, that, from the Love of the *Inducement*, one can raiſe his Mind to the Love of the *Duty*, it ſhould be done by all means. But, my dear Mr. *B.* I am afraid that *that* Parent or Tutor will meet but with little Succeſs, who, in a Child's *tender* Years, ſhall refuſe to comply with its Foibles, till he ſees it values its Duty, and the Pleaſure of obeying its Commands, beyond the little Enjoyment on which its Heart is fixed. For, as I humbly conceive, that Mind, which can be brought to prefer its Duty to its Appetites, will want little of the Perfection of the wiſeſt Philoſophers.

Beſides, Sir, permit me to ſay, That I am afraid, this perpetual Oppoſition between the Paſſions of the Child, and the Duty to be inforced, eſpecially when he ſees how other Children are indulg'd, (for if this Regimen could be obſerv'd by *any*, it would be impoſſible it ſhould become *general*, while the fond and the inconſiderate Parents are ſo large a Part of Mankind) will cow and diſpirit a Child; and will, perhaps, produce a Neceſſity of making uſe of Severity to ſubdue him to this Temper of Self-denial; for if the Child refuſes, the Parent *muſt* inſiſt; and what will be the Conſequence? — Muſt it not introduce a harſher Diſcipline than this Gentleman allows of?—And which, I preſume to ſay, did never yet do Good to any, but to ſlaviſh and baſe Spirits, if to them. A Diſcipline which Mr. *Locke* every-where juſtly condemns.

See here, dear Sir, a Specimen of the Preſumption of your Girl: What will ſhe come to in time? you will perhaps ſay—Her next Step will be to arraign myſelf.—No, no, dear Sir, don't think ſo: For my Duty, my Love, and my Reverence, ſhall be your Guards,

Guards, and defend you from every thing ſaucy in me, but the bold Approaches of my Gratitude, which ſhall always teſtify for me, how much I am

Your obliged and dutiful

P. B.

LETTER LIII.

My deareſt Mr. B.

I WILL continue my Subject, altho' I have not had an Opportunity to know whether you approve of my Notions or not, by reaſon of the Excurſions you have been pleas'd to allow me to make in your beloved Company, to the Sea-ports of this Kingdom, and to the more noted inland Towns of *Eſſex*, *Kent*, *Suſſex*, *Hampſhire*, and *Dorſetſhire*, which have given me infinite Delight and Pleaſure, and inlarg'd my Notions of the Wealth and Power of the Kingdom, in which God's Goodneſs has given you ſo conſiderable a Stake.

My next Topick will be upon an Home Education, which Mr. *Locke* prefers, for ſeveral weighty Reaſons, to a School one, provided ſuch a Tutor can be procur'd, as he makes next to an Impoſſibility to procure. The Gentleman has ſet forth the Inconveniencies of both, and was himſelf ſo diſcourag'd on a Review of them, that he was ready, as he ſays, to throw up his Pen. My chief Cares, dear Sir, on this Head, are threefold: 1*ſt*, The Difficulty, which, as I ſaid, Mr. *Locke* makes almoſt inſuperable, to find a Tutor qualify'd. 2*dly*, The Neceſſity there is, according to Mr. *Locke*, of keeping the Youth out of the Company of the meaner Servants, who may ſet him bad Examples. And, next, Thoſe ſtill greater Difficulties, which will ariſe from the Examples of his Parents, if they are not very diſcreet and circumſpect.

As to the Qualifications of the Tutor, Mr. *Locke* ſuppoſes, that he is to be ſo learned, ſo diſcreet, ſo wiſe, in ſhort, ſo *perfect* a Man, that, I doubt, and

ſo does Mr. *Locke*, ſuch an one is hardly poſſible to be met with for this *humble* and *ſlaviſh* Imployment. I preſume, Sir, to call it ſo, becauſe of the too little Regard that is generally paid to theſe uſeful Men in the Families of the Great, where they are too frequently put upon a Foot with the uppermoſt Servants, and the rather, if they happen to be Men of Modeſty.

" I would," ſays this Gentleman, " from Chil-" drens firſt beginning to talk, have ſome diſcreet, " ſober, nay, *wiſe* Perſon about them, whoſe Care " it ſhould be to faſhion them right, and to keep " them from all Ill; eſpecially the Infection of bad " Company." I think," continues he, " this Pro-" vince requires great Sobriety, Temperance, Ten-" derneſs, Diligence, and Diſcretion, Qualities hardly " to be found united in Perſons that are to be had " for ordinary Salaries, nor eaſily to be found any-" where."

If this, Sir, be the Caſe, does not this excellent Author recommend a Scheme, that is render'd in a manner impracticable from this Difficulty?

As to theſe Qualities being more rarely to be met with in Perſons that are to be had for *ordinary Salaries*, I cannot help being of Opinion, (altho', with Mr. *Locke*, I think, no Expence ſhould be ſpared, if that *would* do) that there is as good a Chance of finding ſuch an one among the needy Scholars, as among thoſe better provided for: Becauſe the Neceſſities of the former, as they became a Spur to his own Learning and Improvement, ſo will they, at firſt ſetting out in the World, quicken his Diligence, and, in Hopes of recommending him to a worthier Lot, make him be glad of embracing an Offer of this kind, in a Family, which has Intereſt enough to preſer him.

I ſay not this, dear Sir, to encourage that wretched Niggardlineſs, which this Gentleman juſtly cenſures, of thoſe who grudge an handſome Conſideration to ſo neceſſary and painful a Labour as that of a Tutor, which, where a deſerving Man can be met with,

cannot

cannot be too genteelly rewarded, nor himſelf too reſpectfully treated. I only take the Liberty to deliver my Opinion, that an humble Condition is as likely as any other to produce a Gentleman of theſe good Qualities, as well for the Reaſon I have hinted at, as for others, which might be mention'd. To which, to name no more, the Merit of Mr. *Williams* and Mr. *Adams* will bear Witneſs.

But Mr. *Locke* proceeds with his Difficulties in this Particular: "To form a young Gentleman as he "ſhould be," ſays he, "'tis fit his Governor "ſhould be well-bred, underſtand the Ways of "Carriage, and Meaſures of Civility, in all the "Variety of *Perſons*, *Times*, and *Places*; and keep "his Pupil, as far as his Age requires, conſtantly to "the Obſervation of them. This is an Art," continues he, "not to be learnt or taught by Books. "Nothing can give it, but good Company, and "Obſervation, join'd together."

And in another Place, "Beſides being well-bred, "the Tutor ſhould know the World well; the Ways, "the Humours, the Follies, the Cheats, the Faults "of the Age he is fallen into, and particularly of "the Country he lives in: Theſe he ſhould be able "to ſhew to his Pupil, as he finds him capable; "teach him Skill in Men, and their Manners; pull "off the Maſk, which their ſeveral Callings and "Pretences cover them with; and make his Pupil "diſcern what lies at the Bottom, under ſuch Ap-"pearances, that he may not, as unexperienc'd "young Men are apt to do, if they are unwarn'd, "take one thing for another, judge by the Outſides, "and give himſelf up to Shew, and the Inſinuation "of a fair Carriage, or an obliging Application: "Teach him to gueſs at, and beware of, the De-"ſigns of Men he hath to do with, neither with "too much Suſpicion, nor too much Confidence."

This, dear Sir, is excellently ſaid: 'Tis noble *Theory*. And if the Tutor is a Man void of Reſentment and Capriee, and will not be govern'd by partial Conſiderations in his own Judgment of Perſons

and Things, it will be well: But if otherwiſe, he may take Advantage of the Confidence plac'd in him, to the Injury of ſome worthy Perſon, and by Degrees monopolize the young Gentleman to himſelf, and govern his Paſſions as abſolutely, as I have heard ſome Firſt Miniſters have done thoſe of their Prince, equally to his own perſonal Diſreputation, and to the Diſadvantage of his People. But,

All this, and much more, according to Mr. *Locke*, is the Duty of a Tutor; and on the finding out ſuch an one, depends his Scheme of an Home Education. No Wonder then, that he himſelf ſays, "When "I conſider the Scruples and Cautions, I here lay "in your Way, methinks it looks as if I adviſed "you to ſomething, which I would have offer'd "at, but in Effect not done," *&c.* Permit me, dear Sir, in this Place, to expreſs my Fear, that it is hardly poſſible for any one, of Talents inferior to thoſe of Mr. *Locke* himſelf, to come up to the Rules he has laid down on this Subject; and 'tis to be queſtion'd, whether even *he*, with all that vaſt Stock of natural Reaſon, and ſolid Senſe, for which, as you tell me, Sir, he was ſo famous, had attain'd to theſe Perfections, at his firſt ſetting out into Life.

Now, therefore, dear Sir, you can't imagine, how theſe Difficulties perplex me, as to my knowing how to judge which is beſt, an Home or a School Education!—For hear what this excellent Author ſo juſtly obſerves on the latter, among other things no leſs to the Purpoſe: "I am ſure, he who is able to be at "the Charge of a Tutor at Home, may there give "his Son a more genteel Carriage, more manly "Thoughts, and a Senſe of what is worthy and "becoming, with a greater Proficiency in Learning "into the Bargain, and ripen him up ſooner into a "Man, than any at School can do. Not that I "blame the School-maſter, in this, ſays he, or "think it to be laid to his Charge. The Difference "is great between two or three Pupils in the ſame "Houſe, and three or fourſcore Boys lodg'd up and "down: For, let the Maſter's Induſtry and Skill be

never

" never ſo great, it is impoſſible he ſhould have 50 " or 100 Scholars under his Eye, any longer than " they are in the School together." But then, Sir, if there be ſuch a Difficulty, as Mr. *Locke* ſays, to meet with a proper Tutor, what a perplexing thing is this? And what ſhall one ſay, as to the Preference he gives to an Home Education, in which ſuch a Tutor is to be ſuppos'd neceſſary?

But then, according to this Gentleman, there is another Difficulty attending an Home Education, and is, what I hinted at before, in my ſecond Article, The Neceſſity there is to keep the Youth out of the Company of the meaner Servants, who may ſet him bad Examples. For thus he ſays: " Here is ano- " ther great Inconvenience, which Children receive " from the ill Examples, which they meet with from " the meaner Servants. They are *wholly*, if poſſi- " ble, to be kept from ſuch Converſation: For the " Contagion of theſe ill Precedents, both in Civility " and Virtue, horribly infects Children, as often as " they come within Reach of it. They frequently " learn from unbred or debauched Servants, ſuch " Language, untowardly Tricks, and Vices, as o- " therwiſe they would be ignorant of, all their Lives. " 'Tis an hard Matter wholly to prevent this Miſ- " chief," continues he; " you will have very " good Luck, if you never have a clowniſh or vici- " ous Servant, and if from them your Children ne- " ver get any Infection."

Then, Sir, my next Point (which I mention'd in the Beginning of this Letter) is a ſtill greater Difficulty, as it may happen in an Home Education; to wit, The Example of the Parents themſelves, if they be not very circumſpect and diſcreet.

All theſe Difficulties in an Home Education being put together, let me, dear Sir, humbly propoſe it, as a Matter for your Conſideration and Determination, Whether there be not a middle way to be found out in a School Education, that may remedy ſome of thoſe Inconveniencies? For ſuppoſe, Sir, you cannot, as the Task is ſo difficult, get a Tutor ſo quali-

fied,

ſed, as Mr. *Locke* thinks he ought to be, for your *Billy*, as he grows up. Suppoſe there is Danger from your meaner Servants; and ſuppoſe we his Parents ſhould not be able to lay ourſelves under the requiſite Reſtraints, in order to form his Mind by our own Examples, which, I hope, by God's Grace, however, will not be the Caſe—Cannot ſome Maſter be found out, who ſhall be ſo well rewarded for his Care of a *few* young Gentlemen, as ſhall make it worth his while to be contented with thoſe *few*? ſuppoſe Five, Six, Seven, or Eight at moſt; whoſe Morals and Breeding he may attend to, as well as to their Learning? The farther this Maſter lives from the young Gentlemens Friends, the better it may be. We will hope, that he is a Man of a mild Diſpoſition, but ſtrict in his Diſcipline, and who ſhall make it a Rule not to give Correction for ſmall Faults, or till every other Method has been try'd; who carries ſuch a juſt Dignity in his Manner, without the Appearance of Tyranny, that his Looks may be of greater Force, than the Words of ſome, and his Words than the Blows of others; and who will rather endeavour to ſhame than terrify a Youth out of his Faults. Then, Sir, ſuppoſe ſuch an one was to allot ſuch a Portion of Time for the *more learned* Studies; and before the Youth was tir'd with *them*, ſuppoſe ſuch another Portion was allotted for the *Writing* and *Arithmetick* Parts; and then, to relieve his Mind from both, ſuppoſe the *Dancing-maſter* ſhould take his Part; and innocent Exerciſes of mere Diverſion, to fill up the reſt, at his own Choice, in which, diverted by ſuch a Rotation of Imployments, (all thus render'd delightful by their ſucceſſive Variety) he would hardly wiſh to paſs much Time. For the Dancing of itſelf will anſwer both Parts that of good Breeding, and that of Exerciſe: And thus different Studies, at one time, may be maſter'd.

Moreover the Emulation, which will be inſpir'd, where there are ſeveral young Gentlemen, will be of inconceivable Uſe both to Tutor and Pupil, in leſſen-

ing

ing the Trouble of the one, and advancing the Learning of the other, which cannot be expected, where there is but a ſingle young Gentleman to take care of.

Such a Maſter will know it to be his Intereſt, as well as his Duty, to have a watchful Eye over the Conduct and behaviour of his Servants. His Aſſiſtants, in the different Branches of Science and Education, will be Perſons of approved Prudence, for whom he will think himſelf anſwerable, ſince his own *Reputation* will depend upon their Behaviour, as well as his *Livelihood*. The young Gentlemen will have young Gentlemen for their Companions, all under the Influence of the ſame Precepts and Directions; and if ſome choſen Period were fixed, once a Week, as a Reward for ſome Excellence, where at a little Desk, rais'd a Step or two above the other Seats, the excelling Youth ſhould be ſet to read, under the Maſter's Direction, a little Portion from the beſt Tranſlations of the *Greek* and *Roman* Hiſtorians, and even from the beſt *Engliſh* Authors; this might, in a very engaging manner initiate them into the Knowledge of the Hiſtory of paſt Times, and of their own Country, and give them a Curioſity to paſs ſome of their vacant Hours in the ſame laudable Purſuit: For, dear Sir, I muſt ſtill inſiſt, that Rewards, and innocent Gratifications, as alſo little Honours and Diſtinctions, muſt needs be very attractive to the Minds of Youth.

And don't you think, dear Sir, that the little Ride, and Dairy houſe Breakfaſting *, by which Miſs *Goodwin*'s Governeſs diſtinguiſhes the little Ladies, who excel in their allotted Tasks, is a ſweet pretty Encouragement to their ductile Minds?—Yes, it is, to be ſure!—And I have often thought of it with Pleaſure, and have partaken, in a manner, of the Delight, that I have ſuppoſed their pretty Hearts muſt be fill'd with, on the Occaſion. And why may not ſuch little Triumphs be, in Proportion, as intentive to

* *See* Vol. II. *p.* 284. *Alſo this* Vol. *p.* 16.

to Children to master laudable Tasks, as the *Roman* Triumphs, of different Kinds, and their Mural and Civick Crowns, all which I have heard you speak of, were to their Heroes and Warriors of old? For Mr. *Dryden* well obſerves, That

Men are but Children of a larger Growth.
Our Appetites are apt to change, as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain.

Permit me, Sir, to tranſcribe four or five Lines more, for the Beauty of the Thought:

And yet the Soul, ſhut up in her dark Room,
Viewing ſo clear abroad, *at* home *ſees nothin*
But like a Mole in Earth, buſy and blind,
Works all her Folly up, and caſts it outward
To the World's open View—

Improving the Thought; methinks, I can ſee the dear little Miſs, who has, in ſome eminent Taſk, borne away the Palm, making her publick Entry, as I may call it, after her Dairy Breakfaſt, and pretty Airing, into her Governeſs's Court-yard, through a double Row of her School-fellows, drawn out to admire her; her Governeſs and Aſſiſtants receiving her at the Porch, their little Capitol, and lifting her out with Applauſes and Encomiums, with a *Thus ſhall it be done to the Miſs, whom her Governeſs delighteth to honour!* I ſee not, my Mr. *B.* why the dear Miſs, in this Caſe, as ſhe moves thro' her admiring School-fellows, may not have her little Heart beat with as much Delight, be as glorioufly elated, proportionally, as that of the greateſt Hero in his Triumphal Car, who has return'd from Exploits, perhaps, much leſs laudable.

But how I ramble!— Yet, ſurely, Sir, you don't expect Method or Connexion from your Girl: The Education of our Sex will not permit that, where it is beſt. We are forced to ſtruggle for Knowledge, like the poor feeble Infant, in the Month, who, as I deſcrib'd in my firſt Letter on this Subject, is pinn'd

and

and ſetter'd down upon the Nurſe's Lap; and who, if its little Arms happen, by Chance, to eſcape its Nurſe's Obſervation, and offer but to expand themſelves, are immediately taken into Cuſtody, and pinion'd down to their paſſive Behaviour. So, when a poor Girl, in ſpite of her narrow Education, breaks out into Notice, her Genius is immediately tamed by trifling Imployments, leſt perhaps ſhe ſhould become the Envy of one Sex, and the Equal of the other. But you, Sir, act more nobly by your *Pamela*; for you throw in her Way all the Opportunities of Improvement that can offer; and ſhe has only to regret, that ſhe cannot make a better Uſe of them, and, of conſequence, render herſelf more worthy of your generous Indulgence.

I know not how, Sir, to recover my Thread; and ſo muſt break off, with that Delight, which I always take, when I come near the Bottom of my Letters to your dear Self; becauſe then I can boaſt of the Honour which I have in being

Your ever dutiful

P. B.

LETTER LIV.

WELL, but, my dear Mr. *B.* you will, perhaps, think from my laſt rambling Letter, that I am moſt inclin'd to a *School* Education for your *Billy*, ſome Years hence, if it ſhall pleaſe GOD to ſpare him to us. But indeed I cannot ſay, that I am: I only lay ſeveral things together in my uſual indigeſted and roving way, to take your Opinion upon, which, as it ought, will be always deciſive with me. And indeed I am ſo throughly convinc'd by Mr. *Locke*'s Reaſons, where the Behaviour of Servants can be ſo well anſwer'd for, as that of yours can be, where the Example of the Parents will be, as I hope, rather edifying than otherwiſe, that, without being ſway'd, as I think, by maternal Fondneſs, in this Caſe, I muſt needs give a Preference to the Home Education;

Education; and the little Scheme I preſum'd to form in my laſt, was only, as you will be pleas'd to remember, on a Suppoſition, that thoſe neceſſary Points could not be ſo well ſecur'd.

In my Obſervations on this Head, I ſhall take the Liberty, Sir, in one or two Particulars, a little to differ from an Author, that I admire exceedingly; and that is the preſent Deſign of my writing theſe Letters; for I ſhall hereafter, if God ſpare my Life, in my little Book, (when you have kindly decided upon the Points in which I preſume to differ from that Gentleman) ſhew you, Sir, my great Reverence and Eſteem for him; and ſhall then be able to let you know all my Sentiments on this important Subject, and that more undoubtingly, as I ſhall be more improv'd by Years, and your dear Converſation; eſpecially, Sir, if I have the Honour and Happineſs of a foreign Tour with you, of which you give me Hope; ſo much are you pleas'd with the Delight I take in theſe improving Excurſions, which you have now favour'd me with, at times, thro' more than half the Kingdom.

Well, then, Sir, I will proceed to conſider a little more particularly the Subject of an Home Education, with an Eye to thoſe Difficulties, which Mr. *Locke* takes notice of, as I have mention'd in my laſt.

As to the firſt, the Difficulty of finding a qualify'd Tutor; we muſt not expect ſo much Perfection, I doubt, as Mr. *Locke* lays down as neceſſary. What, therefore, I humbly conceive is beſt to be done, will be to avoid chuſing a Man of bigotted and narrow Principles, who yet ſhall not be tainted with ſceptical or heterodox Notions; who ſhall not be a mere Scholar or Pedant; who has travell'd, and yet preſerv'd his moral Character untainted; and whoſe Behaviour and Carriage is eaſy, unaffected, unformal, and genteel, as well acquiredly as naturally ſo, if poſſible; who ſhall not be dogmatical, poſitive, overbearing, on one hand; nor too yielding, ſuppliant, fawning, on the other; who ſhall ſtudy the Child's natural Bent, in order to direct his Studies

dies to the Point, in which he is moſt likely to excel. In order to preſerve the Reſpect due to his own Character from every one, he muſt not be a Buſy-body in the Family, a Whiſperer, a Tale-bearer; but be a Perſon of a benevolent Turn of Mind, ready to compoſe Differences: who ſhall avoid, of all things, that Foppiſhneſs of Dreſs and Appearance, which diſtinguiſhes the Petits-maîtres, and *French* Uſhers, (that I have ſeen at ſome Boarding-ſchools) for Coxcombs, rather than Guides of Education: For, as I have heard you, my beſt Tutor, often obſerve, the Peculiarities of Habit, where a Perſon aims at ſomething fantaſtick, or out of Character, are an undoubted Sign of a wrong Head: For ſuch an one is ſo kind, as always to hang out on his Sign, what ſort of Furniture he has in his Shop, to ſave you the Trouble of aſking Queſtions about him; ſo that one may know what he *is*, as much as one can know a Widow by her Weeds.

Such a Perſon as I have thus negatively deſcrib'd, may be found without very much Difficulty perhaps, becauſe ſome of theſe Requiſites are perſonal, and others are ſuch as are obvious, at firſt Sight, to a common Penetration; or, where not ſo, may be found out by Inquiry into his general Character and Behaviour: And to the Care of ſuch an one, dear Sir, let me for the preſent ſuppoſe your *Billy* is committed: And ſo we acquit ourſelves of the firſt Difficulty, as well as we can, that of the Tutor; who, to make himſelf more perfect, may form himſelf, as to what he wants, by Mr. *Locke*'s excellent Rules on that Head.

But before I quit this Subject, will you give me Leave, Sir, to remind you of your own Opinion upon it, in a Converſation that paſs'd between you and Sir *George Stuart*, and his Nephew, in *London*; in which you ſeem'd to prefer a *Scotiſh* Gentleman for a Tutor, to thoſe of your own Nation, and ſtill more than to thoſe of *France*. Don't you remember it, dear Sir? And how much thoſe Gentlemen were pleas'd with your facetious Freedom with their

Country,

Country, and ſaid, You made them Amends for that, in the Preference you gave to their learned and travell'd Youth? If you have forgot it, I will here tranſcribe it from my *Records*, as I call my Book of Memorandums; for every Time I am pleas'd with a Converſation, and have Leiſure, before it goes out of my Memory, I enter it down as near the very Words as I can; and now you have made me your Correſpondent, I ſhall ſometimes perhaps give you back ſome Valuables from your own Treaſure.

Miſs *Darnford*, and Mr. *Turner*, and Mr. *Fanſhaw*, were preſent, I well remember. Theſe are your Words, as I have them written down:

" Since the Union of the Two Kingdoms, we " have many Perſons of Condition, who have taken " Tutors for their Sons from *Scotland*; which " Practice, to ſpeak impartially, has been attended " with ſome advantageous Circumſtances, that " ſhould not be overlook'd. For, Sir *George*, it " muſt be confeſs'd, that notwithſtanding your nar- " row and ſtiff Manner of Education in *Scotland*, " a Spirit of manly Learning, a Kind of poetick " Liberty, as I may call it, has begun to exert it- " ſelf in that Part of the Iſland. The bluſtering " North, forgive me Gentlemen, ſeems to have " harden'd the Foreheads of her hungry Sons; and " the Keenneſs with which they ſet out for Prefer- " ment in the kindlier South, has taught them to " know a good deal of the World betimes. Thro' " the eaſy Terms on which Learning is generally " attain'd there, as it is earlier inculcated, ſo it " may, probably, take deeper Root: And ſince " 'tis hardly poſſible, forgive me, dear Sir *George*, " and Mr. *Stuart*, they can go to a worſe Coun- " try on this Side *Greenland*, than ſome of the " Northern Parts of *Scotland*; ſo their Education " with a View to travel, and to better themſelves " by Settlements in other Countries, may perhaps " be ſo many Reaſons for them to take greater " Pains to qualify themſelves for this Imployment,

" and

" and may make them ſucceed better in it; eſpe-
" cially when they have been able to ſhake off the
" Fetters which are rivetted upon them under the
" narrow Influences of a too tyrannical Kirk-diſci-
" pline, which you, Sir *George*, have juſt now ſo
" freely cenſur'd.

" To theſe Conſiderations when we add the Ne-
" ceſſity, which theſe remote Tutors lie under, of
" behaving well; becauſe, in the firſt place, they
" ſeldom wiſh to return to their own Country; and
" in the next, becauſe *that* cannot prefer them, if it
" would; and, thirdly, becauſe it would not, if it
" could, if the Gentleman be of an inlarged Genius,
" and generous Way of Thinking; I ſay, when we
" add to the Premiſes theſe Conſiderations, they all
" make a kind of Security for their good Behaviour:
" While thoſe of our own Country have often
" Friends or Acquaintance, on whoſe Favour they
" are apt to depend, and for that Reaſon give leſs
" Attention to the Duties requiſite for this im-
" portant Office.

" Beſides, as their kind Friend *Æolus*, who is
" accuſtom'd to ſpread and ſtrengthen the bold
" Muſcles of the ſtrong-featur'd *Scot*, has generally
" blown away that inauſpicious Baſhfulneſs, which
" hangs a much longer time, commonly, on the
" Faces of the Southern Students; ſuch an one (If
" he falls not too egregiouſly into the contrary Ex-
" treme, ſo as to become inſufferable) may ſtill be
" the more eligible Perſon for a Tutor, as he may
" teach a young Gentleman, betimes, that neceſſary
" Preſence of Mind, which thoſe who are confin'd
" to a private Education, ſometimes want.

" But, after all, if a Gentleman of this Nation
" be choſen for this Imployment, it may be neceſ-
" ſary, that he ſhould be ſuch an one as has had as
" genteel and free an Education himſelf, as his
" Country and Opportunities will afford; and has
" had, moreover, the native Roughneſs of his Cli-
" mate filed off and poliſhed by Travel and Con-
" verſation; who has made, at leaſt, the Tour of

" *France*

" *France* and *Italy*, and has a Taſte for the Po-
" liteneſs of the former Nation; for, from the na-
" tural Boiſterouſneſs of a *North Briton*, and the
" fantaſtick Politeneſs of a *Frenchman*, if happily
" blended, ſuch a Mixture may reſult, as may
" furniſh out a more complete Tutor, than either
" of the Two Nations, ſingly, may be able to pro-
" duce. But it ought to be remember'd, that this
" Perſon ſhould, by all means, have conquer'd his
" native Brogue, as I may call it, and be a Maſter
" of the *Engliſh* Pronunciation: otherwiſe his Con-
" verſation will be very diſagreeable to an *Engliſh*
" Ear.

" And permit me, Gentlemen, to add, That as
" an Acquaintance with the Muſes contributes not
" a little to ſoften the Manners, and to give a grace-
" ful and delicate Turn to the Imagination, and a
" kind of Poliſh to ſeverer Studies, I believe it
" would not be amiſs, that he ſhould have a Taſte
" of Poetry, altho' perhaps it were not to be
" wiſh'd he had ſuch ſtrong Inclinations that Way,
" as to make that lively and delectable Amuſement
" his predominant Paſſion: For we ſee very few
" Poets, whoſe warm Imaginations do not run
" away with their Judgments. And yet, in order
" to learn the dead Languages in their Purity, it
" will be neceſſary, as I apprehend, to inculcate
" both the Love and the Study of the antient Poets,
" which cannot fail of giving a Youth a Taſte for
" Poetry in general."

Permit me, dear Sir, to aſk you, Whether you advanc'd this for Argument-ſake, as ſometimes you love to amuſe and entertain your Friends in an uncommon way? For I ſhould imagine, that our Two Univerſities, which you have been ſo good as to ſhew me, and for which I have ever ſince had a greater Reverence, even than I had before, are capable of furniſhing as good Tutors as any Nation in the World: For here the young Gentlemen ſeem to me to live both in the *World*, and in the *Univerſity*; and we ſaw ſeveral Gentlemen who had

had not only fine Parts, and polite Behaviour, but deep Learning, as you aſſur'd me; ſome of whom you entertain'd, and were entertain'd by, in ſo elegant a manner, that no travell'd Gentleman, if I may be allow'd to judge, could excel them: And beſides, my dear Mr. *B.* I know who is reckon'd one of the politeſt and beſt-bred Gentlemen in *England* by every body, and learned as well as polite, and yet had his Education in one of thoſe celebrated Seats of Learning. I wiſh your *Billy* never may fall ſhort of the Gentleman I mean, in all theſe Acquirements; and he will be a dear happy Creature, I am ſure!

But how I wander again from my Subject! I have no other way to recover myſelf, when I thus ramble, but by bringing back myſelf to that one delightful Point of Reflection, that I have the Honour to be, dear Sir,

Your ever dutiful and obliged

P. B.

LETTER LV.

Deareſt Sir,

I Now reſume my Subject. I had gone thro' the Article of the Tutor, as well as I could; and now let me trouble you with a few Lines upon what Mr. *Locke* ſays, That Children are wholly, if poſſible, to be kept from the Converſation of the meaner Servants; whom he ſuppoſes to be, as too frequently they are, *unbred and debauch'd*, to uſe his own Words.

Now, Sir, let me obſerve, on this Head, that I think it is very difficult to keep Children from the Converſation of Servants at all times. The Care of perſonal Attendance, eſpecially in the Child's early Age, muſt fall upon Servants of one Denomination or other, who, little or much, muſt be converſant with the inferior Servants, and ſo be liable to be tainted by their Converſation; and it will be difficult

in

in this Caſe to prevent the Taint being communicated to the Child. Wherefore it will be a *ſurer*, as well as a more *laudable* Method, to inſiſt upon the regular Behaviour of the whole Family, than to expect the Child, and its immediate Attendant or Tutor, ſhould be the only good ones in it.

Nor is this ſo difficult a Thing to bring about, as may be imagin'd. Your Family, dear Sir, affords an eminent Inſtance of it: The Good have been confirm'd, the Remiſs have been reform'd, the Paſſionate have been tam'd; and there is not a Family in the Kingdom, I will venture to ſay, to the Honour of every Individual of it, more uniform, more regular, and freer from Evil, and more regardful of what they ſay and do, than yours. And, I believe, Sir, you will allow, that tho' they were always honeſt, yet they were not always ſo laudably, ſo exemplarily virtuous, as of late: Which I mention only to ſhew the Practicableneſs of a Reformation, even where bad Habits have taken place—For your *Pamela*, Sir, arrogates not to herſelf the Honour of this Change: 'Tis owing to the Divine Grace ſhining upon Hearts naturally good; for elſe an Example ſo eaſy, ſo plain, ſo ſimple, from ſo young a Miſtreſs, who, moreover, had been exalted from their own Station, could not have been attended with ſuch happy Effects.

You ſee, dear Sir, what a Maſter and Miſtreſs's Example could do, with a poor Soul ſo far gone as Mrs. *Jewkes*. And I dare be confident, that if, on the Hiring of a new Servant, Sobriety of Manners, and a virtuous Converſation, were inſiſted upon; and they were told, that a general Inoffenſiveneſs in Words, as well as Actions, was expected from them, as indiſpenſable Conditions of their Service; and that a Breach of that Kind would be no more paſs'd over, than a wilful Fraud, or Act of Diſhoneſty; and if, added to theſe Requiſites, their Principals take care to ſupport theſe Injunctions by their own Example; I ſay, in this Caſe, I dare be confident,

that

that if ſuch a Service did not *find* them good, it would *make* them ſo.

And why, indeed, ſhould we not think this a very practicable Scheme, when it is conſider'd that the Servants we take, are at Years of Diſcretion, and have the ſtrong Tie of *Intereſt* ſuperadded to the Obligations we require of them; and which, they muſt needs know (let 'em have what bad Habits they will) are right for *themſelves* to diſcharge, as well as for *us* to exact?

We all know of how much Force the Example of Superiors is to Inferiors. It is generally and too juſtly ſaid, That the Courts of Princes abound with the moſt profligate of Men, inſomuch that you cannot well give a Man a more ſignificantly bad Title, than by calling him a COURTIER: Yet even among theſe, one ſhall ſee the Force of *Example*, as I have heard you, Sir, frequently obſerve: For let but the Land be bleſt with a pious and religious Prince, who makes it a Rule with him to countenance and promote none but Men of Virtue and Probity; and, to put the Caſe ſtill ſtronger, let ſuch an one even ſucceed to the moſt libertine Reign, wherein the Manners of the People have ſeem'd to be wholly deprav'd; yet a wonderful Change will be immediately effected. The flagitious Livers will be chas'd away, or reform'd; or at leaſt will think it their Duty, or their *Intereſt*, which is a ſtronger Tie with ſuch, to *appear* reform'd; and not a Man will ſeek for the Favour or Countenance of his Prince, but by laudable Pretences, or by worthy Actions.

There was a Time, the Reign of King *Richard* III. when, as I have read, Deformity of Body was the Faſhion, and the Nobility and Gentry of the Court thought it an indiſpenſable Requiſite of a graceful Form to pad for themſelves a round Shoulder, becauſe the King was crooked. And can we think human Nature ſo abſurdly wicked, that it would not much rather have try'd to imitate a perſonal Perfection, than a Deformity ſo ſhocking in its Appearance, in People who were naturally ſtrait?

'Tis

'Tis a melancholy thing to reflect, that of all Profeſſions of Men, the Mariners, who moſt behold the Wonders of Almighty Power diſplay'd in the great Deep, a Sight that has ſtruck me with Awe and Reverence only from a Coaſt-Proſpect) and who every Moment of their Lives, while at Sea, have but one frail Plank betwixt themſelves and inevitable Deſtruction; are yet, generally ſpeaking, as I have often heard it obſerv'd, the moſt abandon'd Invokers and Blaſphemers of the Name of that GOD, whoſe Mercies they every Moment unthankfully, altho' ſo viſibly, experience. Yet, as I heard it once remark'd at your Table, Sir, on a particular Occaſion, we have now living one Commander in the *Britiſh* Navy, who, to his Honour, has ſhewn the Force of an excellent Example ſupporting the beſt Precepts: For on board of his Ship not an Oath or Curſe was to be heard; while Volleys of both (iſſued from impious Mouths in the ſame Squadron out of his Knowlege) ſeem'd to fill the Sails of other Ships with guilty Breath, calling aloud for that Perdition to overtake them, which perhaps his worthy Injunctions might be of Weight to ſuſpend.

If ſuch then, dear Sir, be the Force of a good Example, what have Parents to do, who are diſpos'd to bring up a Child at home under their own Eye, according to Mr. *Locke*'s Advice, but, firſt, to have a ſtrict Regard to *their own* Conduct? This will not want its due Influence on the Servants; eſpecially if a proper Care and Scrutiny be made into their Characters before they are entertain'd, and a watchful Eye be had over them, to keep them up to thoſe Characters afterwards. And when they know they muſt forfeit the Favour of a worthy Maſter, and their Places too, (which may be thought to be the beſt of Places, becauſe an *uniform* Character muſt make all around it eaſy and happy) they will readily obſerve ſuch Rules and Directions as ſhall be preſcrib'd to them—Rules and Directions, which their own Conſciences will tell them are *right* to be preſcrib'd; and even *right* for them

them to follow, were they *not* inſiſted upon by their Superiors: And this Conviction muſt go a great way towards their *thorough* Reformation: For a Perſon wholly convinc'd, is half reform'd. And thus the Hazard a Child will run of being corrupted by converſing with the Servants, will be remov'd, and all Mr. *Locke*'s other Rules be better inforc'd.

I have the Boldneſs, Sir, to make another Objection, and that is, to the Diſtance which Mr. *Locke* preſcribes to be kept between Children and Servants: For may not this be a Means to fill the Minds of the former with a Contempt of thoſe below them, and an Arrogance that is not warranted by any Rank or Condition, to their Inferiors of the ſame Species?

I have tranſcrib'd, Sir*, what Mr. *Locke* has injoin'd in relation to this Diſtance, where he ſays, That the Children are by all means to be kept *wholly* from the Converſation of the meaner Servants.—But how much better Advice does the ſame Author give for the Behaviour of Children to Servants in the following Words? Which, I humbly preſume to think, are not ſo intirely conſiſtent with the former, as might be expected from ſo admirable an Author.

"Another way," ſays he,, (§ 111.) "to inſtil "Sentiments of Humanity, and to keep them lively "in young Folks, will be to accuſtom them to "Civility in their Language and Deportment to-"wards their Inferiors, and the meaner ſort of "People, particularly Servants. It is not unuſual "to obſerve the Children in Gentlemens Families "treat the Servants of the Houſe with domineering "Words, Names of Contempt, and an imperious "Carriage, as if they were of another Race and "Species beneath them. Whether ill Example, "the Advantage of Fortune, or their natural Va-"nity, inſpire this haughtineſs, it ſhould be pre-"vented or weeded out; and a gentle, courteous, "affable carriage towards the lower Ranks of "Men, plac'd in the Room of it. No part of

* *See p.* 299, 300.

their Superiority," continues this excellent Author, " will be hereby loſt, but the Diſtinction in-" creas'd, and their Authority ſtrengthen'd when " Love in Inferiors is join'd to outward Reſpect, and " an Eſteem of the Perſon has a Share in their Sub-" miſſion: And Domeſticks will pay a more ready " and chearful Service, when they find themſelves " not ſpurn'd, becauſe Fortune has laid them below " the Level of others at their Maſter's Feet."

Theſe, dear Sir, are certainly the Sentiments of a generous and inlarg'd Spirit: But I hope I ſhall be forgiven, if I obſerve, that the great Diſtance Mr. *Locke* before injoins to be kept between Children and Servants, is not very conſiſtent with the above-cited: For if we would prevent this undue Contempt of Inferiors in the Temper of Children, the beſt way, as I humbly preſume to think, is not to make it ſo unpardonable a Fault for them, eſpecially in their early Years, to be in their Company. For can one make the Children ſhun the Servants without rendering them odious or contemptible to them, and repreſenting them to the Child in ſuch diſadvantageous Lights, as muſt needs make the Servants vile in their Eyes, and themſelves lofty and exalted in their own? and thereby cauſe them to treat them with " domineering Words, and an imperious Carriage, as " if they were of another Race or Species beneath " them; and ſo," as Mr. *Locke* ſays, " nurſe up their " natural Pride into an habitual Contempt of thoſe " beneath them: And then," as he adds " where " will that probably end, but in Oppreſſion and Cru-" elty?"—But this Matter, dear Sir, as I preſume to think, will all be happily accommodated and reconciled, when the Servants good Behaviour is ſecur'd by the Example and Injunctions of the Principals.

Upon the Whole, then, of what Mr. *Locke* has injoin'd, and what I have taken the Liberty to ſuggeſt on this Head, it ſhall be my Endeavour, in that early Part of your dear *Billy*'s Education, which your Goodneſs will intruſt to me, to inculcate betimes in his Mind the Principles of univerſal

Benevolence

Benevolence and Kindneſs to others, eſpecially to Inferiors.

Nor, dear Sir, ſhall I fear, that the little Dear will be wanting to himſelf in aſſuming, as he grows up, an Air of Superiority and Diſtance of Behaviour equal to his Condition, or that he will deſcend too low for his Station. For, Sir, there is a Pride and Self-love natural to human Minds, that will ſeldom be kept ſo low, as to make them humbler than they ought to be.

I have obſerv'd, before now, Inſtances of this, in ſome of the Families we viſit, between the young Maſters or Miſſes, and thoſe Children of lower Degree, who have been brought to play with them, or divert them. On the Maſters and Miſſes Side, I have always ſeen, they lead the Play, and preſcribe the Laws of it, be the Diverſion what it will; while, on the other hand, their lower-rank Playfellows have generally given into their little Humours, tho' ever ſo contrary to their own; and the Difference of Dreſs and Appearance, and the Notion they have of the more eminent Condition of their Play-fellows Parents, have begot in them a kind of Awe and Reſpect, that perhaps more than ſufficiently ſecures the Superiority of the one, and the Subordination of the other.

The Advantage of this univerſal Benevolence to a young Gentleman, as he grows up, will be, as I humbly conceive, that it will ſo diffuſe itſelf over his Mind as to influence all his Actions, and give a Grace to every thing he does or ſays, and make him admir'd and reſpected from the beſt and moſt durable Motives; and will be of greater Advantage to him for his attaining an handſome Addreſs and Behaviour, (for it will make him conſcious, that he *merits* the Diſtinction he will meet with, and encourage him ſtill *more* to merit it) than the beſt Rules that can be given him for that Purpoſe.

I will therefore teach the little Dear Courteouſneſs and Affability, from the propereſt Motives I am able to think of; and will inſtruct him in only one Piece of Pride, That of being above doing a

mean or low Action. I will caution him not to behave in a lordly or inſolent manner, even to the loweſt Servants. I will tell him, as I do my dear Miſs *Goodwin*, That that Superiority is the moſt commendable, and will be beſt maintain'd, that is owing to Humanity and Kindneſs, and which is grounded on the Perfections of the *Mind*, rather than on the *accidental* Advantages of *Fortune* and *Condition*: That if his Conduct be ſuch as it ought to be, there will be no Occaſion to tell a Servant, that he *will* be obſerv'd and reſpected: That *Humility*, as I once told my Miſs *Goodwin**, is a charming Grace, and moſt conſpicuouſly charming in Perſons of Diſtinction; for that the Poor, who are humbled by their Condition cannot glory in it, as the Rich may; and that it makes the lower Ranks of People love and admire the High-born, who can ſo condeſcend: Whereas *Pride*, in ſuch, is Meanneſs and Inſult, as it owes its Boaſt and its Being to accidental Advantages; which at the ſame time, are ſeldom of *his* procuring, who can be ſo mean as to be proud: That even I would ſooner forgive Pride in a low Degree, than in an high; for it may be a Security in the firſt, againſt doing a baſe thing: But in the Rich, it is a baſe thing itſelf, and an impolitick one too; for the more Diſtinction a proud Mind graſps at, the leſs it will have; and every poor deſpis'd Perſon can whiſper ſuch an one in the Ear, when ſurrounded with, and adorn'd by, all his glittering Splendors, that he was born and muſt die, in the *ſame manner* with thoſe whom he deſpiſes.

Thus will the Doctrine of Benevolence and Affability, inculcated early in the Mind of Youth, and duly cultivated, as he grows up, inſpire the young Gentleman with the requiſite Conduct to command Reſpect from *proper* Motives; and at the ſame time that it will make the Servants obſerve a Decorum towards him, it will oblige them to have a Guard upon their Words and Actions in the Preſence of one, whoſe Manner of Education and Training-

* *See p.* 267. *l.* 31.

Training-up would be ſo great a Reproach to them, if they were groſly faulty: So that hereby, as I conceive, a mutual Benefit would flow to the Manners of each, and his good Behaviour would render him, in ſome meaſure, an inſtructive Monitor to the whole Family.

But permit me, Sir, to inlarge on the Hint I have already given, in relation to the Example of the Parents, in caſe a Preference be given to the Home Education. For if this Point cannot be ſecur'd, I ſhould always imagine it were beſt to put the Child to ſuch a School, as I have taken the Liberty to mention*. But yet the Subject, Sir, might be ſpar'd by me in the preſent Caſe, as I write with a View only to your Family; tho' you will remember, that while I follow Mr. *Locke*, whoſe Work is publick, I muſt be conſider'd as if I was directed myſelf to the Generality of the World: For, Sir, I have the Pleaſure to ſay, That your Conduct in your Family is unexceptionable; and the Pride to think, that mine is no Diſgrace to it. No one hears a Word from your Mouth unbecoming the Character of a polite Gentleman; and I ſhall always endeavour to be very regardful of what falls from mine. Your Temper, Sir, is equal and kind to all your Servants, and they love you, as well as awefully reſpect you: And well does your Generoſity, and bountiful and conſiderate Mind, deſerve it of them all: And they, ſeeing I am watchful over my own Conduct, ſo as not to behave unworthy of your kind Example, regard me as much as I could wiſh they ſhould; for well do they know, that their beloved Maſter will have it ſo, and greatly honours and eſteems me himſelf.—Your Table-talk is ſuch as Perſons of the ſtricteſt Principles may hear, and join in: Your Gueſts, and your Friends, are, generally ſpeaking, Perſons of the genteeleſt Life, and of the beſt Manners:—So that Mr. *Locke* would have adviſ'd *you*, of all Gentlemen, had he been living, and known you,

* *See p.* 300.

to give your Children an Home Education, and aſſign'd theſe, and ſtill ſtronger Reaſons for it.

But, dear Sir, were we to ſpeak to the Generality, it is to be fear'd, this would be an almoſt inſuperable Objection to it. For (I am ſorry to ſay it, but) when one turns one's Eyes to the bad Precedents given by the Heads of ſome Families, it is hardly to be wonder'd at, that there is ſo little Virtue and Religion among Men. For can thoſe Parents be ſurpris'd at the Ungraciouſneſs of their *Children*, who hardly ever ſhew them, that their *own* Actions are govern'd by reaſonable or moral Motives? Can the gluttonous Father expect a ſelf-denying Son? With how ill a Grace muſt a Man who will often be diſgui'd in Liquor, preach Sobriety? A paſſionate Man, Patience? An irreligious Man, Piety? How will a Parent, whoſe Hands are ſeldom without Cards or Dice, be obſerv'd in Leſſons againſt the pernicious Vice of Gaming? Can the profuſe Father, who is ſquandering away the Fortunes of his Children, expect to be regarded in a Leſſon of Frugality? 'Tis impoſſible he ſhould, except it were, that the Youth, ſeeing how pernicious his Father's Example is, ſhould have the Grace to make a proper Uſe of it, and look upon it as a Sea-mark, as it were, to enable him to ſhun the dangerous Rocks, on which he ſees his Father ſplitting. And even in this *beſt* Caſe, let it be conſider'd, how much Shame and Diſgrace this thoughtleſs Parent ought to take to himſelf, who can admoniſh his Child by nothing but the *Odiouſneſs* of his own Vice; and how little it is owing to him, that his Guilt is not *doubled*, by his Son's treading in his Steps! Let ſuch an unhappy Parent duly weigh this, and think how likely he may be, by his bad Example, to be the Cauſe of his Child's Perdition, as well as his own, and ſtand unſhock'd and unamended, if he can!

Give me Leave to add, That it is then of no Avail to wiſh for diſcreet Servants, if the Conduct of the Parents is faulty. If the Fountain-head be polluted,

polluted, how ſhall the Under-currents run clear? That Maſter or Miſtreſs, who would exact from their Servants a Behaviour which they themſelves don't practiſe, will be but ill obſerv'd. And that Child, who diſcovers great Exceſſes and Errors in his Parents, will be found to be leſs profited by their good Precepts, than prejudic'd by their bad Examples. Exceſſive Fondneſs this Hour, violent Paſſions, and perhaps Execrations, the next; unguarded Jeſts, an Admiration for faſhionable Vanities, raſh Cenſures, are perhaps the beſt, that the Child ſees in, or hears from, thoſe who are moſt concern'd to inculcate good Precepts into his Mind. And where it is ſo, an Home Education is not by any means, ſurely, to be choſen.

Having, Sir, as well as my ſlender Abilities will permit, preſum'd to deliver my Opinion upon Three great Points, *viz.* The Qualifications of a Tutor; The Neceſſity of having an Eye to the Morals of Servants; and, The Example of Parents (all which being taken care of, gives a Preference, as I imagine, to an Home Education;) permit me, dear Sir, to offer one more Point, on this Subject, to your Conſideration, altho' I juſt touch'd upon it before.

It is that of *Emulation*; which I humbly conceive to be of great Efficacy to lead Children on in their Duties and Studies. And how, dear Sir, ſhall this Advantage be procur'd for a young Maſter, who has no Schoolfellows, and who has no Example to follow, but that of his Tutor, whom he cannot, from the Diſparity of Years, and other Circumſtances, without Pain, (becauſe of this Diſparity) think of emulating? And this, I conceive, is a very great Advantage to ſuch a School Education, as I mentioned in my former Letter †, where there are no more Scholars, than the Maſter can with Eaſe and Pleaſure inſtruct.

But one way, in my humble Opinion, is left to anſwer this Objection, and ſtill preſerve the Reaſon for the Preference which Mr. *Locke* gives to

† See *p.* 300.

an Home Education; and that is, what I formerly hinted to you, dear Sir †, to take into your Family the Child of ſome honeſt Neighbour of but middling Circumſtances, and like Age with your own, but who ſhould give apparent Indications of his natural Promptitude, ingenious Temper, obliging Behaviour, and good Manners; and to let him go hand-in-hand with yours in his ſeveral Studies and Leſſons under the ſame Tutor.

This Child would be ſenſible of the Benefit, as well as the Diſtinction he receiv'd, and conſequently of what was expected from him, and would double his Diligence, and exert all his good Qualities, which would inſpire the young Gentleman with the wiſh'd-for Emulation, and, as I imagine, would be ſo promotive of his Learning, that it would even greatly compenſate the Tutor's Pains with the additional Scholar; for the young Gentleman would be aſham'd to be out-done by one of like Years and Stature with himſelf. And little Rewards might be propos'd to the greateſt Proficient, in order to heighten the Emulation.

Then, Sir, permit me to add, That the *Generoſity* of ſuch a Method, to a Gentleman of your Fortune, and beneficent Mind, would be its own Reward, were there no other Benefit to be receiv'd by it.

Moreover, ſuch an ingenious Youth might, by his good Morals and Induſtry, hereafter, be of Service in ſome Place of Truſt in the Family; and it would be eaſy for a Gentleman of your Intereſt in the World, if ſuch a thing offer'd not, to provide for the Youth in the Navy, in ſome of the publick Offices, or among your private Friends—If he prov'd faulty in his Morals, his Diſmiſſion would be in your own Power, and would be Puniſhment enough.

But if, on the other hand, he prov'd a ſober and hopeful Youth, ſuch an one would make an excellent Companion for your *Billy* in riper Years; as he would be, in a manner, a Corroborator of his Morals; for,

† See *p.* 140, 141.

for, as his Circumſtances would not ſupport him in any Extravagance, ſo thoſe Circumſtances would be a Check upon his Inclinations; and this being ſeconded by the Hopes of future Preferment from your Favour and Intereſt, which he could not expect but upon the Terms of his Perſeverance in Virtue, he would find himſelf under a Neceſſity of ſetting ſuch an Example, as might be of great Benefit to his Companion: Who ſhould be watch'd as he grew up, that he did not (if his ample Fortune became dangerous to his Virtue) contribute of his Affluence to draw the other after him into Extravagance. And to this End, as I humbly conceive, the noble Doctrine of *Independence* ſhould be early inſtill'd into both their Minds, and, upon all Occaſions, inculcated and inforc'd; which would be an Inducement for the one to endeavour to *improve* his Fortune by his honeſt Induſtry, leſt he ſhould never be inabled to riſe out of a State of Dependence; and to the other, to *keep*, if not *improve* his own, leſt he ſhould ever fall into ſuch a ſervile State, and thereby loſe the glorious Power of conferring Obligations on the Deſerving; which ſurely is one of the higheſt Pleaſures that a generous Mind can know.

A Pleaſure, Sir, which you have oftener experienc'd than Thouſands of Gentlemen: And which may you ſtill continue to experience for a long, long, and happy Succeſſion of Years to come, is the Prayer of one, the moſt oblig'd of all others in her own Perſon, as well as in the Perſons of her deareſt Relations; and who owes to this glorious Beneficence the Honour ſhe boaſts, of being

Your ever dutiful and grateful

P. B.

LETTER LVI.

BUT now, my dear Mr. *B.* if you will indulge me in a Letter or two more, preparative to my little Book, that I mention'd, I will take the Li-

berty to touch upon one or two other Places, wherein I differ from this learned Gentleman. But, firſt, permit me to obſerve, that if Parents are, above all things, to avoid giving bad Examples to their Children, they will be no leſs careful to ſhun the Practice of ſuch fond Fathers and Mothers, as are wont to indulge their Children in bad Habits, and give them their Head, at a time when, like Wax, their tender Minds may be moulded into what Shape they pleaſe. This is a Point, that, if it pleaſe God, I will carefully attend to, becauſe it is the Foundation, on which the Superſtructure of the whole future Man is to be erected. For, according as he is indulg'd or check'd in his childiſh Follies, a Ground is laid for his future Happineſs or Miſery; and if once they are ſuffer'd to become habitual to him, it cannot but be expected, that they will grow up with him, and that they will hardly ever be eradicated. "Try it," ſays Mr. *Locke*, ſpeaking to this very Point, "in a Dog, or an Horſe, or any other "Creature, and ſee whether the ill and reſty Tricks "they have learn'd when young, are eaſily to be "mended, when they are knit: And yet none of theſe "Creatures are half ſo wilful and proud, or half ſo "deſirous to be Maſters of themſelves, as Men."

And this brings me, dear Sir, to the Head of *Puniſhments*, in which, as well as in the Article of *Rewards*, which I have touch'd upon, I have a little Objection to ſomewhat advanc'd by Mr. *Locke*.

But permit me, Sir, however, to premiſe, that I am exceedingly pleas'd with the Method laid down by this excellent Writer, rather to ſhame the Child out of his Fault, than beat him; which latter ſerves generally for nothing but to harden his Mind.

Obſtinacy, and telling a *Lye*, and committing a *wilful* Fault, and then *perſiſting* in it, are, I agree with this Gentleman, the only Cauſes for which the Child ſhould be puniſh'd with Stripes: And I admire the Reaſons he gives againſt a too rigorous and ſevere Treatment of Children.

But I will give Mr. *Locke*'s Words, to which I have ſome Objection. "It

"It may be doubted," ſays he, "concerning "Whipping, when, as the *laſt* Remedy, it comes "to be neceſſary, at *what time*, and by *whom*, it "ſhould be done; whether preſently, upon the "committing the Fault, whilſt it is yet freſh and "hot—I think it ſhou'd not be done preſently," adds he, "leſt Paſſion mingle with it; and ſo, tho' "it exceed the juſt Proportion, yet it loſe of its "due Weight. For even Children diſcern when-"ever we do things in a Paſſion."

I muſt beg Leave, dear Sir, to differ from Mr. *Locke* in this Point; for I think it ought rather to be a Rule with Parents, who ſhall chaſtize their Children, to conquer what would be extreme in *their own* Paſſion on this Occaſion, (for thoſe Parents, who cannot do it, are very unfit to be Puniſhers of the wayward Paſſions of their Children) than to *defer* the Puniſhment, eſpecially if the Child knows its Fault has reach'd its Parent's Ear. It is otherwiſe, methinks, giving the Child, if of an obſtinate Diſpoſition, ſo much more Time to harden its Mind, and bid Defiance to its Puniſhment.

Juſt now, dear Sir, your *Billy* is brought into my Preſence, all ſmiling, crowing to come to me, and full of heart chearing Promiſes; and the Subject I am upon goes to my Heart. Surely, ſurely, I can never beat your *Billy!*—Dear little Life of my Life! how can I think thou canſt ever deſerve it, or I can ever inflict it?—No, my Baby, that ſhall be thy Papa's Taſk, if ever thou art ſo heinouſly naughty, and whatever *he* does, muſt be right.—Pardon my fooliſh Fondneſs, dear Sir!—I will proceed.

If then, I humbly preſume to adviſe, the Fault be ſo atrocious as to deſerve Whipping, and the Parent be reſolv'd on this exemplary Puniſhment, by no means, I ſhould imagine, ought the Child,—poor dear little Soul!—to come into one's Preſence without meeting his due Reward. For elſe, I ſhould think, a Fondneſs too natural to be reſiſted, will get the Upper-hand of one's Reſentment, and how ſhall one be able to whip the dear Creature one can-

not

not be angry with? Then after he has once ſeen one without meeting his Puniſhment, will he not be inclin'd to hope for Connivance at his Fault? And may he not be apt (for Childrens Reſentments are ſtrong) to impute to Cruelty, a Correction, that ſhould always appear to be inflicted with Reluctance, and thro' Motives of Love?

If, from Anger at his Fault, one ſhould go *above the due Proportion*, (I am ſure I might be truſted for this!) let it take its Courſe!—How barbarouſly, methinks, I ſpeak!—He ought to *feel* the Laſh, firſt, Becauſe he *deſerves* it, poor little Creature! Next, Becauſe it is *propos'd* to be exemplary. And Laſtly, Becauſe it is not intended to be *often* us'd: And the very Paſſion or Diſpleaſure one expreſſes, (if it be not enormous) will ſhew one is in Earneſt, and inſpire him with a neceſſary Awe, and make him be afraid to offend again. The *End* of the Correction is to ſhew him the Difference betwixt a kind Parent, and a provok'd one: And as it is proper to take him at his firſt Offer of a full Submiſſion and Repentance, (and not before) and inſtantly diſpaſſionate one's ſelf, and ſhew him the Difference by Acts of Pardon and Kindneſs, (which will let him ſee, that one puniſhes him out of Neceſſity rather than Choice) ſo one would not be afraid to make him ſmart ſo ſufficiently, that he ſhould not ſoon forget the Severity of the Diſcipline, nor the Diſgrace of it. There's a cruel Mamma for you, Mr. *B.!* What my *Practice* may be, I can't tell; but this *Theory*, I preſume to think, is right.

As to the Act itſelf, I much approve Mr. *Locke's* Advice, to do it by Pauſes, mingling Stripes and Expoſtulations together, to ſhame and terrify the more; and the rather, as the Parent, by this ſlow manner of inflicting the Puniſhment, will leſs need to be afraid of giving too violent a Correction; for thoſe Pauſes will afford *him*, as well as the *Child*, Opportunities for Conſideration and Reflection.

But

But as to the Perſon, by whom the Diſcipline ſhould be perform'd, I humbly conceive, that this excellent Author is here alſo to be objected to.

"If you have a diſcreet Servant," ſays he, "capable of it, and has the Place of governing "your Child, (for if you have a Tutor, there is "no Doubt) I think it is beſt the Smart ſhould "come immediately from another's Hand, tho' by "the Parent's Order, who ſhould ſee it done; "whereby the Parent's Authority will be preſerv'd, "and the Child's Averſion for the Pain it ſuffers, "rather be turn'd on the Perſon that immediately "inflicts it. For I would have a Father ſeldom "ſtrike the Child, but upon very urgent Neceſſity, "and as the laſt Remedy."

'Tis in ſuch an urgent Caſe, dear Sir, that we are ſuppoſing it ſhould be done at all. If there be not a Reaſon ſtrong enough for the Father's whipping the Child himſelf, there cannot be any ſufficient for his ordering any other to do it, and ſtanding by to ſee it done: But, I humbly preſume to think, that if there be a Neceſſity for it, no one can be ſo fit as the Father himſelf to do it. The Child cannot diſpute *his* Authority to puniſh, from whom he receives and expects all the good Things of this Life: He cannot queſtion *his* Love to him, and, after the Smart is over, and his Obedience ſecur'd, muſt believe that ſo tender, ſo indulgent a Father, could have no other End in whipping him, but his Good. Againſt him, he knows, he has no Remedy, but muſt paſſively ſubmit; and when he is convinc'd he *muſt*, he will in time conclude, that he *ought*.

But to have this ſevere Office perform'd by a Servant, tho' at the Father's Command; and that profeſſedly, that the Averſion of the Child for the Pain it ſuffers, ſhould be turn'd on the Perſon who immediately inflicts it, is, I am humbly of Opinion, the *Reverſe* of what ought to be done. And *more* ſo, if this Servant has any Direction of the Child's Education; and ſtill *much* more ſo, if it be his Tutor, notwithſtanding Mr. *Locke* ſays, there

is

is no Doubt, if there be a Tutor, that it ſhould be done by him.

For, dear Sir, is there no Doubt, that the Tutor ſhould lay himſelf open to the Averſion of the Child, whoſe Morals he is to direct, whoſe Manners he is to form? Is it not the beſt Method a Tutor can take, in order to inforce the Leſſons he would inculcate, to endeavour to attract the Love and Attention of his Pupil by the moſt winning, mild, and inviting Ways that he can poſſibly think of? And yet is *he*, this very Tutor, *out of all Doubt*, to be the Inſtrument of doing an harſh and diſgraceful thing, and that in the laſt Reſort, when all other Methods are found ineffectual; and that too, becauſe he ought to incur the Child's Reſentment and Averſion, rather than the Father? No, ſurely, Sir, it is not reaſonable it ſhould be ſo: Quite contrary, in my humble Notion, there can be no Doubt, that it ſhould be *otherwiſe*.

It ſhould, methinks, be enough for a Tutor, in caſe of a Fault in the Child, to threaten to complain to his Father; but yet not to make ſuch Complaint, without the Child obſtinately perſiſts in his Error, which, too, ſhould be of a Nature to merit ſuch an Appeal: And this, methinks, would highly contribute to preſerve the Parent's Authority; who, on this Occaſion, ſhould never fail of extorting a Promiſe of Amendment, or of inſtantly puniſhing him with his own Hands. And, to heighten the Eſteem of the Child to his Tutor, and to reconcile him to him for complaining of him, it might not, poſſibly, be amiſs, that his Interpoſition in the Child's Favour, if the Fault were not too flagrant, ſhould be permitted to ſave him once or twice from the impending Diſcipline.

'Tis certain, that the Paſſions, if I may ſo call them, of Affection and Averſion are very early diſcoverable in Children; inſomuch that they will, even before they can ſpeak, afford us Marks for the Detection of an hypocritical Appearance of Love to it before the Parents Faces. For the Fond-

neſs

neſs or Averſeneſs of the Child to ſome Servants, as I have obſerv'd in other Families, will at any time let one know, whether their Love to the Baby is uniform and the ſame, when one is abſent, as preſent. For in one Caſe the Child will reject with Sullenneſs all the little Sycophancies, that are made to it in one's Sight; while, on the other, its Fondneſs of one, who generally obliges it, is an infallible Rule to judge of ſuch an one's Sincerity behind one's Back. This little Inſtance ſhews the Strength of a Child's Reſentments, and its Sagacity, at the earlieſt Age, in diſcovering who obliges, and who diſobliges it: And hence one may infer, how improper a Perſon *he* is, whom we would have a Child to love and reſpect, or by whoſe Precepts we would have it directed, to be the Puniſher of his Faults, or to do any harſh or diſagreeable Office to it.

For my own Part, dear Sir, I muſt take the Liberty to declare, that if the Parent were not to inflict the Puniſhment himſelf, I think it much better it ſhould be given him, in the Parent's Preſence, by the Servant of the loweſt Conſideration in the Family, and one whoſe Manners and Example one would be the leaſt willing of any other he ſhould follow. Juſt as the common Executioner, who is the loweſt and moſt flagitious Officer of the Commonwealth, and who frequently deſerves as much as the Criminal, the Puniſhment he is choſen to inflict, is pitch'd upon to perform, as a Mark of greater Ignominy, thoſe Sentences which are intended as Examples to deter others from the Commiſſion of heinous Crimes. And this was the Method the Almighty took, when he was diſpos'd to correct ſeverely his choſen People: For in that Caſe He generally did it by the Hands of the moſt profligate Nations around them, as we read in many Places of the Old Teſtament.

But the following Rule, among a thouſand others, equally excellent, I admire in Mr. *Locke:* "When," ſays he, "(for any Miſdemeanour) the Father or "Mother looks ſour on the Child, every one elſe

ſhould

" ſhould put on the ſame Coldneſs to him, and no-
" body give him Countenance till Forgiveneſs aſk'd,
" and a Reformation of his Fault has ſet him right
" again, and reſtor'd him to his former Credit. If
" this were conſtantly o .erv'd," adds he, " I
" gueſs there would be little Need of Blows or
" Chiding: Their own Eaſe or Satisfaction would
" quickly teach Children to court Commendation,
" and avoid doing that which they found every
" body condemn'd, and they were ſure to ſuffer
" for, without being chid or beaten. This would
" teach them Modeſty and Shame, and they would
" quickly come to have a natural Abhorrence for
" that which they found made them ſlighted and
" neglected by every body."

This affords me, dear Sir, a pretty Hint: For if ever your charming *Billy* ſhould be naughty, what would I do, but proclaim throughout your worthy Family, that the little Dear was in Diſgrace! And one ſhould ſhun him, another ſhould decline anſwering him, a third ſhould ſay, No, Maſter, I cannot obey you, till your Mamma is pleas'd with you: A fourth, Who ſhould mind what little Maſters bid them do, when little Maſters won't mind what their Mamma's ſay to them? And when the dear little Soul found this, he would come in my Way, and I ſee (pardon me, my dear Mr. *B.*) he has ſome of his Papa's Spirit already, indeed he has! and I will direct myſelf with double Kindneſs to your beloved *Davers*, and to my Miſs *Goodwin*, and take no Notice at all of the dear Creature, if I can help it, till I ſee his Papa (forgive my Boldneſs, Sir) baniſh'd from his little ſullen Brow, and all his Mamma riſe to his Eyes: And when his muſical Tongue ſhall be unlock'd to own his Fault, and promiſe Amendment——O then! how ſhall I claſp him to my Boſom! and Tears of Joy, I know, will meet his Tears of Penitence!——How theſe Flights, dear Sir, pleaſe a body!——What Delights have thoſe Mamma's, (which ſome faſhionable Ladies are quite unacquainted with) who can make

their

their dear Babies, and their firſt Educations, their Entertainment and Diverſion! To watch the beamy Dawnings of Reaſon in them, to direct their little Paſſions, as they ſhew themſelves, to this or that particular Point of Benefit and Uſe; and to prepare the ſweet Virgin Soil of their Minds to receive the Seeds of Virtue and Goodneſs ſo early, that as they grow up, one need only now a little Pruning, and now a little Watering, to make them the Ornaments and Delights of the Garden of this Life! And then their pretty Ways, their fond and grateful Endearments, ſome new Beauty every Day riſing to Obſervation—O my deareſt Mr. *B.* whoſe Enjoyments and Pleaſures are ſo great, as thoſe of ſuch Mamma's as can bend their Minds, two or three Hours every Day, to the Duties of the Nurſery?

I have a few other things to obſerve upon Mr. *Locke*'s Treatiſe, which when I have done, I ſhall read, admire, and improve by the reſt, as my Years and Experiences advance; of which, in my propos'd little Book, I ſhall give you better Proofs than I am able to do at preſent; raw, crude, and indigeſted as the Notions of ſo young a Mamma muſt needs be. But theſe ſhall be the Subjects of another Letter; for now I am come to the Pride and the Pleaſure I always have, when I ſubſcribe myſelf, deareſt Sir,

Your ever dutiful and grateful P. B.

LETTER LVII.

Dear Sir,

MR. *Locke* gives a great many very pretty Inſtructions relating to the Play-games of Children; but I humbly preſume to think what he ſays, in one or two Places, a little objectionable.

He would not indulge them in any Playthings, but what they make themſelves, or endeavour to make. "A ſmooth Pebble, a Piece of Paper, the Mother's "Bunch of Keys, or any thing they cannot hurt "themſelves

"themſelves with," he rightly ſays, "ſerves as "much to divert little Children, as thoſe more "chargeable and curious Toys from the Shops, which "are preſently put out of Order, and broken."

Theſe Playthings may certainly do well enough, as he obſerves, for little ones: But, methinks, to a Perſon of eaſy Circumſtances, as the making theſe Toys imploys the induſtrious Poor, the buying them for the Child might be diſpens'd with, tho' they *were* eaſily broken; and eſpecially as they are of all Prices, and ſome leſs coſtly, and more durable, than others.

"Tops, Gigs, Battledors," Mr. *Locke* obſerves, "which are to be uſed with Labour, ſhould indeed "be procur'd them—not for Variety, but Exerciſe: "But if they had a Top, the Scourge-ſtick and "Leather-ſtrap ſhould be left to their own making "and fitting."

But may I preſume to ſay, That whatever be the Good Mr. *Locke* propoſes by this, it cannot be equal to the Miſchief Children may do themſelves in making theſe Playthings? For muſt they not have Implements to work with? And is not a Knife, or other edg'd Tool, without which it is impoſſible they can make or ſhape a Scourge-ſtick, or *any* of their Playthings, a fine Inſtrument in a Child's Hands? This Advice is the Reverſe of the Caution warranted from all Antiquity, *That 'Tis dangerous to meddle with edg'd Tools:* And I am afraid, the Tutor muſt often act the Surgeon, and follow the Indulgence with a Styptick and a Plaiſter; and the young Gentleman's Hands might be ſo often bound up, that it might indeed perhaps be one way to cure him of his earneſt Deſire to play; but I can hardly imagine any other Good that it can do him: For I doubt, the excellent Conſequences propos'd by our Author from this Doctrine, ſuch as to teach the Child Moderation in his Deſires, Application, Induſtry, Thought, Contrivance and good Huſbandry, Qualities that, as he obſerves, will be uſeful to him when he is a Man, are too remote to be ingrafted

ingrafted upon ſuch Beginnings: Altho' it muſt be confeſs'd, that, as Mr. *Locke* wiſely obſerves, good Habits and Induſtry cannot be too early inculcated.

But then, Sir, may I aſk, Are not the very Play and Sports, to which Children accuſtom themſelves, whether they make their own Playthings or not, equivalent to the Work or Labour of grown Perſons? Yes, Sir, I will venture to ſay, they are, and more than equivalent to the Exerciſes and Labour of many.

Mr. *Locke* adviſes, that the Child's Playthings ſhould be as few as poſſible, which I intirely agree with: That they ſhould be in his Tutor's Power, who is to give him but one at once: But as it is the Nature of the human Mind to court moſt what is prohibited, and to ſet light by what is in its own Power; ſo I am half doubtful; (only that Mr. *Locke* ſays it, and the Matter may not be ſo very important, as other Points, in which I have taken the Liberty to differ from that Gentleman) Whether the Child's abſolute Poſſeſſion of his own Playthings in ſome little Repoſitory, of which he may be permitted to keep the Key, eſpecially if he make no bad Uſe of the Privilege, would not make him more indifferent to them; while the contrary Conduct might poſſibly inhance his Value of them. And if, when he had done with any Plaything, he were oblig'd to put it into its allotted Place, and was accuſtom'd to keep Account of the Number and Places of them ſeverally, this would teach him Order, and at the ſame time inſtruct him to make a proper Account of them, and to aviod being a Squanderer or Waſter: And if he ſhould omit to put them in their Places, or be careleſs of his Playthings, the Command of them taken away for a time, or threatening to give them away to others, would make him be more heedful.

Mr. *Locke* ſays, "That he has known a Child "ſo diſtracted with the Number and Variety of his "Play games, that he tired his Maid every Day to "look them over: And was ſo accuſtom'd to "Abundance, that he never thought he had enough, "but was always aſking, What more? What new

"thing

" thing ſhall I have? A good Introduction," adds he, " to moderate Deſires, and the ready way to " make a contented happy Man!"

All that I ſhall offer to this, is, that there are few *Men* ſo philoſophical as one would wiſh them to be; much leſs *Children*. But no Doubt, that this Variety engag'd the Child's Activity; which, of the two, might be turn'd to better Purpoſes, than Sloth or Indolence; and if the Maid was tired, it might be, becauſe ſhe was not ſo much alive, as the Child; and perhaps the Grievance might not be ſo great, becauſe, if ſhe was his Attendant, 'tis probable ſhe had nothing elſe to do.

However, in the main, as Mr. *Locke* ſays, it is no matter how few Playthings the Child is indulg'd with: But yet I can hardly perſuade myſelf, that Plenty of them can have ſuch bad Conſequences, as the Gentleman apprehends; and the rather, becauſe they will excite his Attention, and keep alive his Induſtry and Activity. His Inquiry after new Things, let him have few or many, is to be expected as a Branch of thoſe natural Deſires, which are implanted in him, and will every Day increaſe: But this may be obſerv'd, That as he grows in Years, he will be above ſome Playthings, and ſo the Number of the old ones will be always reducible, perhaps, in a greater Proportion, than the new ones will increaſe.

Mr. *Locke* obſerves, on the Head of good Breeding, That " There are two Sorts of ill Breeding; " the one a ſheepiſh Baſhfulneſs, and the other a " miſbecoming Negligence and Diſreſpect in our " Carriage; both which, ſays he, are avoided by " duly obſerving this one Rule, Not to think " meanly of ourſelves, and not to think meanly of " others." I think, as Mr. *Locke* explains this Rule, it is an excellent one. But on this Head I would beg Leave to obſerve, that however diſcommendable a baſhful Temper is, in ſome Inſtances, where it muſt be deem'd a Weakneſs of the Mind; yet, in my humble Opinion, it is generally the Mark of an ingenuous one, and is always to be

preferr'd

preferr'd to an undiſtinguiſhing and hardy Confidence, which is, as it ſeems to me, the genuine Production of unfeeling Ignorance.

What is faulty in it, which Mr. *Locke* calls *Shyepiſhneſs*, ſhould indeed be ſhaken off as ſoon as poſſible, becauſe it is an Enemy to Merit in its Advancement in the World: But were I to chuſe a Companion for your *Billy*, as he grows up, I ſhould not think the worſe of the Youth, who, not having had the Opportunities of knowing Men, or ſeeing the World, had this Defect. On the contrary, I ſhould be apt to look upon it as an outward Fence or Incloſure, as I may ſay, to his Virtue, which might keep off the lighter Attacks of Immorality, the *Huſſars* of Vice, as I may ſay, who are not able to carry on a formal Siege againſt his Morals; and I ſhould expect ſuch an one to be docile, human, good-humour'd, diffident of himſelf, and ſo moſt likely to improve as well in Mind as Behaviour: While an harden'd Mind, that never doubts itſelf, muſt be a ſtranger to its own Infirmities, and, ſuſpecting none, is impetuous, over-bearing, incorrigible; and if rich, a Tyrant; if not, poſſibly an Invader of other Mens Properties.

Mr. *Locke* propoſes (§148.) a very pretty Method to cheat Children, as it were, into Learning: But then, he adds, "There may be Dice and Playthings with the Letters on them to teach Children the Alphabet by playing." And in another Place, (§151.) "I know a Perſon of great Quality—who by paſting on the ſix Vowels (for in our Language *y* is one) on the ſix Sides of a Die, and the remaining eighteen Conſonants on the Sides of three other Dice, has made this a Play for his Children, that he ſhall win, who at one Caſt throws moſt Words on theſe four Dice; whereby his eldeſt Son, yet in Coats, has *play'd* himſelf *into Spelling* with great Eagerneſs, and without once having been chid for it, or forced to it."

I muſt needs ſay, my dear Mr. *B.* that I ſhould rather your *Billy* ſhould be a Twelvemonth backwarder

warder for want of this Method, than forwarded by it. For what may not be apprehended from ſo early inculcating the Uſe of Dice and Gaming upon the Minds of Children? Let Mr. *Locke* himſelf ſpeak for this in his § 208. and I ſhould be glad to be able to reconcile the two Paſſages in this excellent Author.——"As to Cards and Dice," ſays he, I "think the ſafeſt and beſt way is never to learn "any play upon them, and ſo to be incapacitated "for theſe dangerous Temptations, and incroach-"ing Waſters of uſeful Time"——and, he might have added, of the nobleſt Eſtates and Fortunes; while Sharpers and Scoundrels have been lifted into Diſtinction upon their Ruins. Yet, in § 153. Mr. *Locke* proceeds to give particular Directions in relation to the Dice he recommends.

But, after all, if ſome innocent Plays were fix'd upon to cheat Children into Reading, that, as he ſays, ſhould look as little like a Taſk as poſſible, it muſt needs be of Uſe for that Purpoſe. But let every Gentleman, who has a Fortune to loſe, and who, if he games, is on a foot with the vileſt Company, who generally have nothing at all to riſque, tremble at the Thoughts of teaching his Son, tho' for the moſt laudable Purpoſes, the early Uſe of Dice and Gaming.

But, dear Sir, permit me to ſay, how much am I charm'd with an Hint in Mr. *Locke*, which makes your *Pamela* hope, ſhe may be of greater Uſe to your Children, even as they *grow up*, than ſhe could ever have flatter'd herſelf to be.—'Tis a charming, charming Paragraph; I muſt not not ſkip one Word of it. Thus it begins, and I will obſerve upon it as I go along. "§ 177. But under whoſe Care ſoever a "Child is put to be taught," ſays Mr. *Locke*, during "the tender and flexible Years of his Life, this is cer-"tain, it ſhould be one, who thinks *Latin* and "Language the leaſt Part of Education."

How agreeable is this to my Notions; which I durſt not have avow'd, but after ſo excellent a Scholar; For I have long had the Thought, that a deal of precious Time is waſted to little Purpoſe in the Attaining

Attaining of *Latin.* Mr. *H.* I think, ſays, he was Ten Years in endeavouring to learn it, and, as far as I can find, knows nothing at all of the Matter neither! Indeed he lays that to the wicked Picture in his Grammar, which he took for granted, as he has ſaid ſeveral times, as well as once written, was put there to teach Boys to rob Orchards, inſtead of improving their Minds in Learning, or common Honeſty.

But (for this is too light an Inſtance for the Subject) Mr. *Locke* proceeds——"One who, knowing "how much Virtue and a well temper'd Soul is "to be preferr'd to any ſort of *Learning* or *Lan-* "*guage*," [What a noble Writer is this!] "makes "it his chief Buſineſs to form the Mind of his "Scholars, and give that a right Diſpoſition:" [Ay there, dear Sir, is the Thing! ["Which if "once got, tho' all the reſt ſhould be neglected," [charmingly obſerv'd!) "would in *due time*" [without wicked Dice, I hope!] "produce all the "reſt; and which if it be not got and ſettled, ſo "as to keep out ill and vicious Habits, *Languages* "and *Sciences*, and all the other Accompliſhments "of Education, will be to no Purpoſe, but to "make the worſe or more dangerous Man." [Now comes the Place I am ſo much delighted with!] And indeed, whatever Stir there is made "about getting of *Latin*, as the great and difficult "Buſineſs, his Mother" [O thank you, thank you, dear Sir, for putting this excellent Author into my Hands!] "may teach it him herſelf, if ſhe "will but ſpend two or three Hours in a Day with "him," [—If ſhe will? Never fear, dear Sir, but I will, with the higheſt Pleaſure in the World!] "and make him read the Evangeliſts in *Latin* to "her." [How I long to be five or ſix Years older, as well as my deareſt Babies, that I may enter upon this charming Scheme!] "for ſhe need but "buy a *Latin* Teſtament, and having got ſome-"body to mark the laſt Syllable but one, where it

"is

" is long, in Words above two Syllables, (which is " enough to regulate her Pronunciation and Ac- " centing the Words) read daily in the Goſpels, " and then let her avoid underſtanding them in " *Latin*, if ſhe can." [Why, deareſt, dear Sir, you have taught me almoſt all this already; and you, my beſt and moſt beloved Tutor, have told me often, I read and pronounce *Latin* more than tole- rably, tho' I don't underſtand it: But this Method will teach *me*, as well as your dear *Children*. But thus the good Gentleman proceeds:] " And " when ſhe underſtands the Evangeliſts in *Latin*, let " her in the ſame manner read *Æſop*'s Fables, and ſo " proceed on to *Eutropius*, *Juſtin*, and ſuch other " Books. I do not mention this," adds Mr. *Locke*, " as an Imagination of what I fancy *may* do, but as " of a thing I have *known* done, and the *Latin* " Tongue got with Eaſe this way."

Mr. *Locke* proceeds to mention other Advantages, which the Child may receive from his Mother's In- ſtruction, which I will endeavour more and more to qualify myſelf for: Particularly, after he has inti- mated, That " At the ſame time the Child is learn- " ing *French* and *Latin*, he may be enter'd alſo in " Arithmetick, Geography, Chronology, Hiſtory, " and Geometry too; for if," ſays he, " theſe be " taught him in *French* or *Latin*, when he begins " once to underſtand either of theſe Tongues, he " will get a knowledge in theſe Sciences, and the " Language to boot:" After he has intimated this, I ſay, he proceeds: " Geography, I think, " ſhould be begun with: For the learning of the " Figure of the Globe, the Situation and Bounda- " ries of the Four Parts of the World, and that of " particular Kingdoms and Countries, being only " an Exerciſe of the Eyes and Memory, a Child " with Pleaſure will learn and retain them. And " this is ſo certain, that I now live in an Hou- " with a Child, whom his MOTHER has ſo well " inſtructed this way in Geography," [But had ſhe not, do you think, dear Sir, ſome of this good Gentleman's kind Aſſiſtance, as he liv'd in the Hou-

Houſe with the Child;] "that he knew the Li-
"mits of the Four Parts of the World; would rea-
"dily point, being aſk'd, to any Country upon
"the Globe, or any County in the Map of *England*;
"knew all the great Rivers, Promontories, Streights;
"and Bays in the World, and could find the Longitude
"and Latitude of any Place, before he was ſix Years
"old."

There's for you, dear Sir!—See what a Mother can do, if ſhe pleaſes!

I remember, Sir, formerly, in that ſweet * Chariot Conference, at the dawning of my Hopes, when all my Dangers were over; a Conference I ſtill think of with Pleaſure; that you aſk me, how I would beſtow my Time, ſuppoſing the neighbouring Ladies would be above being ſeen in my Company; when I ſhould have no Viſits to receive or return; no Parties of Pleaſure to join in; no Card-tables to imploy my Winter Evenings?

I then, Sir, tranſported with my opening Proſpects, prattled to you, how well I would endeavour to paſs my Time in the Family management and Accounts, in Viſits now-and-then to the indigent and worthy Poor; in Muſick ſometimes; in Reading, in Writing, in my ſuperior Duties—And I hope I have not behaved quite unworthily of my Promiſes.

But I alſo remember, dear Sir, what *now*, that the fair Proſpect is no longer diſtant, and that I have been ſo long your happy, thrice happy Wife, I may ſpeak without thoſe Bluſhes which then cover'd my Face, that you ſaid, (with a modeſt Grace, and with that virtuous Endearment, that is ſo *beautiful* in *your* Sex, as well as *becoming* in *ours*, whether in the Character of Lover or Huſband, Maiden or Wife) "And "I hope, my *Pamela*, to have ſuperadded to all theſe, "ſuch an Imployment."—as—in ſhort, Sir, I am now bleſs'd with, and writing of! no leſs than the uſeful Part I may be able to take in the firſt Education of your lovely Babies!

* *See* Vol. II. *p.* 20.—24.

And now I muſt add, That this pleaſing Hope ſets me above all other Diverſions: I wiſh for no Parties of Pleaſure but with you, my deareſt Mr. *B.* and theſe are Parties that will improve me, and make me more capable of the other, and more worthy of your Converſation, and of the Time you paſs (beyond what I could ever have promiſed to my utmoſt Wiſhes) in ſuch poor Company as mine, for no other Reaſon but becauſe I love to be inſtructed, and take my Leſſons well, as you are pleas'd to ſay. And indeed I muſt be a ſad Dunce, if I did not, from ſo beloved a Maſter.

I want no Card-table Amuſements: For I hope, (there's a proud Hope!) in a few Years, to be able to teach my dear Little-ones the Firſt Rudiments, as Mr. *Locke* points the Way, of *Latin*, of *French*, and of Geography, and Arithmetick.

O my dear Mr. *B.* by your Help and Countenance, what may I not be able to teach them! and how may I prepare the Way for a Tutor's Inſtructions, and give them up Minds half cultivated to their Hands! —And all this time improve myſelf too, not only in Science, but in Nature, by tracing in the little Babes what all Mankind are, and have been, from Infancy to riper Years, and watching the ſweet Dawnings of Reaſon, and delighting in every bright Emulation of that Ray of Divinity lent to the Human Mind, for great and happy Purpoſes, when rightly pointed and directed!

There is no going further in this Letter after theſe charming Recollections and Hopes: For they bring me to that grateful Remembrance, to whom, under God, I owe them all, and alſo what I have been for ſo happy a Period, and what I am, which is, what will be ever my Pride and my Glory; and well it may, when I look back to my Beginning, which I ever ſhall, with humble Acknowledgment, and can call myſelf, deareſt Mr. *B.*

Your honoured and honouring,

and, I hope I may ſay,

in time, uſeful Wife,

P. B.

LETTER LVIII.

My deareſt Mr. B.

HAving in my former Letters ſaid as much as is neceſſary to let you into my Notion of the excellent Book you put into my Hands, and having touch'd thoſe Points in which the Children of both Sexes may be concern'd, (with ſome *Art* in my Intention, I own) in Hopes that they would not be ſo much out of the way, as to make you repent of the Honour and Pleaſure you have done me in committing the dear Miſs *Goodwin* to my Care; I ſhall now very quickly ſet myſelf about the little Book which I have done myſelf the Honour to mention to you.

You have been ſo good as to tell me, (at the ſame time that you have not diſapproved theſe my Specimen Letters, as I may call them) that you will kindly accept of my intended Preſent, and you encourage me to proceed in it; and as I ſhall leave one Side of the Leaf blank for your Corrections and Alterations, thoſe Corrections will be a fine Help and Inſtruction to me in the pleaſing Taſk which I propoſe to myſelf, of aſſiſting in the early Education of the dear Children, which it has pleaſed God to give you. And altho' I ſhall be Years in writing it, perhaps, as the dear Babies improve, and as I improve, by the Opportunities which their Advances in Years will give me, and the Experience I ſhall gain, I ſhall, perhaps, venture to give my Notions and Obſervations on the more material and nobler Parts of Education, as well as the inferior; for, (but that I think the Subjects above my preſent Abilities) Mr. *Locke*'s Book would lead me into ſeveral Remarks, that might not be unuſeful, and which appear to me entirely new; tho' that may be owing to my ſlender Reading and Opportunities perhaps.

But what, my deareſt Mr. *B.* I would now touch upon, is a Word or two ſtill more particularly upon the Education of my own Sex; a Topick which naturally riſes to me from the Subject of

my laſt Letter. For there, dear Sir, we ſaw, that the Mothers might teach the Child this Part of Science, and that Part of Inſtruction; and who, I pray, as our Sex is generally educated, ſhall teach the *Mothers?* How, in a Word, ſhall they come by their Knowledge?

I know you'll be apt to ſay, that Miſs *Goodwin* gives all the Promiſes of a fine young Lady, and takes her Learning, and loves Reading, and makes very pretty Reflections on all ſhe reads, and aſks very pertinent Queſtions, and is as knowing, at her Years, as moſt young Ladies. This is very true, Sir; but it is not every one that can boaſt Miſs *Goodwin*'s Capacity, and goodneſs of Temper, which have enabled her to get up a good deal of loſt Time, as I muſt call it; for the firſt four Years in the dear Child were a perfect Blank, as far as I can find, juſt as if the pretty Dear was born the Day ſhe was four Years old: For what ſhe had to *unlearn* as to Temper, and Will, and ſuch things, ſet againſt what little Improvements ſhe had made, might very fairly be compounded for, as a Blank.

I would indeed have a Miſs brought up to her Needle; but I would not have *all* her Time imploy'd in Samplers, learning to mark, and to do thoſe unneceſſary things, which ſhe will never, probably, be call'd upon to practiſe.

And why, pray, my dear Mr. *B.* are not Girls intitled to the ſame firſt Education, tho' not to the ſame Plays and Diverſions, as Boys; ſo far at leaſt, as it is ſuppoſed by Mr. *Locke* a Mother can inſtruct them?

Would not this lay a Foundation for their future Improvement, and direct their Inclinations to uſeful Subjects, ſuch as ſhould make them above the Imputations of ſome unkind Gentlemen, who allot to their Parts common Tea-table Prattle, while they do all they can to make them fit for nothing elſe, and then upbraid them for it? And would not the Men find us better and more ſuitable Companions and Aſſiſtants to them in every uſeful Purpoſe of Life?—O that your lordly Sex were all like my dear

dear Mr *B.*——I don't mean, that they ſhould all take raw, uncouth, unbred, lowly Girls, as I was, from the Cottage, and, deſtroying all Diſtinction, make ſuch their Wives. I cannot mean this: Becauſe it is a far greater Likelihood, that ſuch an one, when ſhe comes to be lifted up into ſo dazzling a Sphere, would have her Head made giddy with her Exaltation, than that ſhe would balance herſelf well in it: And then to what a Blot, over all the fair Page of a long Life, would this little Drop of dirty Ink ſpread itſelf! What a ſtanding Diſreputation to the Choice of a Gentleman!

But *this* I mean, that after a Gentleman had enter'd into the Marriage State with a young Creature (ſaying nothing at all of Birth or Deſcent) far inferior to him in Learning, in Parts, in Knowledge of the World, and in all the Graces that make Converſation agreeable and improving, he would, as you do, endeavour to make her fit Company for himſelf, as he ſhall find ſhe is *willing* to improve, and *capable* of Improvement: That he would direct her Taſte, point out to her proper Subjects for her Amuſement and Inſtruction; travel with her now and-then, a Month in a Year perhaps; and ſhew her the World, after he has encourag'd her to put herſelf forward at his own Table, and at the Houſes of his Friends, and has ſeen, that ſhe will not do him great Diſcredit any-where. What Obligations, and Opportunities too, will this give her to love and honour ſuch an Huſband, every Hour, more and more! as ſhe will ſee his Wiſdom in a thouſand Inſtances, and experience his Indulgence to her in ten thouſand, (for which otherwiſe no Opportunity could have ſo fitly offer'd) to the Praiſe of his Politeneſs, and the Honour of them both!—And then, when ſelect Parties of Pleaſure or Buſineſs engag'd him, not abroad, in his home Converſation, to have him, as my dear Mr. *B.* does, delight to inſtruct, and open her Proſpects, and inſpire her with an Ambition to inlarge her Mind, and more and more to excel! What an intellectual Kind

of marry'd Life, as I may call it, would ſuch Perſons find theirs! And how ſuitable to the Rules of Policy and Self-love in the Gentleman! For is not the Wife, and are not her Improvements, all *his own?*— *Abſolutely*, as I may ſay, *his own?* And does not every Excellence ſhe can be adorned by, redound to her Huſband's Honour, becauſe ſhe is *his*, even more than *to her own?*—In like manner as no Diſhonour affects a Man ſo much, as that which he receives from a bad Wife.

But where, would ſome ſay, were they to ſee what I write, is ſuch a Gentlemen as Mr. *B.* to be met with? Look around, and ſee, with all the Advantages of Sex, of Education, of Travel, of Converſation in the open World, where a Gentleman of his Abilities to inſtruct and inform, is to be found? And there are others, who, perhaps, will queſtion the Capacities and Inclinations of our Sex in general, to improve in uſeful Knowledge, were they to meet with ſuch kind Indulgers, either in the Characters of a Parent or Huſband.

As to the firſt, I grant, that it is not eaſy to find ſuch a Gentleman: But for the ſecond, (would it be excus'd in me, who am one of the Sex, and ſo may be thought partial to it) I could, by Compariſons drawn from the Gentlemen and Ladies within the Circle of my own Acquaintance, produce Inſtances to the Advantage of Ladies, which are ſo flagrantly in their Favour, that might make it ſuſpected, that it is Policy more than Juſtice, in thoſe who would keep our Sex unacquainted with that more eligible Turn of Education, which gives the Gentlemen ſo many Advantages over us in *that*; and which will ſhew, that they have none at all in *Nature* or *Genius*.

I know you'll pardon me, dear Sir! for you are ſo exalted above your *Pamela*, by Nature and Education too, that you cannot apprehend any Inconvenience from bold Compariſons. I will take the Liberty therefore to mention a few Inſtances among our Friends, where the Ladies, notwithſtanding their more cramp'd and confin'd Education, make more

than

than an equal Figure with the Gentlemen in all the graceful Parts of Converſation, in Spite of the Contempts pour'd out upon our Sex by ſome witty Gentlemen, whoſe Writings I have in my Eye.

To begin then with Mr. *Murray*, and Miſs *Darnford* that was: Mr. *Murray* has the Reputation of Scholarſhip, and has travell'd too; but how infinitely is he ſurpaſs'd in every noble and uſeful Quality, and in Greatneſs of Mind, and Judgment, as well as Wit, by the young Lady I have nam'd? This we ſaw, when laſt at the Hall, in Fifty Inſtances, where the Gentleman was, you know, Sir, on a Viſit to Sir *Simon* and his Lady.

Next, dear Sir, permit me to obſerve, that my good Lord *Davers*, with all his Advantages, born a Counſellor of the Realm, and educated accordingly, does not ſurpaſs his Lady, your noble Siſter.

My Counteſs, as I delight to call her, and Lady *Betty*, her eldeſt Daughter, greatly ſurpaſs the Earl, and my Lord, her eldeſt Brother, in every Point of Knowledge, and even Learning, as I may ſay, altho' both Ladies owe that Advantage principally to their own Cultivation and Acquirement.

Let me preſume, Sir, to name Mr. *H.* and when I *have* nam'd him, ſhall we be puzzled to find anywhere in our Sex, one Remove from vulgar Life, a Woman that will not out-do Mr. *H.*?

Lady *Darnford*, upon all uſeful Subjects, makes a much brighter Figure than Sir *Simon*; whoſe Knowledge of the World has not yet made him acquainted with himſelf.

Mr. *Arthur* excels not his Lady.

Mrs. *Towers*, a Maiden Lady, is an Over-match for half a dozen of the neighbouring Gentlemen I could name, in what is call'd Wit and Politeneſs, and not inferior to any of them in Judgment.

I could multiply inſtances of this Nature, were it needful, to the Confutation of that low, and I had almoſt ſaid *unmanly* Contempt, with which a certain celebrated Genius treats our Sex in general, in moſt of his Pieces that I have ſeen; particularly in his *Letter*

of Advice to a new-marry'd Lady: A Letter written in ſuch a manner, as muſt diſguſt, inſtead of inſtructing, and looks more like the Advice of an Enemy to the Sex, and a partial one too, than a Friend to the particular Lady. But I ought to beg Pardon for this my Preſumption, for two Reaſons; firſt, Becauſe of the truly admirable Talents of this Writer; and next, Becauſe we know not what Ladies the ingenious Gentleman may have fallen among in his younger Days.

Upon the Whole therefore I conclude, That Mr. *B.* the noble minded Mr. *B.* is almoſt the only Gentleman, who excels *every* Lady I have ſeen; ſo *greatly* excels, that even the Emanations of his Excellence irradiate a low Cottage-born Girl, and make her paſs among Ladies of Birth and Education for Somebody.

Forgive my Pride, dear Sir; but it would be almoſt a Crime in your *Pamela* not to glory in the mild Benignity of thoſe Rays, by which her beloved Mr. *B.* endeavours to make her look up to his own ſunny Sphere; while ſhe, by the Advantages only of his reflected Glory, in his Abſence, which makes a dark Night to her, glides along with her paler and fainter Beamineſs, and makes a diſtinguiſhing Figure among ſuch leſſer Planets, as can only poorly twinkle and glimmer, for want of the Aids ſhe boaſts of: Tho', after all, her ſilvery Luſtre is eaſily overſhadow'd by thoſe croſſing Clouds, that make his Glory ſhine the brighter.

I dare not, dear Sir, conjecture, whence ariſes this more than Parity in the Genius of the Sexes, among the Perſons I have mention'd, notwithſtanding the Diſparity of Education, and the Difference in the Opportunities of each. It might lead one into too proud a Thought in Favour of a Sex too contemptuouſly treated by ſome *other* Wits I might name, who, indeed, are the leſs to be regarded, as they love to jeſt upon all God Almighty's Works: Yet might I better do it, too, than any body, ſince, as I have intimated above, I am ſo infinitely tranſcended by my dear Gentleman, that no Competition, Pride or Vanity, could be apprehended from me.

But,

But, however, I would only beg of the Gentlemen, who are ſo free in their Contempts of us, that they will, for *their own* ſakes, (and that, with ſuch, generally goes a great way) rather try to *improve* than *depreciate* us: We ſhall then make better Daughters, better Wives, better Mothers, and better Miſtreſſes: And who (permit me, Sir, to aſk theſe People) would be ſo much the better for theſe Opportunities and Amendments, as our Upbraiders themſelves?

On re-peruſing what I have written, I muſt repeatedly beg your Excuſe, dear Sir, for theſe proud Notions in behalf of my Sex. I can truly ſay, That they are not, if I know myſelf, owing to Partiality, becauſe I have the Honour to be one of it; but to a better Motive by far; For what does this contemptuous Treatment of one Half, if not the better Half, of the human Species, naturally produce, but Libertiniſm, and abandon'd Wickedneſs? For does it not tend to make the Daughters, the Siſters, the Wives of Gentlemen, the Subjects of profligate Attempts? —Does it not render the Sex vile in the Eyes of the moſt Vile? And when a Lady is no longer beheld by ſuch Perſons with that Dignity and Reverence, with which, perhaps, the Graces of her Perſon, and the Innocence of her Mind, ſhould ſacredly, as it were encompaſs her, do not her very Excellencies become ſo many Incentives for baſe Wretches to attempt her Virtue, and bring about her Ruin?

What then may not wicked Wit have to anſwer for, when its Poſſeſſors proſtitute it to ſuch unmanly Purpoſes? And, as if they had never had a Mother, a Siſter, a Daughter of their own, throw down, as much as in them lies, thoſe ſacred Fences, which may lay the fair Incloſure open to the Invaſions of every clumſier and viler Beaſt of Prey, who, tho' deſtitute of *their* Wit, yet corrupted by it, ſhall fill their Mouths, as well as their Hearts, with the borrow'd Miſchief, and propagate it, from one to another, to the End of Time; and who, otherwiſe, would have paſs'd by the uninvaded Fence, and only ſhew'd their Teeth, and ſnarl'd at the well-ſecured Fold within it!

You cannot, my deareſt Mr. *B.* I know you cannot, be angry at this Romantick Painting; ſince you are not affected by it: For when you were at worſt, you acted (more dangerouſly, 'tis true, for the poor Innocents) a *principal* Part, and were as a Lion among Beaſts—Do, dear Sir, let me ſay *among*, this one time—You ſcorn'd to borrow any Man's Wit *, and if nobody had follow'd your Example, till they had had your Qualities, the Number of Rakes would have been but ſmall: Yet, deareſt Sir, don't miſtake me neither; I am not ſo mean as to beſpeak your Favour by extenuating your Failings: If I *were*, you would deſervedly deſpiſe me. For, undoubtedly, (I *muſt* ſay it, Sir) your Faults were the greater for your Perfections; and ſuch Talents miſapply'd, as they made you more capable of Miſchief, ſo did they increaſe the Evil of your Practices. All then that I mean by ſaying you are not affected by this Painting, is, that you are not affected by the Deſcription I have given of clumſy and ſordid Rakes, whoſe *Wit* is *borrow'd*, and their *Wickedneſs* only what they may call *their own*.

Then, dear Sir, ſince that noble Converſation, which you held with me at *Tunbridge*, in relation to the Conſequences, that might, had it not been for GOD's Grace intervening, have follow'd the Maſquerade Affair, I have the Pleaſure, the inexpreſſible Pleaſure, to find a thorough Reformation, from the *beſt* Motives, taking Place; and your joining with me in my Cloſet, (as Opportunity permits) in my Evening Duties, is the charming Confirmation of your kind, and voluntary, and, I am proud to ſay, your *pious* Aſſurances! So that this makes me fearleſs of your Diſpleaſure, while I rather triumph in my Joy, for your precious Soul's ſake, than preſume to think of recriminating; and when, (only this one time for all, and for ever) I take the Liberty of looking back from the delightful *Now*, to the painful *Formerly!*

But, what a Rambler am I again! You command me, Sir, to write to you all I think, without Fear.

* *See* Vol. II. *p.* 28.

I obey, and, as the Phraſe is, do it without either *Fear* or *Wit*.

If you *are not* diſpleas'd, it is a mark of the true Nobleneſs of your Nature, and the Sincerity of your late pious Declarations.

If *you are*, I ſhall be ſure I have done wrong in having apply'd a Corroſive to eat away the *Proud Fleſh* of a *Wound*, that is not yet ſo thoroughly *digeſted*, as to bear a painful Application, and requires Balſam, and a gentler Treatment. But when we were at *Bath*, I remember what you ſaid once of the Benefit of Retroſpection; and you charg'd me, whenever a *proper* Opportunity offer'd, to remind you, by that one Word, *Retroſpection*, of the charming Converſation we had there, on our Return from the Rooms.

If this be not one of thoſe *proper* Opportunities forgive, deareſt Sir, the Unreaſonableneſs of your very impertinent, but, in Intention, and Reſolution,

Ever dutiful,

P. B.

LETTER LIX.

From Mrs. B. *to her Father and Mother.*

Ever dear, and Ever honoured,

I Muſt write this one Letter to you, altho' I have had the Happineſs to ſee you ſo lately; becauſe Mr. *B.* is now about to honour me with the Tour he ſo kindly promiſed to me, when with you; and it may therefore be ſeveral Months, perhaps, before I have again the Pleaſure of paying you the like dutiful Reſpects.

You know his kind Promiſe, That he would, for every dear Baby I preſent him with, take an Excurſion with me afterwards, in order to eſtabliſh and confirm my Health.

The Taſk I have undertaken of dedicating all my Writing Amuſements to the deareſt of Gentlemen; the full Imployment I have, when at home; the frequent

quent Rambles he has been ſo often pleas'd to indulge me in, with my dear Miſs *Goodwin*, to *Kent*, to *London*, to *Bedfordſhire*, to *Lincolnſhire*, and to my Lady *Davers*'s, take from me the Neceſſity of writing to your honoured Selves, to my Miſs *Darnford* that was, and to Lady *Davers*, ſo often as I formerly thought myſelf obliged to do, when I ſaw all my worthy Friends ſo ſeldom; and the ſame things moreover, occurring this Year as to our Converſations, Viſits, Friends, Imployments, and Amuſements, (with little Variation) that fell out the laſt, as they muſt do in a Family ſo uniform and methodical as ours.

I have, for theſe Reaſons more Leiſure to purſue my domeſtick Duties, which are increas'd upon me; and when I have ſaid, That I am every Day more and more happy in my beloved Mr. *B.* in Miſs *Goodwin*, by *Billy*, and my *Davers*, and now, newly, in my ſweet little *Pamela*, (for ſo, you know, Lady *Davers* would have her called, rather than by her own Name) what can I ſay more?

As to the Tour I ſpoke of, you know, the firſt Part of Mr. *B's* obliging Scheme is to carry me to *France*; for he has already travell'd with me over the greateſt Part of *England*; and I am ſure, by my Paſſage laſt Year, to the *Iſle of Wight*, I ſhall not be afraid of croſſing the Water from *Dover* thither; and he will, when we are at *Paris*, he ſays, take *my* further Directions (that was his kind Expreſſion) whither to go next.

My Lord and Lady *Davers* are ſo good as to promiſe to accompany us to *Paris*, provided Mr. *B.* will give them his and my Company to *Aix la Chapelle*, for a Month or ſix Weeks, whither my Lord is adviſed to go. And Mr. *H.* if he can get over his Fear of croſſing the ſalt Water, is to be of the Party.

Lady *G.* Miſs *Darnford* that was, (who likewiſe has lately lain in of a fine Daughter) and I, are to correſpond, as Opportunity offers; and ſhe is ſo good as to promiſe to ſend to you what I write, as formerly: But I have refuſed to ſay one Word in my Letters of the Manners, Cuſtoms, Curioſities, *&c.* of the Places

we ſee, becauſe, firſt, I ſhall not have Leiſure; and, next, becauſe thoſe things are ſo much better deſcribed in Books already printed, written by Perſons who made ſtricter and better Obſervations than I can pretend to make: So that what I ſhall write will relate only to our private Selves, and ſhall be as brief as poſſible.

If we are to do as Mr. *B.* has it in his Thought, he intends to be out of *England* two Years:—But how can I bear that, if for your ſakes only, and for thoſe of my dear Babies!—But this muſt be my Time, my *only* Time, Mr. *B.* tells me, to ramble and ſee diſtant Places and Countries; for he is pleas'd to ſay, That as ſoon as his Little-ones are capable of my Inſtructions, and begin to underſtand my Looks and Signs, he will not ſpare me from them a Week together; and he is ſo kind as to propoſe, that my dear bold Boy (for every one ſees how greatly he reſembles his Papa in his dear forward Spirit) ſhall go with us; and this pleaſes Miſs *Goodwin* highly, who is very fond of *him*, and my little *Davers*; but vows ſhe will never love ſo well my little black-ey'd *Pamela*.

You ſee what a ſweet Girl Miſs is, and you admir'd her much: Did I tell you, what ſhe ſaid to me, when firſt ſhe ſaw you both, with your ſilver Hairs, and reverend Countenances?—Madam, ſaid ſhe, I dare ſay, your Papa and Mamma *honoured their Father and Mother:* They did, my Dear; but what is your Reaſon for ſaying ſo?—Becauſe, reply'd ſhe, *they have lived ſo long in the Land which the Lord their God has given them.* I took the dear Charmer in my Arms, and kiſs'd her three or four times, as ſhe deſerv'd; for was not this very pretty in the Child?

I muſt with inexpreſſible Pleaſure write you Word, how happily GOD's Providence has turn'd for the beſt, that Affair which once made me ſo uneaſy, in relation to the fine Counteſs, (who is gone abroad) of whom you and my Father had heard, as you told me, ſome Reports which had you known at the Time, would have made you very apprehenſive for Mr. *B.*'s Morals, as well as for my Repoſe.

I will give you the Particulars of this dark Affair, ſo far as ſhall make you Judges of my preſent Joy.

There was but one thing wanting, my dear Parents, to complete all the Happineſs I wiſh'd for in this Life; and that was the remote Hope I had entertain'd, that one Day, my dear Mr. *B.* who from a licentious Gentleman, became a Moraliſt, would be ſo touch'd by the Divine Grace, as to become, in time, more than a Moral, a *Religious* Gentleman, and that he would, at laſt, join in the Duties which he had the Goodneſs to countenance.

For this Reaſon I began with mere *Indiſpenſables*. I crouded not his Gate with Objects of Charity: I viſited them at their Homes, and reliev'd them; diſtinguiſhing the worthy Indigent (made ſo by unavoidable Accidents and Caſualties) from the wilfully, or perverſly, or ſottiſhly ſuch, by *greater* Marks of my Favour.

I confin'd my Morning and Evening Devotions to my own Cloſet, as privately as poſſible, leſt I ſhould give Offence and Diſcouragement to ſo gay a Temper, ſo unaccuſtom'd, poor Gentleman! to Acts of Devotion and Piety; while I met his Houſhold together, only on Mornings and Evenings of the Sabbath-day, to prepare them for their publick Duties in the one, and in hopes to confirm them in what they had heard at Church in the other; leaving them to their own Reflections for the reſt of the Week; after I had ſuggeſted to them a Method I wiſh'd to be follow'd by themſelves, and in which they conſtantly obliged me.

This good Order had its deſired Effect, and our Sabbath-day Aſſemblies were held with ſo little Parade, that we were hardly any of us miſs'd. All, in ſhort, was done with chearful Eaſe and Compoſure; and every one of us was better diſpos'd to our domeſtick Duties by this Method: I to attend the good Pleaſure of my beſt Friend, and they to attend that of us both.

In this manner, we went on, very happily, my neighbourly Viſits, o Charity taking up no more Time than common Airings, and paſſing, many of them,

them, for ſuch; my *private Duties* being only between my FIRST, my HEAVENLY BENEFACTOR, and myſelf, and my Family ones (perſonally) confin'd to the Day, ſeparated for theſe beſt of Services: And Mr. *B.* pleas'd with my Manner, beheld the good Effects, and countenanc'd me by his Praiſes and his Endearments, *as* acting diſcreetly, *as* not falling into Enthuſiaſm, and (as he uſed to ſay) *as* not aiming at being *righteous over-much.*

But ſtill I wanted, and I waited for, with humble Impatience, and I made it part of my conſtant Prayers, that the Divine Grace would at laſt touch his Heart, and make him *more* than a Countenancer, *more* than an Applauder, of my Duties: That he might, for his own dear ſake, become a Partaker, a Partner in them; and, then thought I, when we can Hand in Hand, Heart in Heart, one Spirit, as well as one Fleſh, join in the ſame Cloſet, in the ſame Prayers and Thankſgivings, what an happy Creature ſhall I be!

I ſay, *Cloſet*; for, I durſt not aſpire ſo high, as to hope he would favour me with his Company among his Servants, in our *Sunday* Devotions——I knew it would be going too far, in *his* Opinion, to expect it from him. In *me* their Miſtreſs, had I been ever ſo high-born, it was not amiſs, becauſe I, and they, *every one* of us, were *his*; I in one Degree, Mr. *Longman* in another, Mrs. *Jervis* in another——But from a Gentleman of his lordly Temper, and manner of Education, I knew I could never hope for it; ſo would not loſe *every* thing, by graſping at *too much.*

But in the midſt of all theſe comfortable Proceedings, and my further charming Hopes, a naſty Maſquerade threw into the dear Gentleman's Way a Temptation, that for a Time, blaſted all my Proſpects, and indeed made me doubt my own Head almoſt. For, judge what my Diſappointment muſt be, when I found all my Wiſhes fruſtrated, all my Prayers render'd ineffectual: His very Morality, which I had flatter'd myſelf, in time, I ſhould be an humble Inſtrument to exalt into a religious Frame

of

of Mind, ſhock'd and in Danger; and all the good Work to begin again, if offended Grace ſhould ever again offer itſelf to the dear wilful Treſpaſſer!

But who ſhall pretend to ſcrutinize the Councils of the Almighty?—For out of this *evil Appearance* was to proceed the *real Good*, I had been ſo long, and ſo often, ſupplicating for!

The dear Gentleman *was* to be on the Brink of relapſing: It was proper, that I ſhould be ſo very uneaſy, as to aſſume a Conduct not natural to my Temper, and to raiſe his generous Concern for me: And, in the very Criſis, Divine Grace interpoſed, made him ſenſible of his Danger, made him reſolve againſt his Error, before it was yet too late; and his ſliding Feet, quitting the ſlippery Path he was in, collected new Strength, and he ſtood the firmer, and more ſecure, for his Peril.

For, my dear Parents, having happily put an End to that Affair, he was pleas'd, when we were at *Tunbridge* together, and in very ſerious Diſcourſe on divine Subjects, to ſay to this Effect: Is there not, my *Pamela*, a Text, *That the unbelieving Husband ſhall be ſaved by the believing wife, while he beholds her chaſte Converſation coupled with Fear?*

I need not tell you, my dear Mr. *B.* that there is, nor where it is.

Then, my Dear, I begin to hope, that will be my Caſe: For, from a late Affair, of which this Spot of Ground puts me more in mind, I ſee ſo much Reaſon to doubt my own Strength, which I had built, and, as I thought, ſecurely, on *moral* Foundations, that I muſt look out for a *better* Guide to conduct me, than the proud Word *Honour* can be, in the general Acceptation of it among us lively young Gentlemen.

How often, my deareſt Love, continued he, have I promiſed, (and I never promiſed, but I intended to perform) that I would be faithfully and only yours! How often have I declared, that I did not think I could poſſibly deſerve my *Pamela*, till I could ſhew her, in my own Mind, a Purity as nearly

nearly equal to hers, as my paſt Conduct would admit of!

But I depended too much upon my own Strength: And I am now convinc'd, that nothing but

RELIGIOUS CONSIDERATIONS,

and a Reſolution to watch over the very *firſt* Appearances of Evil, and to check them, as they ariſe, can be of ſufficient Weight to keep ſteady to his good Purpoſes, a young vain Mind, *too* little accuſtom'd to Reſtraint, and too much us'd to play upon the Brink of Dangers, from a Temerity, and Love of Intrigue, too natural to enterpriſing Minds.

You ſhall therefore, my *Pamela*, from this Inſtant, be my Guide; and, only taking care, that you do not all at once, by too *rigorous* Injunctions, damp and diſcourage the riſing Flame, I will leave it to you to direct it as you pleaſe, till by degrees, it may be deem'd worthy to mingle with your own.

Judge, my dear Parents, how rapturous my Joy was upon this Occaſion, and how ready I was to bleſs GOD for a Danger (ſo narrowly eſcap'd) which was attended with the *very* Conſequences, that I had ſo long pray'd for; and which I little thought the Divine Providence was bringing about by the very Means, that, I apprehended, would put an End to all my pleaſing Hopes and Proſpects of that Nature.

It is in vain for me to think of finding Words to expreſs what I felt, and how I acted, on this Occaſion. I heard him out with twenty different and impatient Emotions; and then threw myſelf at his Feet, embracing his Knees, with Arms the moſt ardently claſping! My Face lifted up to Heaven, and to his dear Face, by Turns, my Eyes overflowing with Tears of Joy, which half choak'd up the Paſſage of my Words.—At laſt, his kind Arms claſping my Neck, and kiſſing my tearful Cheek, I could only ſay—My Prayers, my ardent Prayers, are at laſt—at laſt—heard—May GOD Almighty, dear Sir, confirm your pious Purpoſes! And, Oh! what an happy *Pamela* have you at your Feet!

I wept for Joy, till I ſobb'd again—and he raiſing me to his kind Arms, when I could ſpeak, I ſaid, To have this *heavenly* Proſpect, O beſt beloved of my Heart! added to all my *earthly* Bleſſings!—how ſhall I contain my Joy!— For, Oh! to think that my dear Mr. *B.* is, and will be, mine, and I his, thro' the Mercies of GOD, when this tranſitory Life is paſt and gone, to all Eternity; what a rich Thought is this!—Methinks, I am already, dear Sir, ceaſing to be mortal, and beginning to taſte the Perfection of thoſe Joys, which this thrice welcome Declaration gives me Hope of, hereafter! — But, what ſhall I ſay, oblig'd as I was beyond Expreſſion before, and now doubly oblig'd in the rapturous View you have open'd to me, into an happy Futurity!

He was pleas'd to ſay, He was delighted with me beyond Expreſſion; that I was his ecſtatick Charmer!—That the Love I ſhew'd for his future Good was the moving Proof of the Purity of my Heart, and my Affection for him! And that very Evening he was pleas'd to join with me in my retir'd Duties; and at all proper Opportunities favours me with his Company in the ſame manner; liſtening attentively to all my Leſſons, as he calls my fond chearful Diſcourſes on ſerious Subjects.

And now, my dear Parents, do you not rejoice with me, in this charming, charming Appearance? For, *before*, I had the moſt generous, the moſt beneficent, the moſt noble, the moſt affectionate; but *now*, I am likely to have the moſt *pious* of Huſbands! What an happy Wife, what an happy Daughter, is *his* and *your Pamela!*—GOD, of his infinite Mercy, continue and improve the raviſhing Proſpect!

I was forc'd to leave off here, to enjoy the charming Reflections, which this lovely Subject, and my bleſſed Proſpects, filled me with: And now proceed to write a few Lines more.

I am under ſome Concern on account of our going to travel into *Roman-catholick* Countries, for fear we ſhould want the publick Opportunities of Divine Ser-

vice:

vice: For, I preſume, the Embaſſador's Chapel will be the only Proteſtant Place of Worſhip allow'd of; and *Paris* the only City in *France* where there is one. But we muſt endeavour to make it up in our private and domeſtick Duties: For, as the Phraſe is, when we are at *Rome*, we muſt do as they do at *Rome*; that is to ſay, ſo far, as not to give Offence, on one hand, to the People we are among, nor Scandal, on the other, by Compliances hurtful to one's Conſcience. But my Protector knows all theſe things ſo well, (no Place in what is called the Grand Tour, being new to him) that I have no Reaſon to be very uneaſy on theſe Accounts.

And now, my deareſt dear honoured Parents, let me, by Letter, as I did on my Knees at Parting, beg the Continuance of your Prayers and Bleſſings, and that GOD will preſerve us to one another, and give us, and all our worthy Friends, a happy Meeting again.

Kent, you may be ſure, will be our firſt Viſit, on our Return, for your ſakes, for my dear *Davers*'s ſake, and for my little *Pamela*'s ſake, who will be both ſent down, and put into your Protection; while my *Billy*, and Miſs *Goodwin*, (for ſince I began this Letter, it is ſo determin'd) are to be my delightful Companions; for Mr. *B.* declar'd, His Boy ſhall not be one Day out of my Preſence, if he can help it, becauſe, he is pleaſed to ſay, his Temper wants looking after, and his Notices of every thing are ſtrong and ſignificant.

Poor little Dear! he has indeed a little ſort of Perverſeneſs and Headſtrongneſs, as one may ſay, in his Will: But he is but a Baby; and I ſhall, I hope, manage him pretty well; for he takes great Notice of all I ſay, and of every Look of mine, already—— He is, beſides, very good-humour'd, and willing to part with any thing for a kind Word; and this gives me Hope of a docile and benevolent Diſpoſition, as he grows up.

I thought, when I began the laſt Paragraph but one, that I was within a Line of concluding; but it is *to* You, and *of* my Babies, I am writing; ſo ſhall go on to the Bottom of this new Sheet, if I

do

do not directly put an End to my Scribling: Which I do, with aſſuring you both, my dear good Parents, that where-ever I am, I ſhall always be thoughtful of you, and remember you in my Prayers, as becomes.

Your ever dutiful Daughter, P. B.

My Reſpects to all your good Neighbours in general. Mr. *Longman* will viſit you now-and-then. Mrs. *Jervis* will take one Journey to *Kent*, ſhe ſays, and it will be to accompany my Babies, when they are carried down to you. Poor *Jonathan*, and ſhe, good Folks! ſeem declining in their Health, which much grieves me.—Once more, God ſend us all an happy Meeting, if it be his bleſſed Will! Adieu, Adieu, my dear Parents!

Your ever dutiful, &c.

LETTER LX.

My dear Lady G.

I Received your laſt Letter at *Paris*, as we were diſpoſing every thing for our Return to *England*, after an Abſence of near Two Years; in which, as I have inform'd you, from time to time, I have been a great Traveller, into *Holland*, the *Netherlands*, through the moſt conſiderable Provinces of *France*, into *Italy*; and, in our Return to *Paris* again, (the principal Place of our Reſidence) through ſeveral Parts of *Germany*.

I told you of the Favours and Civilities we receiv'd at *Florence*, from the then Counteſs Dowager of—who, with her Humble Servant Lord *C.*— (that had ſo aſſiduouſly attended her for ſo many Months in *Italy*) accompany'd us from *Florence* to *Inſpruck*.

Her Ladyſhip made that worthy Lord happy in about a Month after ſhe parted from us, and the noble Pair gave us an Opportunity at *Paris*, in their Way to *England*, to return ſome of the Civilities, which

which we received from them in *Italy:* And they are now arrived at her Ladyſhip's Seat on the Foreſt.

Her Lord is exceedingly fond of her, as he well may; for ſhe is one of the moſt charming Ladies in *England*; and behaves to him with ſo much Prudence and Reſpect, that they are as happy in each other, as can be wiſh'd. And let me juſt add, That both in *Italy* and at *Paris*, Mr. *B.*'s Demeanour and her Ladyſhip's to one another, was ſo nobly open, and unaffectedly polite, as well as highly diſcreet, that neither Lord *C.* who had once been jealous of Mr. *B.* nor the *other Party*, who had had a Tincture of the ſame Yellow Evil, as you know, becauſe of the Counteſs, had ſo much a Shadow of Uneaſineſs remaining on that Occaſion.

Lord *Davers* has had his Health (which had begun to decline in *England*) ſo well that there was no perſuading Lady *Davers* to return before now; altho' I beg'd and pray'd I might not have another little *Frenchman*, for fear they ſhould, as they grew up, forget, as I pleaſantly uſed to ſay, the Obligations which their Parentage lays them under to dearer *England*.

And now, my deareſt Friend, I have ſhut up my Rambles for my whole Life; for Three little *Engliſh* Folks, and one little *Frenchman*, (but a charming Baby, as well as the reſt, *Charley* by Name) and a near Proſpect of a further Increaſe, you will ſay, are Family enough to employ all my Cares at home.

I have told you, from time to time, altho' I could not write to you ſo often as I would, becauſe of our being ſo conſtantly in Motion, what was moſt worthy of your Knowledge relating to our Particular, and how happy we have all been in one another. And I have the Pleaſure to confirm to you what I have ſeveral times written, that Mr. *B.* and my Lord and Lady *Davers* are all that I could wiſh and hope for, with regard to their firſt Duties. Indeed, indeed, we are an happy Family, united by the beſt and moſt kind Motives!

Miſs *Goodwin* is a charming young Lady! — I cannot

cannot expreſs how much I love her. She is a perfect Miſtreſs of the *French* Language, and ſpeaks *Italian* very prettily: And, as to myſelf, I have improved ſo well under my dear Tutor's Leſſons, together with the Opportunity of converſing with the politeſt and moſt learned Gentry of different Nations, that I will hold a Converſation with you in two or three Languages, if you pleaſe, when I have the Happineſs to ſee you. There's a learned Boaſter for you, my dear Friend! (if the Knowledge of different Languages makes one learned) But I ſhall bring you an Heart as intirely *Engliſh* as ever, for all that!

We landed on *Thurſday* laſt at *Dover*, and directed our Courſe to the dear Farm-houſe; and you can better imagine, than I expreſs, what a Meeting we had with my dear Father and Mother, and my beloved *Davers* and *Pamela*, who are charming Babies—But is not this the Language of every fond Mamma?

Miſs *Goodwin* is highly delighted now with my ſweet little *Pamela*, and ſays, She ſhall be her Siſter indeed. For, Madam, ſaid ſhe, Miſs is a Beauty!—And we ſee no *French* Beauties like Maſter *Davers* and Miſs.

Beauty! my dear Miſs *Goodwin*, ſaid I; what is Beauty, if ſhe be not a good Girl?—Beauty is but a ſpecious, and, as it may happen, a dangerous Recommendation, a mere ſkin-deep Perfection; and if, as ſhe grows up, ſhe is not as good as my Miſs *Goodwin*, ſhe ſhall be none of my Girl.

What adds to my Pleaſure, my dear Friend, is to ſee them both ſo well got over the Small-pox. It has been as happy for them, as it was for their Mamma and her *Billy*, that they had it under ſo ſkilful and kind a Manager in that Diſtemper, as my dear Mother. I wiſh, if it pleaſe GOD, it was as happily over with my little pretty *Frenchman*.

Every body is ſurpris'd to ſee what the paſt two Years have done for Miſs *Goodwin*, and my *Billy*.—O my dear Friend, they are both of them almoſt—my quite, I think, for their Years, all that I wiſh them to be.

In order to make them keep their *French*, which Miſs ſo well ſpeaks, and *Billy* ſo prettily prattles,

ma

make them, when they talk to one another, and are in the Nurſery, ſpeak nothing elſe: But at Table, except on particular Occaſions, when *French* may be ſpoken, they are to ſpeak in *Engliſh*; that is to ſay, when they *do* ſpeak: For I tell them, that little Maſters muſt do nothing but aſk Queſtions for Information, and ſay Yes, or No, till their Papa's or Mamma's give them Leave to ſpeak; nor little Ladies neither, till they are Sixteen: for, my dear Loves, cry I, You would not ſpeak before you know *how:* And Knowledge is obtain'd by *Hearing*, and not by *Speaking:* And ſetting my *Billy* on my Lap, in Miſs's Preſence, Here, ſaid I, taking an Ear in the Fingers of each Hand, are two Ears, my *Billy*; and, then pointing to his Mouth, but one Tongue, my Love: So you muſt be ſure to mind, that you *hear* twice as much as you *ſpeak*, even when you grow a bigger Maſter than you are now.

You have ſo many pretty Ways to learn one, Madam, ſays Miſs, now-and then, it is impoſſible we ſhould not regard what you ſay to us!

Several *French* Tutors, when we were abroad, were recommended to Mr. *B.* But there is one *Engliſh* Gentleman, now on his Travels with young Mr. *R.* with whom Mr. *B.* has agreed; and in the mean time, my beſt Friend is pleas'd to compliment me, that the Children will not ſuffer for want of a Tutor, while I can take the Pains I do: Which he will have to be too much for me; eſpecially, that now, on our Return, my *Davers* and my *Pamela* are added to my Cares. But what Mother can take too much Pains to cultivate the Minds of her Children?—If, my dear Lady *G.* it were not for theſe *frequent* Lyings-in!—But this is the Time of Life—Tho' little did I think, ſo early, I ſhould have ſo many careful Bleſſings!

I have as great Credit as Pleaſure from my little Family. All our Neighbours here in *Bedfordſhire* admire us more and more. You'll excuſe my ſeeming (for it is but ſeeming) Vanity; I hope I know better than to have it real—Never, ſays Mrs. *Towers*, who

who is ſtill a ſingle Lady, did I ſee, before, a Lady ſo much advantag'd by her Reſidence in that fantaſtick Nation, (for ſhe loves not the *French*) and who brought home with her nothing of their Affectations!—She will have it, that the *French* Politeneſs, and the *Engliſh* Frankneſs and Plainneſs of Heart, appear happily blended in all we ſay and do. And ſhe makes me a thouſand Compliments upon Lord and Lady *Davers*'s Account, who, ſhe would fain perſuade me, owe a great deal of Improvement, (my Lord in his Converſation, and my Lady in her Temper) to living in the ſame Houſe with us.

Indeed my Lady *Davers* is exceeding kind and good to me, is always magnifying me to every body, and ſays, ſhe knows not how to live from me; and that I have been a Means of ſaving half an hundred Souls, as well as her dear Brother's. On an Indiſpoſition of my Lord's at *Montpelier*, which made her Ladyſhip very apprehenſive, ſhe declar'd, that were ſhe to be depriv'd of his Lordſhip, ſhe would not let us reſt, till we had conſented to permit her to live with us; ſaying, that we had Room enough in *Lincolnſhire*, and ſhe would inlarge the *Bedfordſhire* Seat at her own Expence.

Mr. *H.* is Mr. *H.* ſtill; and that's the beſt I can ſay of him: For, I verily think, he is more an Ape than ever. His *whole* Head is now *French*. 'Twas *half* ſo before. We had great Difficulties with him abroad: His Aunt and I endeavouring to give him a ſerious and religious Turn, we had like to have turn'd him into a *Roman* Catholick. For he was pleaſed much with the ſhewy Part of that Religion, and the fine Pictures and Decorations in the Churches of *Italy*; and having got into Company with a *Dominican* at *Padua*, a *Franciſcan* at *Milan*, and a *Jeſuit* at *Paris*, they lay ſo hard at him, in their Turns, that we had like to have loſt him to each Aſſailant; ſo were forced to let him take his own Courſe; for, his Aunt would have it, that he had no other Defence from the Attacks of Perſons to make him embrace a faulty Religion, than to permit him to continue

tinue as he was; that is to ſay, to have none at all. So ſhe ſuſpended attempting to proſelyte the thoughtleſs Creature, til he came to *England.* I wiſh her Ladyſhip Succeſs here; but, I doubt, he will not be a Credit to any Religion, for a great while. And as he is very deſirous to go to *London,* as he has always been, it will be found, when there, that any fluttering Coxcomb will do more to make him one of that Claſs, in an Hour, than his Aunt's Leſſons, to make him a good Man, in a Twelvemonth. *Where much is given, much is required.* The contrary of this, I doubt, is all poor Mr. *H.* has to truſt to.

Juſt now we have a Meſſenger to tell us, that his Father, who has been long ill, is dead. So, now, he is a Lord indeed! He flutters and ſtruts about moſt ſtrangely, I warrant, and is wholly imploy'd in giving Directions relating to his Mourning Equipage—And now there will be no holding of him in, I doubt; except his new Title has ſo much Virtue in it, as to make him a wiſer and a better Man.

He will now have a Seat in the Houſe of Peers of *Great Britain*; but I hope, for the Nation's ſake, he will not meet with many more like himſelf there! —For, to me, that is one of the moſt venerable Aſſemblies in the World; and it appears the more ſo, ſince I have been abroad; for an *Engliſh* Gentleman is reſpected, if he be any thing of a Man, above a foreign Nobleman; and an *Engliſh* Nobleman, above ſome petty Sovereigns.

If our travelling Gentry duly conſider'd this Diſtinction in their Favour, they would, for the Honour of their Country, as well as for their own Credit, behave in a better manner, in their foreign Tours, than, I am ſorry to ſay it, ſome of them do. But what can one expect, from the unlick'd Cubs, pardon the Term, ſent abroad with only Stature, to make them look like Men, and Equipage to attract Reſpect, without one other Qualification to inforce it?

Here let me cloſe this, with a few Tears, to the Memory of my dear Mrs. *Jervis,* my other Mother,

my Friend, my Adviſer, my Protectreſs, in my ſingle State, and my faithful Second and Partaker in the Comforts of my higher Life, and better Fortunes!

What would I have given to have been preſent as, it ſeems, ſhe ſo earneſtly wiſhed, to cloſe her dying Eyes! I ſhould have done it, with the Piety and the Concern of a truly affectionate Daughter. But that melancholy Happineſs was deny'd to us both; for, as I told you in the Letter on the Occaſion, the dear good Woman (who now is in the Poſſeſſion of her bleſſed Reward, and is rejoicing in God's Mercies) was no more, when the News reached me, ſo far off, as at *Heidelburgh*, of her laſt Illneſs and Wiſhes.

I cannot forbear, every time I enter her Parlour, (where I uſed to ſee, with ſo much Delight, the good Woman ſitting, always imploy'd in ſome uſeful or pious Work) ſhedding a Tear to her Memory: And in my Sabbath Duties, miſſing *her*, I miſs half a dozen Friends, methinks; and I ſigh in Remembrance of her; and can only recover that chearful Frame, which the Performance of thoſe Duties always gave me, by reflecting, that ſhe now is reaping the Reward of that ſincere Piety, which us'd to edify and encourage us all.

The Servants we brought home with us, and thoſe we left behind us, met in Tears at the Name of Mrs. *Jervis*. Mr. *Longman* lamented too, in the moſt moving Strain, her Loſs: And all I can do now, in Honour of her Memory and her Merit, is to be a Friend to thoſe ſhe lov'd moſt, as I have already begun to be; and none of them ſhall ſuffer in thoſe Concerns that can be anſwer'd, now ſhe is gone. For the Loſs of ſo excellent a Friend and Relation, is Loſs enough to all that knew her, and claim'd Kindred with her.

Poor worthy *Jonathan* too, ('tis almoſt a Miſery to have ſo ſoft, ſo ſuſceptible an Heart as I have, or to have ſuch good Servants and Friends as one cannot loſe without ſuch Emotions as I feel for their Loſs!) his Silver Hairs, which I have beheld with

with ſo much Delight, and thought I had a Father in Preſence, when I ſaw them adorning ſo honeſt and comely a Face, how are they now laid low!—Forgive me, my dear Lady *G. Jonathan* was not a common Servant; neither are *any* of ours ſo: But *Jonathan* excell'd all that excell'd in his Claſs!—I am told, That theſe two worthy Folks dy'd within two Days of one another; a Circumſtance you mention'd not in your Letter to me; on which Occaſion I could not help ſaying to myſelf, in the Words of *David* over *Saul* and his Son *Jonathan*, the Nameſake of our worthy Butler, *They were lovely and pleaſant in their Lives, and in their Deaths they were not divided.*

I might have continu'd on in the Words of the Royal Lamenter; for, ſurely, never did one Fellow-ſervant love another in my Maiden State, nor Servant love a Miſtreſs in my exalted Condition, better than *Jonathan* lov'd me! I could ſee in his Eyes a gliſtening Pleaſure, whenever I paſs'd by him: If at ſuch times I ſpoke to him, as I ſeldom fail'd to do, with a *God bleſs you too!* in Anſwer to his repeated Bleſſings, he had a kind of Re-juveneſcence (may I ſay?) viſibly running thro' his whole Frame; And, now-and-then, if I laid my Hand upon his folded ones, as I paſs'd him on a *Sunday* Morning or Evening, praying for me, with a *How do you, my worthy old Acquaintance?* his Heart would ſpring to his Lips in a kind of Rapture, and his Eyes would run over.

O my beloved Friend! how the Loſs of theſe two Worthies of my Family oppreſſes me at times!

Mr. *B.* likewiſe ſhew'd a generous Concern on the Occaſion: And when all the Servants welcom'd us in a Body, on our Return, Methinks, my Dear, ſaid the good Gentleman, I miſs your Mrs. *Jervis*, and honeſt *Jonathan*. A ſtarting Tear, and, They are happy, dear honeſt Souls! and a Sigh, were the Tribute I paid to their Memories, on their beloved Maſter's ſo kindly repeating their Names.

Who knows, had I been here—But, away, too painful Reflection! They liv'd to a good old Age,

and ſell like Fruit fully ripe: They *died the Death of the Righteous*; I muſt follow them in time, God knows how ſoon: And *Oh! that my latter End may be like theirs!*

Once more, forgive me, my dear Friend, this ſmall Tribute to their Memories: And believe, that I am not ſo ungrateful for God's Mercies, as to let the Loſs of theſe dear good Folks leſſen with me the Joy, and the Delight, I have ſtill (more than any other happy Creature) left me, in the Health, and the Love, of the beſt of good Huſbands, and good Men; in the Children, charming as ever Mother boaſted! charming, I mean principally, in the dawning Beauties of their Minds, and in the Pleaſure their Towardlineſs of Nature gives me; including, as I always do, and have Reaſon to do, from her dutiful Love, as I may call it, for me, and Obſervation of all I ſay to her, my dear Miſs *Goodwin*; in the Preſervation to me of the beſt and worthieſt of Parents, hearty, tho' aged, as they are; in the Love and Friendſhip of good Lord and Lady *Davers*; and my excellent Friend Lady *G.* God preſerve all theſe to me, (not forgetting the worthy Mr. *Longman*) as I am truly thankful for His Mercies!—And then, notwithſtanding my affecting Loſſes, as above, who will be ſo happy as I?

That you, my dear Lady *G.* may long continue ſo, likewiſe, in the Love of a worthy Huſband, and the Delights of an increaſing hopeful Family, which will make you ſome Amends for the heavy Loſſes you alſo have ſuſtain'd, in the two laſt Years, of an affectionate Father, and a moſt worthy Mother; and, in Mrs. *Jones*, of a good Neighbour; prays

Your ever affectionate Friend and Servant, P. B.

LETTER LXI.

My beloved Lady G.

YOU will excuſe my long Silence, when you are *reminded* of the Occaſions to which it has been owing;

owing; for ſome of them you know; and when you are *told* the others.

In the firſt Place, I was oblig'd to pay a dutiful and concerning Viſit to *Kent*, where my good Father was taken ill of a Fever, and my Mother of an Ague: And think, Madam, how this muſt affect me, from their Time of Life!—O Death! Death! thou may'ſt knock at the Doors of Tenements ſo frail, but ſo beloved: We cannot help ourſelves: But we will not let thee in, if we can poſſibly avoid it; for the Lives of ſuch dear Parents are a Part of my own Life: And, if God ſee fit, I cannot ſpare them! Indeed I cannot!

Mr. *B.* kindly accompany'd me, apprehending, that his beloved Preſence would be neceſſary, if that Recovery of them both, in which I thankfully rejoice, had not taken Effect; eſpecially, as a Circumſtance I am, I think, *always* in, added more Weight to his Apprehenſions.

I had hardly return'd from *Kent* to *Bedfordſhire*, and look'd round, when I was oblig'd to ſet out to attend Lady *Davers*, who ſent me word, that ſhe ſhould *die*, that was her ſtrong Term, if ſhe ſaw me not, to comfort and recover, by my Counſel and Preſence, ſo ſhe was pleas'd to expreſs herſelf, her ſick Lord, who was juſt got out of an intermittent Fever, which left him without any Spirits, and was occaſion'd by fretting at the Conduct of her *ſtupid Nephew*, thoſe alſo were her Words.

For you muſt have heard, (Every body hears when a Man of Quality does a fooliſh Thing!) and it has been in all the News-papers, That—'On *Wedneſday* 'laſt the Right Honourable *John* (*Jackey*, they 'ſhould have ſaid Lord *H.* Nephew to the Right 'Honourable *William* Lord *Davers*, was marry'd 'to the Honourable Mrs. *P.* Relict of *J. P.* of '*Twickenham*, Eſq; a Lady of celebrated Beauty, 'and ample Fortune.'

Now, my dear Friend, you muſt know, that this celebrated Lady is, 'tis true, of the——Family, whence her Title of *Honourable*; but is indeed ſo

celebrated, that every fluttering Coxcomb in Town can give ſome Account of her, even before ſhe was in Keeping of the Duke of——, who had caſt her off to the Town he had robb'd of her.

In ſhort, my Dear, ſhe is quite a common Woman, has no Fortune at all, as one may ſay, only a ſmall Jointure incumber'd, and is much in Debt.——She is a Shrew into the Bargain, and the poor Wretch is a Father already; for he has had a Girl of Three Years old (her Husband has been dead Seven) brought him home, which he knew nothing of, nor ever inquir'd, If his Widow had a Child?—And he is now imploy'd in paying the Mother's Debts, and trying to make the beſt of his Bargain.

This is the Fruit of a *London* Journey, ſo long deſir'd by him, and his Fluttering about there with his new Title.

He was drawn in by a Brother of his Lady, and a Friend of that Brother's, two Town Sharpers, Gameſters, and Bullies.—— Poor Sir *Joſeph Whittol!* That was his Caſe, and his Character, it ſeems, in *London*.

Shall I preſent you with a Curioſity? 'Tis a Copy of his Letter to his Uncle, who had, as you may well think, loſt all Patience with him, on occaſion of this abominable Folly.

My Lord DAVERS,

'FOR if you will not call me Nephew, I have 'no Reaſon to call you Uncle; Surely you for-'get who it was you held up your Cane to: I have 'as little Reaſon to value your Diſpleaſure, as you 'have me; for I am, God be thanked! a Lord, and 'a Peer of the Realm, as well as you: And as to your 'not owning me, nor your Brother *B.* not looking 'upon me, I care not a Farthing; and, bad as you 'think I have done, I have marry'd a Woman of 'Family—Take that among you!

'As to your perſonal Abuſes of her, take care 'what you ſay. You know the Statute will defend 'us as well as you!—And, beſides, ſhe has a Bro-

'ther,

'ther, that won't let her good Name be call'd in 'Queſtion—Mind that!

'Some Things I wiſh had been otherwiſe—Per-'haps I do—What then?—Muſt you, my Lord, 'make more Miſchief, and add to my Plagues, if I 'have any?—Is this your Uncleſhip?

'But I ſha'n't want your Advice. I have as good 'an Eſtate as you have, and am as much a Lord as 'yourſelf. Why the Devil then, am I to be treated 'as I am? Why the Plague?—But I won't ſwear 'neither!—I deſire not to ſee you, any more than 'you do me, I can tell you that. And if we ever 'meet under one Roof with my Liking, it muſt be 'at the Houſe of Peers, where I ſhall be upon a 'Par with you in every thing, that's my Comfort.

'As to my Lady *Davers*, I deſire not to ſee her 'Ladyſhip; for ſhe was always plaguy nimble with 'her Fingers; but, let my falſe Step be what it will, 'I have, in other reſpects, marry'd a Lady, who is 'as well deſcended as herſelf, and no Diſparagement 'neither; ſo have not that to anſwer for to her 'Pride; and who has as good a Spirit too, if they 'were to come Face to Face, or I am miſtaken: 'Nor will ſhe take Affronts from any one. So, my 'Lord, leave me to make the beſt of my Matters, 'as I will you of yours. So no more, but that I am

'*Your Servant*, 'H.

'*P. S.* I mean no Affront to Mrs. *B.* She is the 'beſt of ye all—by G—.'

I will not take up your Time with further Obſervations upon this poor Creature's bad Conduct: His Reflection muſt proceed from *Feeling*; and will, that's the worſt of it, come too late, come *when* or *how* it will. I will only ſay, I am ſorry for it on his own Account, but more for that of Lord and Lady *Davers*, who take the Matter very heavily, and wiſh he had marry'd the loweſt-born Creature in *England*, (ſo ſhe had been honeſt and virtuous) rather than done as he has done.

But, I ſuppoſe, the poor Gentleman was reſolv'd to ſhun, at all Adventures, Mr. *B.*'s Fault, and keep up to the Pride of Deſcent and Family !— and ſo marry'd the *only* Creature, as I hope, (ſince it cannot be help'd) that is ſo great a Diſgrace to both! For I preſume to flatter myſelf, for the ſake of my Sex, that, among the poor Wretches, who are ſunk ſo low as the Town-women are, there are very few of Birth or Education; but ſuch, principally, as have had their Neceſſities or their Ignorance taken Advantage of by baſe Men; ſince Birth and Education muſt needs ſet the moſt unhappy of the Sex above ſo forbid and ſo abandon'd a Guilt, as the hourly Wickedneſs of ſuch a Courſe of Life ſubjects them to.

But let me purſue my Purpoſe of excuſing my long Silence. I had hardly return'd from Lord and Lady *Davers*'s, and recover'd my Family Management, and reſum'd my Nurſery Duties, when my Fourth dear Boy, my *Jemmy*—(for I think, I am going on to make out the Number Lady *Davers* allotted * me) preſs'd upon me in ſuch a manner, as not to be refus'd, for one Month or Six Weeks cloſe Attention. And then a Journey to Lord *Davers*'s, and that noble Pair accompanying us to *Kent*; and daily and hourly Pleaſures crouding upon us, narrow and confin'd as our Room there was, (tho' we went with as few Attendants as poſſible) took up *more* of my Time. So that I hope you will forgive me, on all theſe Accounts, becauſe, as ſoon as I return'd, I ſet about writing this, as an Excuſe for myſelf, in the firſt place; to promiſe you the Subject you inſiſt upon, in the next; and to tell you, that I am incapable of Forgetfulneſs or Negligence to ſuch a Friend as Lady *G.* For I muſt always be, dear Madam,

Your faithful and affectionate humble Servant,

P. B.

LETTER

* See *this* Vol. *p.* 49, 50.

LETTER LXII.

My dear Lady G.

THE Remarks which, your Couſin *Fielding* tells you, I have made on the Subject of young Gentlemens Travelling, and which you requeſt me to communicate to you, are Part of a little Book upon Education, which I wrote for Mr. *B.*'s Correction and Amendment, on occaſion of his putting Mr. *Locke*'s Treatiſe on that Subject into my Hands, and requiring my Obſervations upon it.

I cannot flatter myſelf, that they will anſwer your Expectation; for I am ſenſible they muſt be unworthy even of the Opportunities I have had in the Excurſions, in which I have been indulg'd by the beſt of Gentlemen.

But your Requeſts are ſo many Laws to me; and I will give you a ſhort Abſtract of what I read to Miſs *Fielding*, who has ſo greatly over-rated it to you.

That Gentleman's Book contains many excellent Rules on the Subject of Education: But this of Travel I will only refer you to at preſent. You will there ſee his Objections againſt the Age at which young Gentlemen are ſent abroad, from Sixteen to Twenty-one, the Time in all their Lives, he ſays, in which young Men are the leaſt ſuited to theſe Improvements, and in which they have the leaſt Fence and Guard againſt their Paſſions.

The Age he propoſes is from Seven to Fourteen, becauſe of the Advantage they will then have to maſter Foreign Languages, and to form the Tongue to their true Accents, as well as that then they will be eaſier directed by their Tutors or Governors. Or elſe he propoſes that more ſedate Time of Life, when the Gentleman is able to travel without a Tutor, and to make his own Obſervations; and when he is thoroughly acquainted with the Laws and Faſhions, the natural and moral Advantages and Defects of his own Country; by which means, as Mr. *Locke* wiſely

obſerves, the Traveller will have ſomething to exchange with thoſe abroad, from whoſe Converſation he hopes to reap any Knowledge. This Gentleman ſupports his Opinion by excellent Reaſons, to which I refer you.

What I have written in my little Book, which I have not yet quite finiſh'd, on *this* Head, relates principally to *Home Travelling*, which Mr. *B.* was always reſolv'd his Sons ſhould undertake, before they enter'd upon a Foreign Tour. I have there obſerv'd, That *England* abounds with Curioſities, both of Art and Nature, worth the Notice of a diligent Inquirer, and equal with ſome of thoſe we admire in Foreign Parts; and that if the Youth be not ſent abroad at Mr. *Locke*'s earlieſt Time, from Seven to Fourteen, (which I can hardly think will be worth while, merely for the ſake of attaining a Perfection in the Languages) he may with good Advantage begin, at Fourteen or Fifteen, the Tour of *Great Britain*, now-and-then by Excurſions in the Summer Months, between his other Studies, and as a Diverſion to him.

This I ſhould wiſh might be enter'd upon in his Papa's Company, as well as his Tutor's, if it could conveniently be done; who thus initiating both the Governed and the Governor in the Methods he would have obſerv'd by both, will obtain no ſmall Satisfaction and Amuſement to himſelf.

For the Father would by this means be an Eye-witneſs of the Behaviour of the one and the other, and have a Specimen, how fit the young Man was to be truſted, or the Tutor to be depended upon, when they went abroad, and were out of his Sight; as *they* would of what was expected from them by the Father. And hence a thouſand Benefits, as I humbly conceive, would ariſe to the young Gentleman from the Obſervations and Reflections he would receive from his Father, as Occaſion offer'd, with regard to Expence, Company, Converſation, Hours, and ſuch-like.

If the Father could not himſelf accompany his Son,

Son, he might appoint the Stages the young Gentleman ſhould take, and injoin both Tutor and Son to give, at every Stage, an Account of whatever they obſerved curious and remarkable, not omitting the minuteſt Occurrences, travelling Expences, *&c.* By this means, and the Probability, that he might hear of them, and their Proceedings, from his Friends, Acquaintance, and Relations, who might fall in with them, or at whoſe Seats they might ſometimes be entertained, they would know the Inſpection they were under, and have a greater Regard to their Conduct.

By ſeeing thus the different Cuſtoms, Manners, and Oeconomy of different Perſons and Families, (for in ſo mix'd a Nation as ours is, there is as great a Variety of that ſort to be met with, as in moſt) and from their different Treatment at their ſeveral Stages, a great deal of the World may be learn'd by the young Gentleman. He would be prepar'd to go abroad with more Delight to himſelf, as well as more Experience, and greater Reputation to his Family and Country. In ſuch Excurſions as theſe, the Tutor would ſee the Temper and Inclination of the young Gentleman, and might give proper Notices to the Father, if any thing was amiſs, that it might be ſet right, while the Youth was yet in his Reach, and more under his Inſpection, than he would be in a foreign Country: And the Obſervations the young Gentleman would make at his Return, as well as in his Letters, would ſhew how fit he was to be truſted, and how likely to improve, when at a greater Diſtance.

After *England* and *Wales*, as well the inland Parts, as the Sea-coaſts, let them, if they behave according to Expectation, take a Journey into *Scotland* and *Ireland*, and viſit the principal Iſlands, as *Guernſey*, *Jerſey*, &c. the young Gentleman continuing to write down his Obſervations all the way, and keeping a Journal of Occurrences: And let him imploy the little Time he will be on board of Ship in theſe ſmall Trips from Iſland to Iſland, or Coaſtwiſe,

wiſe, in obſerving upon the noble Art of Navigation, of the Theory of which, it will not be amiſs, that he has ſome Notion, as well as of the curious Structure of a Ship, its Tackle, and Furniture: A Knowledge very far from being inſignificant to a Gentleman who is an Iſlander, and has a Stake in the greateſt maritime Kingdom in the World; and hence he will be taught to love and value that moſt uſeful and brave Set of Men, the *Britiſh* Sailors, who are the natural Defence and Glory of the Realm.

Hereby he will confirm his Theory of the Geography of the *Britiſh* Dominions in *Europe*: He will be appris'd of the Situation, Conveniencies, Intereſts and Conſtitution of his own Country; and will be able to lay a Ground-work for the future Government of his Thoughts and Actions, if the Intereſt he bears in his native Country ſhould call him to the publick Service in either Houſe of Parliament.

With this Foundation, how excellently would he be qualify'd to go abroad? and how properly then would he add to the Knowledge he had attain'd of his own Country, that of the different Cuſtoms, Manners, and Forms of Government of others? How would he be able to form Compariſons, and to make all his Inquiries appear pertinent and manly? All the Occaſions of that ignorant Wonder, which renders a Novice the Jeſt of all about him, would be taken away. He would be able to ask Queſtions, and to judge without Leading-ſtrings. Nor would he think he has ſeen a Country, and anſwer'd the Ends of his Father's Expence, and his own Improvement, by running thro' a Kingdom, and knowing nothing of it, but the Inns and Stages, at which he ſtopp'd to eat and drink. For, on the contrary, he would make the beſt Acquaintance, and contract worthy Friendſhips with ſuch as would court and reverence him as one of the riſing Genius's of his Country.

Whereas moſt of the young Gentlemen, who are ſent abroad raw and unprepar'd, as if to wonder at every thing they ſee, and to be laugh'd at by all

that

that ſee them, do but expoſe themſelves, and their Country. And if at their Return, by Intereſt of Friends, by Alliances or Marriages, they ſhall happen to be promoted to Places of Honour or Profit, their unmerited Preferment will only ſerve to make thoſe Foreigners, who were Eye-witneſſes of their Weakneſs and Follies, when among them, conclude greatly in Diſfavour of the whole Nation, or, at leaſt, of the Prince, and his Adminiſtration, who could find no fitter Subjects to diſtinguiſh.

This, my dear Friend, is a brief Extract from my Obſervations on the Head of qualifying young Gentlemen to travel with Honour and Improvement. I doubt you'll be apt to think me not a little out of my Element; but ſince you *would* have it, I claim the Allowances of a Friend, to which my ready Compliance with your Commands the rather intitles me.

I am very ſorry Mr. and Mrs. *Murray* are ſo unhappy in each other. Were he a generous Man, the heavy Loſs the poor Lady has ſuſtained, as well as her Siſter, my beloved Friend, in ſo excellent a Mother, and ſo kind a Father, would make him bear with her Infirmities a little.

But, really, I have ſeen on Twenty Occaſions, that, notwithſtanding all the fine Things Gentlemen ſay to Ladies before Marriage, if the latter do not *improve* upon their Huſbands Hands, their imputed Graces, when ſingle, will not protect them from Indifference, and, probably, from worſe: While the Gentleman, perhaps, thinks *he* only, of the Two, is intitled to go backward in Acts of Kindneſs and Complaiſance. A ſtrange and a ſhocking Difference, which too many Ladies experience, who, from fond Lovers, proſtrate at their Feet, find ſurly Huſbands, trampling upon their Necks!

You, my dear Friend, were happy in your Days of Courtſhip, and are no leſs ſo in your State of Wedlock. And may you continue to be ſo to a good old Age, prays

Your affectionate and faithful Friend, P. B.

LETTER

LETTER LXIII.

My dear Lady G.

I WILL chearfully cauſe to be tranſcribed for you the Converſation you deſire, between myſelf, Mrs. *Towers*, and Mrs. *Arthur*, and the Three young Ladies their Relations, in Preſence of the Dean and his Daughter, and Mrs. *Brooks*; and glad I ſhall be, if it may be of Uſe to the two thoughtleſs Miſſes your Neighbours; who, you are pleaſed to tell me, are great Admirers of my Story, and my Example; and will therefore, as you ſay, pay greater Attention to what I write, than to the more paſſionate and intereſted Leſſons of their Mamma.

I am only ſorry, that you ſhould have been under any Concern about the ſuppoſed Trouble you give me, by having miſlaid my former Relation of it. For, beſides obliging my dear Lady *G.* the Hope, that I may be able to do Service by it to a Family ſo worthy, in a Caſe ſo nearly affecting its Honour, as to make two headſtrong young Ladies recollect what belongs to their Sex and their Characters, and what their filial Duties require of them, affords me high Pleaſure; and if it ſhall be attended with the wiſh'd Effects, it will be an Addition to my Happineſs.

I ſaid, *cauſe* to be tranſcribed; becauſe I hope to anſwer a double End by it; for, after I had re-conſider'd it, I ſet Miſs *Goodwin* to tranſcribe it, who writes a very pretty Hand, and is not a little fond of the Taſk, and, indeed, of any Taſk I ſet her; and will be more affected, as ſhe *performs* it, than ſhe could be by *reading* it only; altho' ſhe is a very good Girl at preſent, and gives me Hopes, that ſhe will continue to be ſo.

As ſoon as it is done, I will incloſe it, that it may be read to the Parties without this Introduction, if you think fit. And you will forgive me for having added a few Obſervations to this Tranſcription, with a View to the Caſes of your inconſiderate young Ladies, and for having corrected the former Narrative in ſeveral Places.

My

My dear Lady G.

THE Papers you have miſlaid, relating to the Converſation between me and the young Ladies, Relations of Lady *Towers*, and Lady *Arthur*, in Preſence of theſe two laſt-nam'd Ladies, Mrs. *Brooks*, and the worthy Dean, and Miſs *L.* (of which, in order to perfect your kind Collection of my Communications, you requeſt another Copy) contained as follows:

I firſt began with appriſing you, that I had ſeen theſe three Ladies, twice or thrice before, as Viſitors, at their Kinſwomens Houſes; ſo that they and I were not altogether Strangers to one another: And my two Neighbours acquainted me with their reſpective Taſtes and Diſpoſitions, and gave me their Hiſtories, preparative to this Viſit, to the following Effect:

'That Miſs STAPYLTON is over-run with the 'Love of Poetry and Romance, and delights much 'in flowery Language, and metaphorical Flouriſhes: 'Is about Eighteen, wants not either Senſe or Po-'liteneſs; and has read herſelf into a Vein, that is 'more amorous (that was Lady *Towers*'s Word) 'than diſcreet. Has extraordinary Notions of a '*Firſt-ſight* Love; and gives herſelf greater Liber-'ties, with a Pair of fine Eyes, (in hopes to make 'ſudden Conqueſts in purſuance of that Notion) 'than is pretty in her Sex and Age; which makes 'thoſe who know her not, conclude her bold and 'forward; and is more than ſuſpected, with a Mind 'thus prepared for inſtantaneous Impreſſions, to have 'experienc'd the Argument to her own Diſadvan-'tage, and to be *ſtruck* (before ſhe has *ſtricken*) 'by a Gentleman, whom her Friends think not at all 'worthy of her, and to whom ſhe was making ſome 'indiſcreet Advances, under the Name of PHILO-'CLEA to PHILOXENUS, in a Letter which ſhe in-'truſted to a Servant of the Family, who, diſco-'vering her Deſign, prevented her Indiſcretion for 'that Time.

'That, in other reſpects, ſhe has no mean Ac-'compliſhments,

'compliſhments, will have a fine Fortune, is gen-
'teel in her Perſon, tho' with ſome viſible Affecta-
'tion, dances well, ſings well, and plays prettily on
'ſeveral Inſtruments; is fond of Reading, but affects
'the Action, and Air, and Attitude, of a Tragedian;
'and is too apt to give an Emphaſis in the wrong
'Place, in order to make an Author mean more
'ſignificantly than it is neceſſary he ſhould, even
'where the Occaſion is common, and in a mere
'hiſtorical Fact, that requires as much Simplicity
'in the Reader's Accent, as in the Writer's Style:
'No Wonder then, that when ſhe reads a Play, ſhe
'will put herſelf into a Sweat, as Lady *Towers* ſays;
'diſtorting very agreeable Features, and making a
'*Multitude* of wry Mouths, with *one* very pretty
'one, in order to convince her Hearers, what a near
'Neighbour her Heart is to her Lips.

'Miſs COPE is a young Lady of Nineteen, lovely
'in her Perſon, with a handſome Fortune in Poſ-
'ſeſſion, and great Proſpects. Has a ſoft and gen-
'tle Turn of Mind, which diſpoſes her to be eaſily
'impoſed upon. Is addreſs'd by a Libertine of
'Quality, whoſe Courtſhip, while permitted, was
'Imperioufneſs; and Tenderneſs, Inſult; having found
'the young Lady too ſuſceptible of Impreſſion, open
'and unreſerv'd, and even valuing him the more,
'as it ſeem'd, for treating her with ungenerous Con-
'tempt; for that ſhe was always making Excuſes
'for Slights, Ill manners, and even Rudeneſs, which
'no other young Lady would forgive.

'That this Facility on her Side, and this Inſolence
'on his, and an over-free, and even indecent De-
'gree of Ramping, as it is called, with Miſs, which
'once her Mamma ſurpris'd them in, made her Papa
'forbid *his* Viſits, and *her* receiving them.

'That this, however, was ſo much to Miſs's
'Regret, that ſhe was detected in a Deſign to elope
'to him out of the private Garden-door, where, in
'all Probability, the indelicate and diſhonourable
'Peer would have triumphed over her Innocence;
'having given out ſince, that he intended to revenge

'himſelf

' himſelf on the Daughter, for the Diſgrace he had
' received from the Parents.

' That tho' ſhe was convinc'd of this, 'twas fear'd
' ſhe ſtill lov'd him, and would throw herſelf in his
' way the firſt convenient Opportunity; urging, that
' his raſh Expreſſions were the Effect only of his
' Paſſion; for that ſhe knows he loves her too well,
' to be diſhonourable to her: And, by the ſame
' Degree of favourable Prepoſſeſſion, ſhe will have
' it, That his brutal Roughneſs, is the Manlineſs of his
' Nature; That his moſt ſhocking Expreſſions, are
' Sincerity of Heart; That his Boaſts of his former
' Lewdneſs, are but Inſtances that he knows the
' World; That his Freedoms with her Perſon, are
' but Exceſs of Love, and innocent Gaiety of
' Temper; That his reſenting the Prohibition he
' has met with, and his Threats, are other Inſtances
' of his Love and his Courage: And Peers of the
' Realm ought not to be bound down by little narrow
' Rules, like the Vulgar; for, truly, their *Honour*;
' which is regarded in the greateſt Caſes, equal with
' the *Oath* of a common Gentleman, is a Security
' that a Lady may truſt to, if he is not a Profligate
' indeed; and that Lord *P. cannot* be.

' That excepting theſe Weakneſſes, Miſs has many
' good Qualities; is charitable, pious, humane, hum-
' ble; ſings ſweetly, plays on the Spinnet charmingly;
' is meek, fearful, and never was reſolute or cou-
' rageous enough to ſtep out of the regular Path,
' till her too flexible Heart became touch'd with a
' Paſſion, that is ſaid to tame Lions, and therefore
' her rough Peer has none of it; and animate the
' Dove, and Miſs *Cope* has too much of it.

' That Miſs SUTTON, a young Lady of the like
Age with the two former, has too lively and airy
a Turn of Mind; affects to be thought well read
in the Hiſtories of Kingdoms, as well as in polite
Literature. Speaks *French* fluently, talks upon all
Subjects much; and has a great deal of that flip-
pant Wit, which makes more Enemies than Friends.
However is innocent, and unſuſpectedly virtuous

' hitherto;

'hitherto; but makes herſelf cheap and acceſſible 'to Fops and Rakes, and has not the worſe Opi- 'nion of a Man for being ſuch. Liſtens eagerly to 'Stories told to the Diſadvantage of Individuals of 'her own Sex; tho' affecting to be a great Stickler 'for the Honour of the Sex in general: Will unpity- 'ingly propagate ſuch Stories: Thinks (without con- 'ſidering to what the Imprudence of her own Con- 'duct may ſubject her) the Woman, that ſlips inex- 'cuſable: Aſſerts, that it is the *Man's* Place *to aſk*, 'the *Woman's to deny*; and by this means encou- 'rages the one in their vile Attempts, and gives up 'the other for their Weakneſs, in a kind of ſilly Af- 'fectation, to ſhew her ſecurity in her own Virtue; 'at the very time, that ſhe is dancing upon the Edge 'of a Precipice, preſumptuouſly inattentive to her 'own Danger.'

The worthy Dean, knowing the Ladies Intention in this Viſit to me, brought his Daughter with him, as if by Accident: For Miſs *L.* with many good Qualities, is of a remarkably ſoft Temper, tho' not ſo inconſiderately ſoft as Miſs *Cope*: But is too credulous; and, as her Papa ſuſpects, entertains more than a Liking to a wild young Gentleman, the Heir to a noble Fortune, who makes Viſits to her, full of Tenderneſs and Reſpect, but without declaring himſelf. This gives the Dean a good deal of Uneaſineſs, and he is very deſirous, that Miſs ſhould be in my Company on all Occaſions; as ſhe is ſo kind to profeſs a great Regard to my Opinion and Judgment.

'Tis eaſy to ſee the poor young Lady is in Love; and ſhe makes no doubt, that the young Gentleman loves *her*; But alas! why then (for he is not a baſhful Man, as you ſhall hear) does he not ſay ſo——He has deceived already two young Creatures. His Father has caution'd the Dean againſt his Son. Has told him, that he is ſly, ſubtle, full of Stratagem; yet has ſo much Command of himſelf, (which makes him more dangerous) as not to precipitate his Deſigns; but can wait with Patience, till he thinks himſelf ſecure

cure of his Prey, and then pulls off the Maſk at once; and, if he ſucceeds, glories in his Villainy.

Yet does the Father beg of the Dean to permit his Viſits; for he would be glad he would marry Miſs *L.* tho greatly unequal in Fortune to his Son; wiſhing for nothing ſo much, as that he *would* marry. And the Dean, owing his principal Preferment to the old Gentleman, cares not to diſoblige him, or affront his Son, without ſome apparent Reaſon for the latter; eſpecially as the Father is bound up in him, all the Family Hopes depending upon him, having no other Child, and being himſelf half afraid of him, leſt, if too much thwarted, he ſhould fly out intirely.

So here, Madam, are Four young Ladies of like Years, and different Inclinations and Tempers, all of whom may be ſaid to have Dangers to encounter with, reſulting from their reſpective Diſpoſitions: And who, profeſſing to admire my Character, and the Example I had ſet, were brought to me, to be benefited, as Lady *Towers* was pleaſed to ſay, by my Converſation: And all was to be as if accidental, none of them knowing how well I was acquainted with their reſpective Characters.

How proud my dear Lady *G.* would this Compliment have made me, from ſuch a Lady as Mrs. *Towers*, had I not been as proud as proud could be before, in the good Opinion of four beloved Perſons, Mr. *B.* Lady *Davers*, the Counteſs of *C.* and your dear Self!

We were attended only by *Polly Barlow*, who was as much concern'd as any body in ſome of the Points, that came before us. And as you know this was in the Time of the Viſit paid us by Lord and Lady *Davers*, and that noble Counteſs, 'tis proper to ſay, they were abroad together upon a Viſit from which, knowing how I was to be engag'd, they excuſed me.

The Dean was well known to, and valu'd by, all the Ladies; and therefore was no manner of Reſtraint upon the freedom of our Converſation.

I was

I was above in my Cloſet when they came; and Lady *Towers*, having preſented each young Lady to me when I came down, ſaid, being all ſeated, I can gueſs at your own Imployment, Mrs. *B.*—Writing, I dare ſay? I have often wiſh'd you for a Correſpondent; for every one who can boaſt that Favour, exalts you to the Skies, and ſays, Your Letters exceed your Converſation; but I always inſiſted upon it, that *that* was impoſſible.

Lady *Towers*, ſaid I, is always ſaying the moſt obliging things in the World of her Neighbours: But may not one ſuffer, dear Madam, for theſe kind Prepoſſeſſions, in the Opinion of greater Srangers, who will judge more impartially than your Favour will permit you to do?

That, ſaid Lady *Arthur*, will be ſo ſoon put out of Doubt, when Mrs. *B.* begins to ſpeak, that we will refer to that, and ſo put an End to every thing that looks like Compliment.

But, Mrs. *B.* ſaid Lady *Towers*, may one aſk, What particular Subject was at this Time your Imployment?

I had been writing (you muſt know, Lady *G.*) for the ſake of engaging Miſs *Grapylton*'s flowery Vein, a little Sketch of the Style ſhe is ſo fond of; and hoped for ſome ſuch Opportunity as this Queſtion gave me, to bring it on the Carpet; for my only Fear with her, and Miſs *Cole*, and Miſs *Sutton*, was, that they would deem me too grave; and ſo what ſhould fall in the Courſe of Converſation, would make the leſs Impreſſion upon them. For even the beſt Inſtructions in the World, you know, will be ineffectual, if the Method of conveying them is not adapted to the Taſte and Temper of the Perſon you would engage. Whence, as I take it, that excellent Rule of the Apoſtle, of *becoming all Things to all Men.*

I anſwer'd, That I had been meditating upon the Misfortune of a fine young Lady, who had been ſeduced and betrayed by a Gentleman ſhe loved; and who, notwithſtanding, had the Grace to ſtop ſhort, (indeed, later than were to be wiſhed) and to abandon

bandon Friends, Country, Lover, in order to avoid any further Intercourſe with him; and that God had bleſſed her Penitence and Reſolution, and ſhe was now very happy in a neighbouring Dominion.

A fine Subject, ſaid Miſs *Stapylton!*—Was the Gentleman a Man of Wit, Madam? Was the Lady a Woman of Taſte?

The Gentleman, Miſs, was all that was deſirable in Man, had he been virtuous. The Lady, all that was excellent in Woman, had ſhe been more circumſpect. But it was a firſt Love on both Sides; and little did ſhe think he could have taken Advantage of her Innocence and her Affection for him.

A ſad, ſad Story! ſaid Miſs *Cope*; But, pray, Madam, did their Friends approve of their Viſits? For Danger ſometimes, as I have heard, ariſes from the Cruelty of Friends, who force Lovers upon private and clandeſtine Meetings; when, perhaps, there can be no material Objection, why the Gentleman and Lady may not come together.

Well obſerv'd, Miſs *Cope*, thought I! How we are for making every Caſe applicable to our own, when our Hearts are fix'd upon a Point?

It cannot be called *Cruelty* in Friends, Miſs, ſaid I, when their Cautions, or even *Prohibitions*, are ſo well juſtify'd by the Event, as in *this* Caſe—and *generally* by the wicked Arts and Practices of Seducers. And how happy is it for a Lady, when ſhe ſuffers herſelf to be convinc'd, that thoſe who have lived *Forty* Years in the World, may know twice as much, at leaſt, of that World, as ſhe can poſſibly know at *Twenty*, Ten of which moreover are almoſt a Blank! If they do *not*, the one muſt be ſuppoſed very ignorant; the other, very knowing.

But, Miſs, the Lady, whoſe hard Caſe I was meditating, *hop'd* too much, and *fear'd* too little; that was her Fault; which made her give Opportunities to the Gentleman, which neither *Liberty* nor *Reſtraint* could juſtify in her. She had not the Diſcretion, poor Lady! in this one great point of all, that the Ladies I have in my Eye, I dare ſay, would have had in her Caſe.

I beg

I beg Pardon, ſaid Miſs, and bluſh'd. I know not the Caſe, and ought to have been ſilent.

Ay, Miſs, thought I, ſo you would, had not you thought yourſelf more affected by it, than were to be wiſh'd you were.

I think, ſaid Miſs *Sutton*, the Lady was the leſs to be pity'd, as ſhe muſt know what her Character requir'd of her; and that Men will deceive, whereever they are truſted. 'Tis *their* Place to aſk; a *Lady's* to deny.

So, Miſs, reply'd I, you are ſuppoſing a continual State of War between the Two Sexes; one offenſive, the other defenſive: And, indeed, I think the Notion not amiſs; for a Lady will aſſuredly be in leſs Danger, when ſhe rather *fears* an *Enemy*, than *hopes* a *Friend*, where ſo much depends upon the Iſſue, either of her Doubt, or of her Confidence.

I don't know *neither*, Madam, return'd Miſs, very briſkly, whether the Men ſhould be ſet out to us as ſuch Bugbears, as our Mamma's generally repreſent them. It is doing too much Honour to their Sex. It is making them too conſiderable; and is a kind of Reflection upon the Diſcretion and Virtue of our own, ſuppoſing us weak indeed.

The late Czar, I have read, continued Miſs, took a better Method with the *Swedes*, who had often beat him; when, after a great Victory, he made his Captives march in Proceſſion thro' the Streets of his principal City, to familiarize them to the *Ruſſes*, and ſhew them they were *but* Men.

Very well obſerv'd, Miſs, reply'd I: But then, did you not ſay, that this was thought neceſſary to be done, becauſe the *Ruſſes* had been often *defeated* by theſe *Swedes*, and thought *too highly* of them; and when the *Swedes*, taking the Advantage of that Prepoſſeſſion, had the *greater Contempt* for the *Ruſſes*?

Miſs looked a little diſconcerted; and being ſilent, I proceeded;

I am very far, Miſs, from thinking the Generality of Men conſiderable, if our Sex do Juſtice to themſelves, and to what their Characters require of them.

them. Nevertheleſs, give me leave to ſay, that the Men I thought altogether *inconſiderable*, I would not think worthy of my Company, nor give it to them, when I could avoid it. For when once they are perſuaded, that it is their Privilege to *ask*, and the Lady's only to *deny*, it will certainly imbolden them to ſolicit, and to think themſelves acting in Character when they put the Lady upon exerting her leſs active Privilege. And yet I am humbly of Opinion with the Poet:

He comes too near, *who comes to be* deny'd.

For theſe Reaſons, Miſs, I was pleaſed with your Notion, that it would be beſt to look upon that Sex, eſpecially, if we allow them the Privilege you ſpeak of, in an *hoſtile* Light.

But permit me to obſerve, with regard to the moſt contemptible of the Species, Fops, Coxcombs, and pretty Fellows, that many a *good* General has been defeated, when, truſting to his ſuperior Strength and Skill, he has deſpiſed a *truly weak* Enemy.

I believe, Madam, return'd Miſs, your Obſervation is very juſt. I have read of ſuch Inſtances. But dear Madam, permit me to aſk, Whether we ſpeak not too generally, when we condemn every Man who dreſſes well, and is not a Sloven, as a Fop or a Coxcomb?

No doubt, we do, when this is the Caſe. But permit me to obſerve, that you hardly ever in your Life, Miſs, ſaw a Gentleman who was *very* nice about his Perſon and Dreſs, that had any thing he thought of *greater* Conſequence to himſelf, to regard. 'Tis natural it ſhould be ſo; for ſhould not the Man of *Body* take the greateſt Care to ſet out and adorn the Part of which he thinks himſelf moſt valuable? And will not the Man of *Mind* beſtow his principal Care in improving that Mind? perhaps to the Neglect of Dreſs, and outward Appearance, which is a Fault. But ſurely Miſs, there is a Middle-way to be obſerv'd between both, in theſe, as in moſt other Caſes; for a Man need not be a Sloven, any more

more than a Fop. He need not ſhew a Contempt for Dreſs, and yet not think Appearance his firſt and chief Concern; be ready to quarrel with a high Wind for diſcompoſing his Peruque, or to put on his Hat for fear of depreſſing his Foretop; be more afraid of a Spot upon his Clothes, than twenty in his Mind: Be a Self-admirer, and always at the Glaſs, which he would perhaps never look into, could it ſhew him the Deformity of his Mind, as well as the Finery of his Perſon:—Who has a Tailor for his Tutor, and a Milliner for his School-miſtreſs; who laughs at Men of Senſe (indeed, excuſably perhaps in Revenge becauſe they laugh at him): Who calls Learning Pedantry, and looks upon the Knowledge of the Faſhions, as the only uſeful Science to a fine Gentleman.

Pardon me Ladies: I could proceed with the Character of this Species of Men; but I need not; becauſe every Lady preſent, I am ſure, would deſpiſe ſuch an one as much as I do, were he to fall in her way: And the rather, becauſe it is a certain Fact, that he who admires himſelf, will never admire his Lady as he ought; and if he maintains his Niceneſs after Marriage, it will be with a Preference to himſelf againſt her: If not—will ſink very probably, into the worſt of Slovens; for, the Mind that is capable of one Extreme, (in every Caſe of human Life almoſt) when that goes off, if not a Man of Prudence, conſtitutionally, in a manner, falls into its Oppoſite.

But to return to the former Subject, (for the general Attention encouraged me to proceed) permit me, Miſs *Sutton*, to add, That a Lady muſt run great Riſques to her Reputation, if not to her Virtue, who will admit into her Company, *any* Gentleman, who ſhall be of Opinion, and *know* it to be *hers*, that it is *his* Province to aſk a Favour, that ſhe thinks it becomes *her* to deny.

I believe, Madam, ſaid Miſs, I ſpoke theſe Words a little too generally: But I meant *honourable* Queſtions, to be ſure.

There can be but *one* honourable Queſtion, thought I; and that is ſeldom aſked, but when the Affair

Affair is brought near a Concluſion, and there is a Probability of its being granted; and which a Single Lady, while ſhe has Parents or Guardians, ſhould never think of permitting to be put to herſelf, much leſs of approving, nor perhaps, as the Caſe may be, of denying; but I would not puſh her too far, altho' there was Room to have made the young Lady bluſh for her inconſiderate Notion.

So, I ſaid, I don't *doubt*, Miſs, but you meant honourable Queſtions. A young Lady of Miſs *Sutton*'s good Senſe, and worthy Character, could not mean otherwiſe.

And yet Miſs appear'd to be under an agreeable Confuſion, every Lady, by her Eye, ſeeming to think ſhe had met with a deſerv'd Rebuke; and which not ſeeming to expect, it abated her Livelineſs all the Time after, and turn'd, as I may ſay, her *Tongue* into *Ear*.

Lady *Towers* ſeaſonably reliev'd us both from a Subject too *applicable*, if I may ſo expreſs it, ſaying, But, dear Mrs. *B.* will you favour us with the Reſult of your Meditation, if you have committed it to Writing, on the unhappy Caſe you mention'd?

I was rather, Madam, exerciſing my Fancy than my Judgment, ſuch as it is, upon the Occaſion. I was aiming at a kind of allegorical or metaphorical Style, I know not which to call it; and it is not fit to be read before ſuch Judges, I doubt.

O pray dear Mamma, ſaid Miſs *Stapylton*, favour us with it *to chuſe*; for I am a great Admirer of that Style.

We ſhall never know half your Excellencies, ſaid Lady *Arthur*: I have a great Curioſity, both from the *Subject* and the *Style*, to hear what you have written: And I beg you will oblige us all.

Do, dear Madam, ſaid Miſs. *L.* Do, dear Mrs. *B.* ſaid Lady *Towers*. I beg it of you alſo, ſaid the Dean. Do, dear Madam, let us have it, ſaid all the Ladies.

It is ſhort and unfiniſh'd. It is deſign'd to be woven into a Letter to a dear Friend: And let it be

ever ſo cenſurable, I ſhould be *more* ſo, if I made any Difficulties after ſuch an unanimous Requeſt. So taking it out of my Letter caſe, I read as follows:

" While the *Banks* of *Diſcretion* keep within their " natural Channel the *proud Waves* of *Paſſion*, all " calm and ſerene, glides along the ſilver Current, " inlivening the adjacent Meadows, as it paſſes, with " a brighter and more flowery Verdure. But if the " *Torrents* of *ſenſual Love* are permitted to deſcend " from the *Hills* of *credulous Hope*, they may ſo ſwell " the gentle Stream, as to make it difficult, if not " impoſſible, to be retain'd in its uſual Bounds. " What then will be the Conſequence? — Why, the " *Trees of Reſolution*, and the *Shrubs of cautious* " *Fear*, whoſe intertwining Roots had contributed to " ſupport the frail Mound, being looſen'd from their " Hold, *they*, and the *Bank* itſelf, will be ſeen floating on the Surface of the triumphant Waters.

" But here, a dear Lady, having unhappily failed, " is enabled to ſet her *Foot* in the *new-made* Breach, " while yet it is *poſſible* to ſtop it, and to ſay, with " little Variation, in the Language of that Power, " which only could enable her to ſay it, *Hither, ye* " *proud Waves of diſſolute Love, altho' you* HAVE " *come, yet no farther* SHALL *ye come*; is ſuch an In- " ſtance of magnanimous Reſolution, and Self-con- " queſt, as is very rarely to be met with."

They were all greatly taken with what I read, and the Dean gave it Beauties by his kind Comments, which he himſelf could hardly think it merited, ſuppoſing, no doubt, that it might afford a ſubject for the young Ladies to contemplate upon in their own Taſte, as one may ſay. Miſs *Stapylton* particularly appear'd ſo delighted with it, that ſhe deſired a Copy of it; and the other Three young Ladies complaiſantly join'd in her Requeſt.

Whereupon I ſaid, That if it could have the Benefit of the Dean's Remarks upon it, it would be worthy

worthy of their Acceptance: But, however, it was at their Service; for I had the rough Sketch of it above.

Miſs *Stapylton* took it, promiſing to give each a Copy, and honour'd it with a Place in her Boſom. I mention this, becauſe it anſwer'd my End; and, ſlight as the Cauſe was, gave the young flighty Ladies an high Opinion of me, which made them liſten with the greater Attention to all that ſucceeded.

Our Converſation, after this, took a more general Turn, as to the Air of it, if I may ſay ſo, which I thought right, leſt the young Ladies ſhould imagine it was a deſigned Thing againſt them: But yet it was ſuch, that every one of them found her Character and Taſte little or much concerned in it; and all ſeem'd, as Lady *Towers* afterwards obſerv'd to me, by their Silence and Attention, to be buſied with private Applications.

The Dean began firſt, with a View to his own Daughter; and ſeeing his Drift, I humour'd it accordingly; and the rather, as Miſs *Cope*'s Caſe was included in that of Miſs *L.* He was pleaſed to ſay, That I ſeem'd deſign'd by Providence, as a Model, as well as an Exemplar, for my Sex; and it was Matter of great Surprize to him, that, my tender Years conſider'd, I ſhould be capable of making thoſe Reflections, by which Perſons of twice my Age and Experience might be inſtructed. You ſee, Madam, ſaid he, how attentive we all are, when your Lips begin to open; and I beg we may have nothing to do, but to *be* attentive.

I have had ſuch Advantages, Sir, reply'd I, from the Obſervations and Cautions of my late excellent Lady, that did you but know half of them, you would rather wonder I had made *no greater* Improvement, than that I have made *ſo much*. She uſed to think me pretty, and not ill-temper'd, and, *of courſe*, not incredulous, where I conceived a good Opinion; and was always arming me on that Side, as believing I might be the Object of wicked Attempts, and the rather, as my low Fortunes ſubjected me to Danger.

For, had I been born to Rank and Condition, as these young Ladies here, I should have had Reason to think of *myself*, as justly, as, no doubt, *they* do, and, of consequence, beyond the Reach of any vile Intriguer; as I should have been above the greatest Part of that Species of Mankind, who, for want of Understanding or Honour, or thro' pernicious Habits, give themselves up to Libertinism.

Charming Humility! said Miss *Cope*, with her Hands lifted up. So said Miss *Stapylton*.

These were great Advantages, no doubt, said Miss *Sutton*; but in *you*, they met with a surprising Genius, 'tis very plain, Madam; and there is not, in my Opinion, a Lady in *England* of your Years, who would have improv'd by them, as you have done.

I answer'd, That I was much obliged to her for her good Opinion: But that I had always observ'd, that the Person who admir'd any good Qualities in another, gave a kind of *natural* Demonstration, that she had the same in an eminent Degree herself, altho', perhaps, her modest Diffidence would not permit her to trace the generous Principle to its Source.

The Dean, in order to bring us back again to our Subject, repeated my Remark, that it was safer, in Cases where so much depended upon the Issue, as a Lady's Honour and Reputation, to *fear* an *Enemy*, than to *hope* a *Friend*; and praised my Observation, that even a *weak* Enemy is not to be too much despised.

I said, I had very high Notions of the Honour and Value of my own Sex, and very mean ones of the gay and frothy Part of the other; insomuch that I thought they could have no Strength, but what was founded in our Weakness: That, indeed, the Difference of Education must give Men Advantages, even where the Genius was naturally equal; and among others, Courage and Hardness of Hearts, which make Ladies, where they meet not with Men of Honour, to engage upon very unequal Terms; for that it was so customary with them to make Vows and Promises,

miſes, and to ſet ſo light by them, *when made*, that an innocent Lady cannot guard too watchfully againſt them; and, in my Opinion, ſhould believe nothing they ſaid, or even *vow'd*, but what carry'd Demonſtration with it.

I remember, continued I, my Lady uſed often to obſerve, That there was a Time of Life in all young Perſons, which might properly be called, *The Romantick*, which was a very dangerous Period, and requir'd therefore a great Guard of Prudence: That the Riſque was not a little augmented by reading Novels and Romances; and that the Poetical Tribe had much to anſwer for on this Head, by reaſon of their inflaming and unnatural Deſcriptions, which did much Hurt to thoughtleſs Minds, and lively Imaginations. For to thoſe, ſhe would have it, were principally owing, the Raſhneſs and Indiſcretion of even *ſoft* and *tender* Diſpoſitions; which, in Breach of their Duty, and even Decorum of Sex, too frequently ſet them upon Enterprizes, like what they have read in thoſe pernicious Writings, which not ſeldom make them fall a Sacrifice to the baſe Deſigns of ſome vile Intriguer; and even in Caſes where their Precipitation ends the beſt, that is to ſay, in *Marriage*, they too frequently (in direct Oppoſition to the Cautions and Commands of their *try'd*, their *experienc'd*, and *unqueſtionable* Friends) throw themſelves upon an *almoſt Stranger*, who, had he not been unworthy of them, would not, nor *needed* to have taken indirect Methods to obtain their Favour.

And the Misfortune is, continu'd I, the moſt innocent are generally the moſt credulous. They would do no Harm to others themſelves, and cannot think others would do them any. And with regard to the particular Perſon who has obtain'd, perhaps, a Share in her Confidence, *he* cannot, ſurely, ſhe thinks, be ſo *ingrateful*, as to return Evil for Good! Were all the Men in the World, beſides, to prove falſe, the *beloved* Perſon cannot. 'Twould be unjuſt to *her own Merit*, as well as to *his Vows*, to ſuppoſe it: And ſo *Deſign* on his Side, and *Credulity* and *Self-opinion*

on the Lady's, at laſt inroll the unhappy Believer in the Liſt of the too-late Repenters.

And what, Madam, ſaid the Dean, has not that Wretch to anſwer for, who makes Sport of deſtroying a virtuous Character, and, in being the wicked Means of throwing, perhaps, upon the Town, and into the Dregs of Proſtitution, a poor Creature, whoſe Love for him, and Confidence in him, was all her Crime, and who otherwiſe might have made a worthy Figure at the Head of ſome reputable Family, propagating good Examples, inſtead of Ruin and Infamy, to Mankind; and ſo have been an uſeful Member of the Commonwealth? To ſay nothing of, what is ſtill worſe, the dreadful Crime of occaſioning the Loſs of a Soul; ſince final Impenitence too generally follows the firſt Sacrifice which the poor Wretch is ſeduced to make of her Honour?

There are ſeveral Gentlemen in our Neighbourhood, ſaid Mrs. *Brooks*, who might be benefited by this touching Reflection, if it was repreſented in the ſame ſtrong Lights from the Pulpit. And permit me to ſay, Mr. Dean, that I think, you ſhould give us a Sermon upon this Subject, for the ſake of both Sexes; one for Caution, the other for Conviction.

I will think of it, reply'd he. But I am ſorry to ſay, that we have too many among our younger Gentry, who would think themſelves pointed at, were I to touch this Subject ever ſo cautiouſly.

I am ſure, ſaid Lady *Towers*, there cannot well be a more uſeful one; and the very Reaſon the Dean gives, is a convincing Proof of it to me.

When I have had the Pleaſure of hearing the further Sentiments of ſuch an Aſſembly as this, upon the delicate Subject, reply'd this polite Divine, I ſhall be better enabled to treat it. And, pray, Ladies, proceeed; for it is from your Converſation, that I muſt take my Hints.

You have nothing to do then, ſaid Lady *Towers*, but to engage Mrs. *B.* to ſpeak; and you may be ſure, we will all be as attentive to *her*, as we ſhall be to *you*, when

when we ſhall have the Pleaſure to hear ſo fine a Genius improving upon her Hints, from the Pulpit.

I bow'd, as the Dean did, to Lady *Towers*; and knowing, that ſhe praiſed me ſo highly, in order to induce the young Ladies to give the greater Attention to what ſhe wiſhed I ſhould ſpeak, I ſaid, It would be almoſt an unpardonable Preſumption in me, after ſo high a Compliment, to open my Lips. Nevertheleſs, as I was ſure, by ſpeaking, I ſhould have the Benefit of Inſtruction, whenever it made *them* ſpeak, I would not be backward to enter upon any Subject, for that I ſhould conſider myſelf as a young Counſel, in ſome great Cauſe, who ſerved but to open it, and prepare the Way for thoſe of greater Skill and Abilities.

I beg then, Madam, ſaid Miſs *Stapylton*, you will *open the Cauſe*, be the Subject what it will. And I could almoſt wiſh, that we had as many Gentlemen here as Ladies, who would have Reaſon to be aſham'd of the Liberties they take in cenſuring the Converſations of the Tea-Table; ſince the Pulpit, as the worthy Dean gives us Reaſon to hope, may be beholden to that of Mrs. *B.*

Nor is it much Wonder, reply'd I, when the Dean himſelf is with us, and it is grac'd by ſo charming and diſtinguiſh'd a Circle.

If many of our young Gentlemen were here, ſaid Lady *Towers*, they might improve themſelves in all the Graces of polite and ſincere Complaiſance. But, compar'd to this, I have generally heard ſuch trite and coarſe Stuff from our Race of Wou'd-be-wits, that what they ſay, may be compar'd to the Fawnings and Salutations of the Aſs in the Fable, who emulating the Lap-dog, merited a Cudgel rather than Encouragement.

But, Mrs. *B.* continued ſhe, begin, I pray you, to *open* and *proceed* in the Cauſe; for there will be no Counſel imploy'd but you, I can tell you.

Then give me a Subject, that will ſuit me, Ladies, and you ſhall ſee how my Obedience to your Commands will make me run on.

Will you, Madam, ſaid Miſs *Stapylton*, give us a few Cautions and Inſtructions on a Theme of your own, That a young Lady ſhould rather *fear* too much, than *hope* too much? A neceſſary Doctrine perhaps; but a difficult one to be practiſed by a Lady, who has begun to love, and ſuppoſes all Truth and Honour in the Object of her Favour.

Hope, Miſs, ſaid I, in my Opinion, ſhould never be unaccompany'd by *Fear*; and the more Reaſon will a Lady ever have to fear, and to ſuſpect herſelf, and doubt her Lover, when ſhe once begins to find in her own Breaſt a Favour for him. For then her Danger is doubled, ſince ſhe has *herſelf* (perhaps, the more dangerous Enemy of the two) to guard againſt, as well as *him*.

She may ſecretly hope the beſt indeed; but what *has been* the Fate of others, *may be* her own; and tho' ſhe thinks it not *probable* from ſuch a faithful Proteſter, as he appears to her to be, yet while it is *poſſible*, ſhe ſhould never be off her Guard: Nor will a prudent Woman truſt to his Mercy or Honour, but to her own Diſcretion; and the rather, becauſe, if he mean well, he *himſelf* will value her the more for her Caution, ſince every Man deſires to have a virtuous and prudent Wife; if not well, ſhe will deteſt him the ſooner; and ſo, by her Prudence, fruſtrate all his baſe Deſigns.

The Ladies ſeeming, by their Silence, to approve what I ſaid, I proceeded:

But let me, my dear Ladies, ask, What that Paſſion is, which generally we dignify by the Name of *Love*; and which, when *ſo* dignify'd, puts us upon a thouſand Extravagancies? I believe, if it were to be examined into, it would be found too generally to owe its Original to *ungovern'd Fancy*; and were we to judge of it by the Conſequences that uſually attend it, it ought rather to be called *Raſhneſs*, *Inconſideration*, *Weakneſs*; any thing but *Love*: for, very ſeldom, I doubt, is the *ſolid Judgment* ſo much concern'd in it, as the *airy Fancy*. But when once we dignify the wild Miſleader with the Name of *Love*, all the Abſurdities,

ſurdities, which we have read in Novels and Romances, take Place, and we are induc'd to follow Examples that ſeldom end happily but in *them*.

But, permit me further to obſerve, that Love, as we call it, operates differently in the Two Sexes, as to its Effects For in Woman it is a *creeping* Thing, in Man an *Incroacher*; and this ought, in my humble Opinion, to be very ſeriouſly attended to. Miſs *Sutton* intimated thus much, when ſhe obſerv'd, that it was the Man's Province to aſk, the Lady's to deny —Excuſe me, Miſs, the Obſervation was juſt, as to the Mens Notions; altho', methinks, I would not have a Lady allow of it, except in Caſes of Caution to themſelves.

The Doubt therefore, proceeded I, which a Lady has of her *Lover*'s Honour, is needful to preſerve *her own*, and *his* too. And if ſhe does him Wrong, and he ſhould be too juſt to deceive her, ſhe can make him Amends, by Inſtances of greater Confidence, when ſhe pleaſes. But if ſhe has been accuſtom'd to grant him little Favours, can ſhe eaſily recal them? and will not the *Incroacher* grow upon her Indulgence, pleading for a Favour To-day, which was not refuſed him Yeſterday, and reproaching her want of Confidence, as a Want of Eſteem; till the poor Lady, who, perhaps, has given way to this *creeping*, *inſinuating* Paſſion, and has avow'd her Eſteem for him, puts herſelf too much in his Power, in order to manifeſt, as ſhe thinks, the *Generoſity* of her Affection; and ſo, by Degrees, is carry'd farther than ſhe intended, or nice Honour ought to have permitted; and all becauſe, to keep up to my Theme, ſhe *hopes* too much, and *doubts* too little? And, permit me, Ladies, to add, That there have been Caſes, where a Gentleman himſelf, purſuing the Dictates of his *incroaching* Paſſion, and finding a Lady *too conceding*, has taken Advantages, that, probably, at firſt, he did not preſume to think of.

Miſs *Stapylton* ſaid, That *Virtue* itſelf ſpoke when I ſpoke; and ſhe was reſolv'd, when ſhe came home, to recollect as much of this Converſation as was poſ-

ſible, and write it down in her Common-place Book, where it would make a better Figure than any thing ſhe had there.

I ſuppoſe, Miſs, ſaid Lady *Towers*, your chief Collections are Flowers of Rhetorick, pick'd up from the *French* and *Engliſh* Poets, and Novel-writers. I would give ſomething for the Pleaſure of having it two Hours in my Poſſeſſion.

Fie, Madam, reply'd Miſs, a little abaſh'd, How can you expoſe your Kinſwoman thus, before the Dean and Mrs. *B.*?

Lady *Towers*, Miſs, ſaid I, only ſays this to provoke you to ſhew your Collections. I wiſh I had the Pleaſure of ſeeing them. I doubt not but your Common-place Book is a Store-houſe of Wiſdom.

There is nothing bad in it, I hope, ſaid Miſs; but I would not, that Mrs. *B.* ſhould ſee it, for the World. But, let me tell you, Madam, to Lady *Towers*, there are many beautiful Things, and good Inſtructions, to be collected from Novels, and Plays, and Romances; and from the poetical Writers particularly, light as you are pleaſed to make of them. Pray, Madam, (to me) have you ever been at all converſant in ſuch Writers?

Not a great deal, Miſs; there were very few Novels and Romances, that my Lady would permit me to read; and thoſe I did, gave me no great Pleaſure; for either they dealt ſo much in the *Marvellous* and *Improbable*, or were ſo unnaturally *inflaming* to the *Paſſions*, and ſo full of *Love* and *Intrigue*, that hardly any of them but ſeem'd calculated to *fire* the *Imagination*, rather than to *inform* the *Judgment*. Tilts and Tournaments, breaking of Spears in Honour of a Miſtreſs, ſwimming of Rivers, engaging with Monſters, rambling in Search of Adventures, making unnatural Difficulties, in order to ſhew the Knight-Errant's Proweſs in overcoming them, is all that is requir'd to conſtitute the *Hero* in ſuch Pieces. And what principally diſtinguiſhes the Character of the *Heroine*, is, when ſhe is taught to conſider her Father's Houſe as an inchanted Caſtle, and her Lover as

as the Hero who is to diſſolve the Charm, and to ſet her at Liberty from one Confinement, in order to put her into another, and, too probably, a worſe: To inſtruct her how to climb Walls, drop from Windows, leap Precipices, and do twenty other extravagant Things, in order to ſhew the mad Strength of a Paſſion ſhe ought to be aſham'd of: To make Parents and Guardians paſs for Tyrants, and the Voice of Reaſon to be drown'd in that of indiſcreet Love, which exalts the other Sex, and debaſes her own. And what is the Inſtruction, that can be gather'd from ſuch Pieces, for the Conduct of common Life?

Then have I been ready to quarrel with theſe Writers for another Reaſon; and that is, The dangerous Notion which they hardly ever fail to propagate, of a *Firſt-ſight Love.* For there is ſuch a Suſceptibility ſuppoſed on both Sides, (which, however it may paſs in a Man, very little becomes a Lady's Delicacy) that they are ſmitten with a Glance; the *fictitious* blind God is made a *real* Divinity; and too often Prudence and Diſcretion are the firſt Offerings at his Shrine.

I believe, Madam, ſaid Miſs *Stapylton*, bluſhing, and playing with her Fan, there have been many Inſtances of Peoples Loving at firſt Sight, which have ended very happily.

No doubt of it, Miſs, reply'd I. But there are three Chances to one, that ſo precipitate a Liking does not. For where can be the Room for Caution, for Inquiry, for the Diſplay of Merit, and Sincerity, and even the Aſſurance of a *grateful Return*, to a Lady, who thus ſuffers herſelf to be prepoſſeſs'd? Is it not a Random Shot? Is it not a Proof of Weakneſs? Is it not giving up the Negative Voice, which belongs to the Sex, even while ſhe doubts to meet the Affirmative one from him ſhe wiſhes for?

Indeed, Ladies, continued I, I cannot help concluding, (and I am the leſs afraid of ſpeaking my Mind, becauſe of the Opinion I have of the Prudence

dence of every Lady that hears me) that where this Weakneſs is found, it is no way favourable to a Lady's Character, and to that Diſcretion which ought to diſtinguiſh it. It looks to me, as if a Lady's *Heart* were too much in the Power of her *Eye*, and that ſhe had permitted her *Fancy* to be much more buſy than her *Judgment*.

Miſs *Stapylton* bluſh'd, and look'd around her.

But I have generally obſerv'd, Mrs. *B.* ſaid Lady *Towers*, that whenever you cenſure any Indiſcretion, you ſeldom fail to give Cautions how to avoid it. And pray let us know what is to be done in this Caſe? That is to ſay, how a young Lady ought to guard againſt and overcome the firſt favourable Impreſſions.

What I imagine, reply'd I, a young Lady ought to do, on any the *leaſt* favourable Impreſſions of this kind, is immediately to *withdraw into herſelf*, as one may ſay; to reflect upon what ſhe owes to her Parents, to her Family, to her Character, and to her Sex; and to reſolve to check ſuch a random Prepoſſeſſion, which may much more probably, as I hinted, make her a Prey to the Undeſerving than otherwiſe, as there are ſo many of that Character to one Man of real Merit.

The moſt that I apprehend a *Firſt-ſight* Favour can do, it is to inſpire a *Liking*; and a Liking is conquerable, if the Perſon will not brood over it, till ſhe hatches it into *Love*. Then every Man and Woman has a black and a white Side; and it is eaſy to ſet the Imperfections of the Perſon againſt the ſuppoſed Perfections, while it is only *Liking*. But if the buſy Fancy be permitted to work as it pleaſes, uncheck'd, uncontroul'd, then, 'tis very likely, were it but to keep itſelf in Countenance for her firſt Impreſſions, ſhe will ſee Perfections in the Object, which no living Soul can ſee but herſelf. And it will hardly be expected, but that, as a Conſequence of her firſt Indiſcretion, ſhe will confirm, as an Act of her Judgment, what her wild and ungovern'd Fancy had miſled her to think of with ſo much

partial

partial Favour. And too late, as it may too probably happen, ſhe will ſee and lament her fatal, and, perhaps, undutiful Error.

We are talking of the Ladies only, added I (for I ſaw Miſs *Stapylton* was become very grave): But I believe the Caſe of Firſt-ſight Love often operates alike in both Sexes, and the ſame Inconveniencies may ariſe to both, from a Raſhneſs of this Kind: And where it is ſo, it will be very lucky, ſhall I ſay? if either Gentleman or Lady find Reaſon on cool Reflection, to approve a Choice, which they were ſo ready to make without Thought.

'Tis allow'd, my dear Mrs. *B.* ſaid Lady *Towers*, that raſh and precipitate Love may operate pretty much alike in the Raſh and Precipitate of both Sexes; and which ſoever loves, generally exalts the Perſon beloved, above his or her Merits: But I am deſirous, for the ſake of us Maiden Ladies, ſince 'tis a Science in which you are ſo great an Adept, to have your Advice, how we ſhould watch and guard againſt its firſt Incroachments, and that you will tell us what you apprehend gives the Men moſt Advantage over us.

Nay, now, Lady *Towers*, you rally my Preſumption indeed!

I admire you, Madam, reply'd ſhe, and every thing you ſay and do; and I won't forgive you to call what I ſo ſeriouſly *ſay* and *think*, Raillery. For my own Part, continued ſhe, I never was in Love yet, nor, I believe, were any of theſe young Ladies —(Miſs *Cope* looked a little ſilly upon this—) And who can better inſtruct us to guard *our* Hearts, than a Lady who has ſo well defended *her own?*

Why then, Madam, if I muſt ſpeak, I think, what gives the other Sex the greateſt Advantage, over even many of the moſt Deſerving of ours, is, that dangerous Foible, The *Love of Praiſe*, and the Deſire to be *flatter'd* and *admir'd*: A Paſſion that I have obſerv'd to predominate, more or leſs, from Sixteen to Sixty, in moſt of our Sex. We are too generally

generally delighted with the Company of thoſe who extol our Graces of Perſon or Mind; for will not a *grateful* Lady ſtudy hard to return a *few* Compliments to a Gentleman, who makes her *ſo many?* She is concern'd to *prove* him a Man of diſtinguiſhing Senſe, or a polite Man, at leaſt, in regard to what ſhe *thinks* of herſelf; and ſo the Flatterer ſhall be preferr'd to ſuch of the Sincere and Worthy, as cannot ſay what they do not think. And by this means many an excellent Lady has fallen a Prey to ſome fordid Deſigner.

Then, I think, nothing gives Gentlemen ſo much Advantage over our Sex, as to ſee how readily a virtuous Lady can forgive the capital Faults of the moſt abandon'd of the other; and that ſad, ſad Notion, *That a Reform'd Rake makes the beſt Huſband*; a Notion that has done more Hurt, and Diſcredit too, to our Sex, (as it has given more Encouragement to the Profligates of the other, and more Diſcouragement to the ſober Gentlemen) than can be eaſily imagin'd. A fine Thing indeed! as if the Wretch, who had run thro' a Courſe of Iniquity to the indangering of Soul and Body, was to be deem'd the beſt Companion for Life, to an innocent and virtuous young Lady, who is to owe the Kindneſs of his Treatment of her, to his having never before accompany'd with a modeſt Woman; nor, till his Intereſt on one hand, (to which his Extravagance, perhaps, compels him to attend) and his impair'd Conſtitution on the other, oblige him to it, *wiſh'd* to accompany with one; and who always made a Jeſt of the marry'd State, and, perhaps, of every thing ſacred and juſt!

You obſerve very well, my dear Mrs. *B.* ſaid Lady *Towers*; but People will be apt to think, that you have leſs Reaſon than any of our Sex, to be ſevere againſt the Notion you ſpeak of: For who was a greater Rake than a certain Gentleman, and who a better Huſband?

Madam,

Madam, reply'd I, the Gentleman you mean never was a common Town-Rake: He is a Gentleman of Senſe, and fine Underſtanding; and his Reformation, *ſecondarily*, as I may ſay, has been the natural Effect of thoſe extraordinary Qualities. But beſides, Madam, I will preſume to ſay, That that Gentleman, as he has not many Equals in the Nobleneſs of his Nature, ſo is not likely, I doubt, to have many Followers, in a Reformation begun in the Bloom of Youth, upon *Self-conviction*, and altogether, humanly ſpeaking, *ſpontaneous!*—Thoſe young Ladies, who would plead his Example, in ſupport of this pernicious Notion, ſhould find out the ſame generous Qualities in the Gentleman, before they truſt to it; and it will then do leſs Harm: tho' even then, I could not wiſh it to be generally propagated.

It is really unaccountable, ſaid Lady *Towers*, after all, as Mrs. *B.* I remember, once formerly ſaid, That our Sex ſhould not as much inſiſt upon Virtue and Sobriety, in the Character of a Gentleman, as the Gentleman, be he ever ſuch a Rake, does in that of a Lady. And 'tis certainly a great Encouragement to Libertiniſm, that a worn-out Debauchee ſhall think himſelf at any time good enough for an Huſband, and have the Confidence to imagine, that a modeſt Lady will accept of his Addreſs with a *Preference.*

I can account for it but one way, ſaid the Dean: And that is, that a modeſt Lady is apt to be *diffident* of herſelf, and ſhe thinks this Diffidence an Imperfection. A Rake *never is:* So he has in Perfection a Quality ſhe thinks ſhe wants; and, knowing *too little* of the World, imagines ſhe mends the Matter by accepting of one who knows *too much.*

That's well obſerv'd, Mr. Dean, ſaid Lady *Towers*: But there is another Fault in our Sex, which Mrs. *B.* has not touch'd upon; and that is, The fooliſh Pride ſome Ladies take in taming a wild Fellow; and that they have been able to do more than many

of

of their Sex before them could do: A Pride that often coſts them dear enough; as I know in more than one Inſtance.

Another Weakneſs, ſaid I, might be produc'd againſt ſome of our Sex; and that is, in joining too readily to droll upon, and ſneer at, the Misfortune of any poor young Creature, who has ſhewn too little Regard for her Honour: And that (inſtead of ſpeaking of it with Concern, and thinking themſelves happy, it was not their own Caſe, and inveighing againſt the Seducer) they will too lightly ſport with the unhappy Creature's Fall, propagate the Knowledge of it—(I would not look upon Miſs *Sutton*, while I ſpoke this)—and avoid her, as an Infection; yet, after a while, not ſcruple to admit into their Company the vile Aggreſſor, and even ſmile with him, at his barbarous Jeſts upon the poor Sufferer of their own Sex.

I have known three or four Inſtances of this in my Time; ſaid Lady *Towers*, that Miſs *Sutton* might not take it to herſelf; for ſhe look'd down, and was a little ſerious.

This, rejoin'd I, puts me in mind of a little humourous Copy of Verſes, written, as I believe, by Mr. *B.* And which, to the very Purpoſe we are ſpeaking of, he calls

Benefit of making others Misfortunes our own.

Thou'ſt heard it, or read it, a Million of Times,
That Men are made up of Falſhoods and Crimes:
Search all the old Authors, and ranſack the new,
Thou'lt find in Love-Stories, ſcarce one Mortal true.
Then why this complaining? And why this wry Face?
Is it 'cauſe thou'rt affected moſt, *with* thy own *Caſe?*
Hadſt thou ſooner made OTHERS *Misfortunes thy own,*
Thou never, THYSELF, *this Diſaſter hadſt known;*
Thy compaſſionate Caution *had kept thee from Evil,*
And thou might'ſt have defy'd Mankind and the Devil.

The Ladies were pleas'd with the Lines; but Lady *Towers* wanted to know, ſhe ſaid, at what Time of Mr.

Mr. *B.*'s Life they could be written. Becauſe, added ſhe, I never ſuſpected before, that the good Gentleman ever took Pains to write Cautions or Exhortations to our Sex, to avoid the Deluſions of his own.

Theſe Verſes, and this facetious, but ſevere Remark of Lady *Towers*, made every young Lady look up with a chearful Countenance; becauſe it puſhed the Ball from *Self:* And the Dean ſaid to his Daughter; So, my Dear, You, that have been ſo attentive, muſt let us know, what uſeful Inferences you can draw from what Mrs. *B.* and the other Ladies have ſo excellently ſaid?

I obſerve, Sir, ſaid Miſs, from the Faults the Ladies have ſo juſtly imputed to ſome of our Sex, that the Advantage the Gentlemen *chiefly* have over us, is from our own Weakneſs; and that it behoves a prudent Lady to guard againſt *firſt Impreſſions* of Favour, ſince ſhe will think herſelf oblig'd, in Compliment to *her own* Judgment, to find Reaſons, if poſſible, to confirm them.

But I would be glad to know, Ladies, added Miſs, If there be any way, that a Lady can judge, whether a Gentleman means honourably or not, in his Addreſs to her?

Mrs. *B.* can beſt inform you of that, Miſs *L.* ſaid Lady *Towers*: What ſay you, Mrs *B.*?

There are a few Signs, anſwer'd I, eaſy to be known, and, I think, almoſt infallible.

Pray let's have 'em, ſaid Lady *Arthur*; and they all were very attentive.

Theſe are they, reply'd I: I lay it down as an undoubted Truth, That true Love is one of the moſt *reſpectful* Things in the World. It ſtrikes with Awe and Reverence the Mind of the Gentleman, who boaſts its Impreſſion. It is chaſte and pure in Word and Deed, and cannot bear to have the leaſt Indecency mingle with it.

If therefore a Gentleman, be his Birth or Quality what it will, the higher the worſe, preſume to wound a Lady's Ears with indecent Words: If he endeavour, in his Expreſſions or Sentiments, to convey groſs or impure

impure Ideas to her Mind: If he is continually preſſing for *her Confidence* in *his* Honour: If he requeſts Favours, which a Lady ought to refuſe: If he can be regardleſs of his Conduct or Behaviour to her: If he can uſe *boiſterous* or *rude* Freedoms, either to her *Perſon* or *Dreſs*— (Here poor Miſs *Cope*, by her Bluſhes, bore Witneſs to her Caſe—) If he avoids *ſpeaking* of *Marriage*, when he has a *fair Opportunity* of doing it (—Here Miſs *L.* look'd down, and bluſh'd—) or leaves it *once* to a Lady to wonder that he does not:

In any, or in all theſe Caſes, he is to be ſuſpected, and a Lady can have little Hope of ſuch a Perſon, nor, as I humbly apprehend, conſiſtent with Honour and Diſcretion, encourage his Addreſs.

The Ladies were ſo kind, as to applaud all I ſaid, and ſo did the Dean. Miſs *Stapylton*, and Miſs *Cope*, and Miſs *L.* were to try to recollect it when they came home, and to write down what they could remember of the Converſation: And our noble Gueſts coming in ſoon after, with Mr. *B.* the Ladies would have departed; but he prevailed upon them, with ſome Difficulty, to paſs the Evening; and Miſs *L.* who has an admirable Finger at the Spinnet, as I have heretofore told you, obliged us with two or three Tunes. Each of the Ladies did the like, and prevailed upon me to play a Tune or two: But Miſs *Cope*, as well as Miſs *L.* ſurpaſs'd me much. We all ſung too in Turns, and Mr. *B.* took the Violin, in which he excels. Lord *Davers* oblig'd us on the Harpſichord: Mr. *H.* play'd on the Flute, and ſung us a Fop's Song, and perform'd it in Character. So that we had an exceeding gay Evening, and parted with great Satisfaction on *all* Sides, and high Delight on the young Ladies; for this put them all into good Humour, and good Spirits, enlivening the former Scene, which otherwiſe might have cloſed, perhaps, more gravely than efficaciouſly.

The Diſtance of Time ſince this Converſation paſſed, enables me to add what I could not do, when I wrote the Account of it, which you have miſlaid: And which take briefly, as follows: Miſs

Miſs *Stapylton*, upon her Return home, was as good as her Word, and wrote down all ſhe could recollect of the Converſation; and ſuffered it to have ſuch an Effect upon her, as to turn the Courſe of her Reading and Studies, to weightier and more ſolid Subjects; and, avoiding the Gentleman ſhe had began to favour, gave way to her Parents Recommendation; and is happily marry'd to Sir *Jonathan Barnes*.

Miſs *Cope* came to me a Week after this, with the Leave of both her Parents, and tarry'd with me Three Days; in which Time ſhe open'd all her worthy Heart to me; and return'd in ſuch a Diſpoſition, and with ſuch Reſolutions, that ſhe never would ſee her Peer again; nor receive Letters from him, which ſhe own'd to me ſhe had done clandeſtinely before: And ſhe is now the happy Lady of Sir *Michael Beaumont*, who makes her the beſt of Huſbands, and permits her to follow her charitable Inclinations, according to a Scheme, which ſhe prevail'd upon me to give her.

Miſs *L.* by the Dean's indulgent Prudence and Diſcretion, has eſcaped her Rake; and, upon the Diſcovery of an Intrigue he was carrying on with another, conceived a juſt Abhorrence of him; and is ſince marry'd to Dr. *Jenkins*, as you know, with whom ſhe lives very happily.

Miſs *Sutton* is not quite ſo well off, as the Three former; tho' not altogether unhappy neither, in her Way. She could not indeed conquer her Love of Dreſs and Tinſel; and ſo became the Lady of Col. *Wilſon*: And they are thus far eaſy in the Marriage State, that, being ſeldom together, in all Probability they ſave a Multitude of Miſunderſtandings; for the Colonel loves Gaming, in which he is generally a Winner; and ſo paſſes his Time moſtly in Town. His Lady has her Pleaſures, neither laudable nor criminal ones, which ſhe purſues in the Country. And now-and-then a Letter paſſes on both Sides, by the Inſcription and Subſcription of which, they remind one another, that they have been *once* in their Lives at *one* Church together.

And

impure Ideas to her Mind: If he is continually preſſing for *her Confidence* in *his* Honour: If he requeſts Favours, which a Lady ought to refuſe: If he can be regardleſs of his Conduct or Behaviour to her: If he can uſe *boiſterous* or *rude* Freedoms, either to her *Perſon* or *Dreſs*— (Here poor Miſs *Cope*, by her Bluſhes, bore Witneſs to her Caſe—) If he avoids *ſpeaking* of *Marriage*, when he has a *fair Opportunity* of doing it (—Here Miſs *L.* look'd down, and bluſh'd—) or leaves it *once* to a Lady to wonder that he does not:

In any, or in all theſe Caſes, he is to be ſuſpected, and a Lady can have little Hope of ſuch a Perſon, nor, as I humbly apprehend, conſiſtent with Honour and Diſcretion, encourage his Addreſs.

The Ladies were ſo kind, as to applaud all I ſaid, and ſo did the Dean. Miſs *Stapylton*, and Miſs *Cope*, and Miſs *L.* were to try to recollect it when they came home, and to write down what they could remember of the Converſation: And our noble Gueſts coming in ſoon after, with Mr. *B.* the Ladies would have departed; but he prevailed upon them, with ſome Difficulty, to paſs the Evening; and Miſs *L.* who has an admirable Finger at the Spinnet, as I have heretofore told you, obliged us with two or three Tunes. Each of the Ladies did the like, and prevailed upon me to play a Tune or two: But Miſs *Cope*, as well as Miſs *L.* ſurpaſs'd me much. We all ſung too in Turns, and Mr. *B.* took the Violin, in which he excels. Lord *Davers* oblig'd us on the Harpſichord: Mr. *H.* play'd on the Flute, and ſung us a Fop's Song, and perform'd it in Character. So that we had an exceeding gay Evening, and parted with great Satisfaction on *all* Sides, and high Delight on the young Ladies; for this put them all into good Humour, and good Spirits, enlivening the former Scene, which otherwiſe might have cloſed, perhaps, more gravely than efficaciouſly.

The Diſtance of Time ſince this Converſation paſſed, enables me to add what I could not do, when I wrote the Account of it, which you have miſlaid: And which take briefly, as follows: Miſs

Miſs *Stapylton*, upon her Return home, was as good as her Word, and wrote down all ſhe could recollect of the Converſation; and ſuffered it to have ſuch an Effect upon her, as to turn the Courſe of her Reading and Studies, to weightier and more ſolid Subjects; and, avoiding the Gentleman ſhe had began to favour, gave way to her Parents Recommendation; and is happily marry'd to Sir *Jonathan Barnes*.

Miſs *Cope* came to me a Week after this, with the Leave of both her Parents, and tarry'd with me Three Days; in which Time ſhe open'd all her worthy Heart to me; and return'd in ſuch a Diſpoſition, and with ſuch Reſolutions, that ſhe never would ſee her Peer again; nor receive Letters from him, which ſhe own'd to me ſhe had done clandeſtinely before: And ſhe is now the happy Lady of Sir *Michael Beaumont*, who makes her the beſt of Huſbands, and permits her to follow her charitable Inclinations, according to a Scheme, which ſhe prevail'd upon me to give her.

Miſs *L.* by the Dean's indulgent Prudence and Diſcretion, has eſcaped her Rake; and, upon the Diſcovery of an Intrigue he was carrying on with another, conceived a juſt Abhorrence of him; and is ſince marry'd to Dr. *Jenkins*, as you know, with whom ſhe lives very happily.

Miſs *Sutton* is not quite ſo well off, as the Three former; tho' not altogether unhappy neither, in her Way. She could not indeed conquer her Love of Dreſs and Tinſel; and ſo became the Lady of Col. *Wilſon*: And they are thus far eaſy in the Marriage State, that, being ſeldom together, in all Probability they ſave a Multitude of Miſunderſtandings; for the Colonel loves Gaming, in which he is generally a Winner; and ſo paſſes his Time moſtly in Town. His Lady has her Pleaſures, neither laudable nor criminal ones, which ſhe purſues in the Country. And now-and-then a Letter paſſes on both Sides, by the Inſcription and Subſcription of which, they remind one another, that they have been *once* in their Lives at *one* Church together.

And

And what now, my dear Lady *G.* have I to add to this tedious Account (for Letter I can hardly call it) but that I am, with great Affection,

Your true Friend and Servant, P. B.

LETTER LXIV.

My dear Lady G.

YOU deſired me to ſend you a little Specimen of my *Nurſery Tales* and *Stories*, with which, as Miſs *Fenwick* told you, on her Return to *Lincolnſhire*, I entertain my Miſs *Goodwin*, and my little Boys. But you make me too high a Compliment, when you tell me, it is for your own Inſtruction and Example. Yet you know, my dear Lady *G.* be your Motives what they will, I muſt obey you, altho', were others to ſee it, I might expoſe myſelf to the Smiles and Contempt of Judges leſs prejudic'd in my Favour. So I will begin without any further Apology; and, as near as I can, give you thoſe very Stories with which Miſs *Fenwick* was ſo pleaſed, and of which ſhe has made ſo favourable a Report.

Let me acquaint you then, that my Method is, To give Characters of Perſons I have known in one Part or other of my Life, in feigned Names, whoſe Conduct may ſerve for Imitation or Warning to my dear attentive Miſs; and ſometimes I give Inſtances of good Boys and naughty Boys, for the ſake of my *Billy*, and my *Davers*; and they are continually coming about me, Dear Madam, a pretty Story now, cries Miſs: And, Dear Mamma, tell me of good Boys, and of naughty Boys, cries *Billy*.

Miſs is a ſurpriſing Child, for her Age, and is very familiar with many of the beſt Characters in the *Spectators*; and having a Smattering of *Latin*, and more than a Smattering of *Italian*, and being a perfect Miſtreſs of *French*, is ſeldom at a Loſs for the Derivation of even ſuch Words as are not of *Engliſh* Original. And ſo I ſhall give you a Story in feigned Names, with which ſhe is ſo delighted, that ſhe has wrote it down. But I will firſt treſpaſs on your Patience with one of my childiſh Tales. Every

Every Day once or twice, if I am not hinder'd, I cauſe Miſs *Goodwin*, who plays and ſings very prettily, to give a Tune or two to me and my *Billy* and *Davers*, who, as well as my *Pamela*, love and learn to touch the Keys, young as the latter is; and ſhe will have a ſweet Finger, I can ſee that; and a charming Ear; and her Voice is Muſick itſelf!—— Oh! the fond, fond Mother, I know you will ſay, on reading this!

Then, Madam, we all proceed hand in hand together to the Nurſery, to my *Charley* and *Jemmy*: And in this happy Retirement, ſo much my Delight in the Abſence of my beſt Beloved, imagine you ſee me ſeated, ſurrounded with the Joy and the Hope of my future Proſpects, as well as my preſent Comforts.

Miſs *Goodwin* imagine you ſee, on my Right Hand, ſitting on a Velvet Stool, becauſe ſhe is eldeſt, and a Miſs: *Billy* on my Left, in a little Cane Elbow Chair, becauſe he is eldeſt, and a good Boy: My *Davers*, and my ſparkling-ey'd *Pamela*, with my *Charley* between them, on little ſilken Cuſhions at my Feet, hand in hand, their pleaſed Eyes looking up to my more delighted ones, and my ſweet-natur'd promiſing *Jemmy* in my Lap; the Nurſes and the Cradle juſt behind us, and the Nurſery Maids delightedly purſuing ſome uſeful Needle-work, for the dear Charmers of my Heart,—All as huſh and as ſtill, as Silence itſelf, as the pretty Creatures generally are, when their little watchful Eyes ſee my Lips beginning to open: For they take great notice already, of my Rule of Two Ears to * One Tongue, inſomuch that if *Billy* or *Davers* are either of them for breaking the Mum, as they call it, they are immediately huſh, at any time, if I put my Finger to my Lip, or if Miſs points hers to her Ears, even to the breaking of a Word in two, as it were: And yet all my Boys are as lively as ſo many Birds; while my *Pamela* is chearful, eaſy, ſoft, gentle,

* *See this* Vol. *p.* 359.

gentle, always ſmiling, but modeſt and harmleſs as a Dove.

I began with a Story of Two little Boys, and Two little Girls, the Children of a fine Gentleman and a fine Lady who loved them dearly: That they were all ſo good, and loved one another ſo well, that every body who ſaw them, admired them, and talked of them far and near: That they would part with any Thing to one another: Loved the Poor: Spoke kindly to the Servants: Did every Thing they were bid to do; were not proud; and knew no Strife, but who ſhould learn their Books beſt, and be the prettieſt Scholar: That the Servants loved them, and would do any Thing they deſired; that they were not proud of fine Cloaths; let not their Heads run upon their Playthings, when they ſhould mind their Books; ſaid Grace before they eat; their Prayers before they went to-bed, and as ſoon as they roſe, were always clean and neat; would not tell a Fib for the World, and were above doing any Thing that requir'd one: That GOD bleſſed them more and more, and bleſſed their Papa and Mamma, and their Uncles and Aunts, and Couſins, for their ſakes. And there was a happy Family, my dear Loves!—No one idle; all prettily imploy'd; the Maſters at their Books; the Miſſes at their Books too, or their Needles; except at their Play-hours, when they were never rude, nor noiſy, nor miſchievous, nor quarrelſome: And no ſuch Word was ever heard from their Mouths, as, Why mayn't I have this or that, as well as *Billy* or *Bobby*?—Or, Why ſhould *Sally* have this or that, any more than I?——But it was, As my Mamma pleaſes; My Mamma knows beſt; and a Bow and a Smile, and no Surlineſs, or ſcouling Brow to be ſeen, if they were deny'd any Thing; for well did they know, that their Papa and Mamma loved them ſo dearly, that they would refuſe them nothing that was for their Good; and they were ſure, when they were refuſed, they aſked for ſomething that would have done them hurt, had it been granted. Never were ſuch

ſuch good Boys and Girls as theſe! And they grew up, and the Maſters became fine Scholars, and fine Gentlemen, and every body honour'd them; and the Miſſes became fine Ladies, and fine Houſewives; and this Gentleman, when they grew to be Women, ſought to marry one of the Miſſes, and that Gentleman the other; and happy was he that could be admitted into their Companies! So that they had nothing to do but pick and chuſe the beſt Gentlemen in the County: While the greateſt Ladies for Birth, and the moſt remarkable for Virtue, (which, my Dears, is better than either Birth or Fortune) thought themſelves honour'd by the Addreſſes of the Two Brothers. And they marry'd, and made good Papas and Mammas, and were ſo many Bleſſings to the Age in which they lived. There, my dear Loves! were happy Sons and Daughters! For good Maſters ſeldom fail to make good Gentlemen; and good Miſſes, good Ladies; and GOD bleſſes them with as good Children as they were to their Parents; and ſo the Bleſſing goes round!—— Who would not but be good?

Well, but, Mamma, we will all be good: Won't we, Maſter *Davers*, cries my *Billy?* Yes, Brother *Billy*. Then they kiſs one another, and if they have Playthings, or any thing they like, exchange with each other, to ſhew the Effect my Leſſons have upon them. But what will become of the naughty Boys? Tell us, Mamma, about the naughty Boys!

Why, there was a poor, poor Widow-Woman who had Three naughty Sons, and One naughty Daughter; and they would do nothing that their Mamma bid them do; were always quarrelling, ſcratching, and fighting; would not ſay their Prayers; would not learn their Book; ſo that the little Boys uſed to laugh at them, and point at them, as they went along, for Blockheads; and nobody loved them, or took notice of them, except to beat and thump them about, for their naughty Ways, and their Undutifulneſs to their poor Mother, who worked hard to maintain them. As they grew up, they grew worſe and worſe, and

more

more and more ſtupid and ignorant, ſo that they impoveriſh'd their poor Mother, and at laſt broke her Heart, poor Widow-Woman!—And her Neighbours joined together to bury the poor Widow-Woman; for theſe ſad ungracious Children made away with what little ſhe had left, while ſhe was ill, before her Heart was quite broken: And this helped to break it the ſooner; for had ſhe liv'd, ſhe ſaw ſhe muſt have wanted Bread, and had no Comfort from ſuch wicked Children.

Poor, poor Widow-Woman! ſaid my *Billy*, with Tears; and my little Dove ſhed Tears too, and *Davers* was moved, and Miſs wiped her fine Eyes.

But what became of the naughty Boys, and the naughty Girl, Mamma!—Became of them! Why one Son was forced to go Sea, and there he was drowned: Another turned Thief! for he would not work, and he came to an untimely End: The third was idle, and ignorant, and nobody would imploy him, that knew how he had uſed his poor Mother, and ſo he was forced to go into a far Country, and beg his Bread. And the naughty Girl, having never lov'd Work, pined away in Sloth and Filthineſs, and at laſt broke her Arm, and died of a Fever, lamenting too late, that ſhe had been ſo wicked a Daughter to ſo good Mother!——And ſo there was a ſad End of all the Four ungracious Children, who never would mind what their poor Mother ſaid to them; and GOD puniſhed their Naughtineſs, as you ſee!——While the good Children I mentioned before, were the Ornament and the Glory of their Family, and the Delight of every body that knew them.

Who would not be good! was the Inference: And the Repetition from *Billy*, with his Hands clapt together, Poor, poor Widow-Woman!——gave me much Pleaſure.

So my childiſh Story ended, with a Kiſs of each pretty Dear, and their Thanks for my Story: And then came on Miſs's Requeſt for a *Woman*'s Story, as ſhe called it. I diſmiſs'd my Babies to their Play

in

in the Apartment allotted for that purpoſe; and taking Miſs's Hand, ſhe ſtanding before me, all Attention, began in a more womanly Strain to *her*; for ſhe is very fond of being thought a Woman; and indeed is a prudent, ſenſible Dear, comprehends any Thing inſtantly, and makes very pretty Reflections upon what ſhe hears or reads, as you will obſerve in what follows:

There is nothing, my dear Miſs *Goodwin*, that young Ladies ſhould be ſo watchful over, as their Reputation: 'Tis a tender Flower, that the leaſt Froſt will nip, the leaſt cold Wind will blaſt; and when once blaſted, it will never flouriſh again; but wither to the very Root. But this I have told you ſo often, that I am ſure I need not repeat what I have ſaid. So to my Story.

There were Four pretty Ladies lived in one genteel Neighbourhood, the Daughters of Four ſeveral Families; but all Companions, and Viſitors; and yet all of very different Inclinations. COQUETILLA we will call one, PRUDIANA another, PROFUSIANA the third, and PRUDENTIA the fourth; their ſeveral Names denoting their reſpective Qualities.

COQUETILLA was the only Daughter of a worthy Baronet, by a Lady very gay, but rather indiſcreet than unvirtuous, who took not due care of her Daughter's Education, but let her be over-run with the Love of Faſhions, Dreſs, and Equipage; and when in *London*, Balls, Operas, Plays, the Park, the Ring, the Withdrawing-Room, took up her whole Attention. She admir'd nobody but herſelf, flutter'd about, laughing at, and deſpiſing a Croud of Men-Followers, whom ſhe attracted by gay, thoughtleſs Freedoms of Behaviour, too nearly treading on the Skirts of Immodeſty: Yet made ſhe not one worthy Conqueſt, exciting, on the contrary, in all ſober Minds, that Contempt upon herſelf, which ſhe ſo profuſely would be thought to pour down upon the reſt of the World. After ſhe had ſeveral Years flutter'd about the dangerous Light, like ſome ſilly Fly, ſhe at laſt findged the Wings of her Reputation;

for, being deſpiſed by every worthy Heart, ſhe became too eaſy and cheap a Prey to a Man the moſt unworthy of all her Followers, who had Reſolution and Confidence enough to break thro' thoſe few cobweb Reſerves, in which ſhe had incircled her precarious Virtue; and which were no longer of Force to preſerve her Honour, than till ſhe met with a Man more bold and more enterpriſing than herſelf, and who was as deſigning as ſhe was thoughtleſs. And what then became of *Coquetilla?*——Why ſhe was forced to paſs over Sea, to *Ireland*, where nobody knew her, and to bury herſelf in a dull Obſcurity; to go by another Name; and at laſt, unable to ſupport a Life ſo unſuitable to the natural Gaiety of her Temper, ſhe pin'd herſelf into a Conſumption, and dy'd unpity'd and unlamented, among Strangers, and having not one Friend but whom ſhe bought with her Money.

Poor Lady *Coquetilla!* ſaid Miſs; what a ſad thing it is, to have a wrong Education! And how happy am I, who have ſo good a Lady to ſupply the Place of a dear diſtant Mamma!—But be pleaſed, Madam, to proceed to the next.

PRUDIANA, my Dear, was the Daughter of a Gentleman who was a Widower, having, while the young Lady was an Infant, bury'd her Mamma. He was a good ſort of Man; but had but one Leſſon to teach to *Prudiana*, and that was, To avoid all manner of Converſation with the Men; but never gave her the right Turn of Mind, nor inſtilled into it that Senſe of her religious Duties, which would have been her beſt Guard in all Temptations. For, ſo as ſhe kept out of the Sight and Converſation of the Gentlemen, and avoided the Company of thoſe Ladies, who more freely converſed with the other Sex, it was all her Papa deſired of her. This gave her a haughty, ſullen, and reſerved Turn; made her ſtiff, formal, and affected. She had Senſe enough to diſcover early the Faults of *Coquetilla*, and, in Diſlike of them, fell the more eaſily into that contrary Extreme which her reclute Education, and

her Papa's Cautions, naturally led her. So that Pride, Reſerve, Affectation, and Cenſoriouſneſs, made up the Eſſentials of her Character, and ſhe became more unamiable even than *Coquetilla*; and as the other was too acceſſible, *Prudiana* was quite unapproachable by Gentlemen, and unfit for any Converſation, but that of her Servants, being alſo deſerted by thoſe of her own Sex, by whom ſhe might have improv'd, on account of her cenſorious Diſpoſition. And what was the Conſequence? Why this: Every worthy Perſon of both Sexes deſpiſing her, and ſhe being uſed to ſee nobody but Servants, at laſt throws herſelf upon one of that Claſs: In an evil Hour, ſhe finds ſomething that is taking to her low Taſte in the Perſon of her Papa's Valet, a Wretch ſo infinitely beneath her, (but a Coxcomb of a Servant) that every body attributed to her the Scandal of making the firſt Advances; for, otherwiſe, it was preſumed, he durſt not have looked up to his Maſter's Daughter. So here ended all her Pride; all her Reſerves came to this! Her Cenſoriouſneſs of others, redoubled People's Contempt upon herſelf, and made nobody pity her. She was, finally, turn'd out of Doors, without a Peny of Fortune: The Fellow was forced to ſet up a Barber's Shop in a Country Town; for all he knew, was to ſhave, and dreſs a Peruque; and her Papa would never look upon her more: So that *Prudiana* became the Out-caſt of her Family, and the Scorn of all that knew her; and was forced to mingle in Converſation and Company, with the Wretches of her Huſband's Degree!

Poor, miſerable *Prudiana!* ſaid Miſs. — What a ſad, ſad Fall was hers!—And all owing to the want of a proper Education too!——And to the Loſs of ſuch a Mamma, as I have an Aunt, and ſo wiſe a Papa, as I have an Uncle!—How could her Papa, I wonder, reſtrain her Perſon as he did, like a poor Nun, and make her unacquainted with the generous Reſtraints of the Mind.

I am ſure, my dear good Aunt, it will be owing to you, that I ſhall never be a *Coquetilla*, nor a *Prudiana* neither. Your Table is always ſurrounded with the beſt of Company, with worthy Gentlemen as well as Ladies; and you inſtruct me to judge of both, and of every new Gueſt, in ſuch a manner, as makes me eſteem them all, and cenſure nobody; but yet to ſee Faults in ſome to avoid, and Graces in others to imitate; but in nobody but Yourſelf and my Uncle, any thing ſo like Perfection, as ſhall attract one's Admiration to one's own Ruin.

You are young yet, my Love, and muſt always doubt your own Strength; and pray to God, more and more, as your Years advance, to give you more and more Prudence, and Watchfulneſs over your Conduct.

But yet, my Dear, you muſt think juſtly of yourſelf too; for let the young Gentlemen be ever ſo learned, and diſcreet, your Education intitles you to think as well of yourſelf, as of them: For, don't you ſee, the Ladies who are ſo kind to viſit us, that have not been abroad, as you have been, when they were young, yet make as good Figures in Converſation, ſay as good things, as any of the Gentlemen? For, my Dear, all that the Gentlemen know more than the Ladies, except here and there ſuch an one as your dear Uncle, with all their learned Education, is only, that they have been *diſciplin'd* perhaps, into an Obſervation of a few Accuracies in Speech, that, if they know no more, rather diſtinguiſh the *Pedant*, than the *Gentleman*: Such as the avoiding of a falſe Concord, as they call it, and which you know how to do, as well as the beſt; not to put a *was* for a *were*, an *are* for an *is*, and to be able to ſpeak in Mood and Tenſe, and ſuch like valuable Parts of Education: So that, my Dear, you can have no Reaſon to look upon that Sex in ſo high a Light, as to depreciate your own: And yet you muſt not be proud nor conceited neither; but make this one Rule your Guide:

In

In your *maiden State*, think yourſelf *above* the Gentlemen, and they'll think you ſo too, and addreſs you with Reverence and Reſpect, if they ſee it is not arrogant Pride, but a conſcious Merit, a true Dignity, ſuch as becomes Virgin Modeſty, and untainted Purity of Mind and Manners, like that of an Angel among Men; for ſo young Ladies ſhould look upon themſelves to be, and will then be treated as ſuch by the other Sex.

In your *marry'd State*, which is a kind of State of Humiliation for a Lady, you muſt think yourſelf ſubordinate to your Huſband; for ſo it has pleaſed GOD to make us. You muſt have no Will of your own, in *petty* Things: And if you marry a Gentleman of Senſe and Honour, ſuch an one as your Uncle, he will look upon you as his Equal; and will exalt you the more, for your abaſing yourſelf.—In ſhort, my Dear, he will act by you, juſt as your dear Uncle does by me: And then, what a happy Creature will you be!

So I ſhall, Madam! To be ſure I ſhall!—But I know I ſhall be happy whenever I marry, becauſe I have ſuch wiſe Directors, and ſuch an Example before me: And if it pleaſe GOD, I will never think of any Man, (in purſuance of your conſtant Advice to young Ladies at the Tea-table) who is not a Man of Senſe, and a virtuous Gentleman. But now, dear Madam, for your next Character. There are Two more yet to come, that's my Pleaſure! I wiſh there were Ten!

Why the next was PROFUSIANA, you remember, my dear Love. *Profuſiana* took another Courſe to *her* Ruin She fell into ſome of *Coquetilla*'s Foibles, but purſu'd them for another End, and in another Manner. Struck with the Grandeur and Magnificence of what weak People call the *Upper Life*, ſhe gives herſelf up to the Circus, to Balls, to Operas, Maſquerades, and Aſſemblées; affects to ſhine at the Head of all Company, at *Tunbridge*, at *Bath*, and every Place of publick Reſort; plays high, is always receiving and paying Viſits, giving Balls, and making

Treats and Entertainments; and is ſo much *above* the Conduct which moſtly recommends a young Lady to the Eſteem of the Deſerving of the other Sex, that no Gentleman, who prefers ſolid Happineſs, can think of addreſſing her, tho' ſhe is a fine Perſon, and has many outward Graces of Behaviour. She becomes the favourite Toaſt of the Places ſhe frequents, is proud of that Diſtinction; gives the Faſhion, and delights in the Pride, that ſhe can make Apes by Imitation, whenever ſhe pleaſes: But yet, endeavouring to avoid being thought proud, makes herſelf cheap, and is the Subject of the Attempts of every Coxcomb of Eminence; and with much ado, preſerves her Virtue, tho' hardly her Character.

What, all this while, is poor *Profuſiana* doing? She would be glad, perhaps, of a ſuitable Propoſal, and would, it may be, give up ſome of her Gaieties and Extravagancies; for *Profuſiana* has Wit, and is not totally abandon'd of Reflection, when ſhe ſuffers herſelf to think. But her Conduct procures her not one ſolid Friendſhip, and ſhe has not in a Twelvemonth, among a thouſand Profeſſions of Service, one Devoir that ſhe can attend to, or a Friend that ſhe can depend upon. All the Women ſhe ſees, if ſhe excels them, hate her; the gay Part of the Men, with whom ſhe accompanies moſt, are all in a Plot againſt her Honour. Even the Gentlemen, whoſe Conduct in the general is govern'd by Principles of Virtue, come down to theſe publick Places to partake of the innocent Freedoms allowed there, and oftentimes give themſelves Airs of Gallantry, and never have it in their Thoughts to commence a Treaty of Marriage, with an Acquaintance begun upon that gay Spot. What ſolid Friendſhips and Satisfactions then is *Profuſiana* excluded from?

Her Name indeed is written in every publick Window, and proſtituted, as I may call it, at the Pleaſure of every Profligate, or Sot, who carries a Diamond to ingrave it: And that, it may be, with moſt vile and barbarous Imputations and Freedoms of Words added by Rakes, who very probably never exchang[ed] a Syllable

a Syllable with her. The wounded Trees are perhaps taught alſo to wear the Initials of her Name, linked, not unlikely, and widening as they grow, with thoſe of a Scoundrel. But all this while, ſhe makes not the leaſt Impreſſion upon one noble Heart: And at laſt, perhaps, having run on to the End of an uninterrupted Race of Follies, ſhe is cheated into the Arms of ſome vile Fortune-hunter; who quickly laviſhes away the Remains of that Fortune which her Extravagance had left; and then, after the worſt Uſage, abandoning her with Contempt, ſhe ſinks into an Obſcurity, that cuts ſhort the Thread of her Life, and leaves no Remembrance, but on the brittle Glaſs, and more faithful Bark, that ever ſhe had a Being.

Alas! alas! what a Butterfly of a Day, ſaid Miſs —an Expreſſion ſhe remembered of Lady *Towers's*— was poor *Profuſiana!*——What a ſad thing to be ſo dazled by worldly Grandeur, and to have ſo many Admirers, and not one real Friend!

Very true, my Dear; and how carefully ought a Perſon of a gay and lively Temper to watch over it! And what a Rock may publick Places be to a Lady's Reputation, if ſhe be not doubly vigilant in her Conduct, when ſhe is expoſed to the Cenſures and Obſervations of malignant Crouds of People; many of the worſt of whom, ſpare the leaſt, thoſe who are moſt unlike themſelves!

But then, Madam, ſaid Miſs, would *Profuſiana* venture to play at publick Places? Will Ladies game, Madam? I have heard you ſay, that Lords, and Sharpers but juſt out of Liveries, in Gaming, are upon a Foot in every thing, ſave that one has nothing to loſe, and the other much, beſides his Reputation? And will Ladies ſo diſgrace their Characters, and their Sex, as to purſue this pernicious Diverſion in publick?

Yes, my Dear, they will, too often, the more's the Pity! And don't you remember when we were at *Bath*, how I hurried you by ſome Knots of genteel People, and you aſked, What thoſe were doing?

doing? I told you, whiſperingly, They were Gameing; and loth I was, that my Miſs *Goodwin* ſhould ſtop to ſee ſome Sights, to which, till ſhe arrived at Years of Diſcretion, it was not proper to familiarize her Eye; in ſome ſort acting like the ancient *Romans*, who would not aſſign Puniſhments to certain atrocious Crimes, becauſe they were ſuch Friends to human Nature, as to ſuppoſe it incapable of committing them: So I was not for having you, while a little Girl, ſee thoſe things, which I thought, when you grew older, ſhould be new and ſhocking to you: But now you are ſo much a Woman in Diſcretion, that I may tell you any thing.

She kiſs'd my Hand, and made me a fine Courteſy—And told me, That now ſhe long'd to hear of *Prudentia*'s Conduct. *Her* Name, Madam, ſaid ſhe, promiſes better things, than thoſe of her Three Companions; and ſo it had need: For how ſad is it to think, that out of Four Ladies of Diſtinction, Three of them ſhould be naughty, and, *of courſe*, unhappy — Theſe two Words, *of courſe*, my Dear, ſaid I, were very prettily put in: Let me kiſs you for them: Since every one that is naughty, firſt or laſt, muſt be *certainly* unhappy.

Far otherwiſe than what I have related, was it with the amiable PRUDENTIA. Like the induſtrious Bee, ſhe makes up her Honey-hoard from every Flower, bitter as well as ſweet; for every Character is of Uſe to her, by which ſhe can improve her own. She had the Happineſs of an Aunt, who loved her, as I do you, and of an Uncle, who doted on her, as yours does; For, alas! poor *Prudentia* loſt her Papa and Mamma almoſt in her Infancy, in one Week: But was ſo happy, in her Uncle and Aunt's Care, as not to miſs them in her Education, and but juſt to remember their Perſons. By Reading, by Obſervation, and by Attention, ſhe daily added new Advantages to thoſe which her Education gave her. She ſaw and pitied the fluttering Freedoms and dangerous Flights of COQUETILLA. The ſullen Pride, the Affectation, and ſtiff Reſerves which PRUDIANA aſſumed,

aſſumed, ſhe penetrated, and made it her Study to avoid. And the gay, hazardous Conduct, extravagant Temper, and Love of tinſell'd Grandeur, which were the Blemiſhes of PROFUSIANA's Character, ſhe dreaded, and ſhunn'd. She fortifies herſelf with the excellent Examples of the paſt and preſent Ages, and knows how to avoid the Faults of the Faulty, and to imitate the Graces of the moſt perfect. She takes into her Scheme of that future Happineſs, which ſhe hopes to make her own, what are the *true* Excellencies of her Sex, and endeavours to appropriate to herſelf the domeſtick Virtues, which ſhall one Day make her the Crown of ſome worthy Gentleman's earthly Happineſs; and which, *of courſe*, as you prettily ſaid, my Dear, will ſecure and heighten her own.

That noble Frankneſs of Diſpoſition, that ſweet and unaffected Openneſs and Simplicity, (all unconſcious of Art or Deſign in herſelf, and undreading it from others, but yet her Prudence ever wakeful, and on its Guard) which ſhine in all her Actions and Behaviour, commend her to the Eſteem and Reverence of all Mankind; as her Humility and Affability, and a Temper uncenſorious, and ever making the beſt for the abſent Perſon, of either Sex, do to the Love of every Lady. Her Name indeed is not proſtituted on Windows, nor carved on the Barks of Trees in publick Places and Walks: But it ſmells ſweet to every delighted Noſtril, dwells on every praiſeful Tongue, and is ingraved on every admiring Heart. She meets with no Addreſs but from Men of Honour and Probity: The fluttering Coxcomb, the inveigling Paraſite, the inſidious Deceiver, the mercenary Fortune-hunter, ſpread no Snares for a Heart guarded by Diſcretion and Prudence, as hers is. They ſee, that all her amiable Virtues are the happy Reſult of an uniform Judgment, and the Effects of her own Wiſdom, founded in an Education to which ſhe does the higheſt Credit. And at laſt, after ſeveral worthy Offers, enough to perplex any Lady's Choice, ſhe bleſſes ſome one happy Gentleman

man, more diſtinguiſh'd than the reſt, for Learning, good Senſe, and *true Politeneſs*, which is but another Word for *Virtue* and *Honour*; and ſhines, to her laſt comfortable Hour, in all the Duties of domeſtick Life, as an excellent Wife, Mother, Miſtreſs, Friend, and Chriſtian; and ſo confirms all the Expectations of which her Maiden-Life had given ſuch ſtrong and ſuch edifying Preſages.

Then folding my dear Miſs in my Arms, and kiſſing her, Tears of Pleaſure ſtanding in her pretty Eyes, Who would not, ſaid I, ſhun the Examples of the COQUETILLA's, the PRUDIANA's, and the PROFUSIANA's of this World, and chuſe to imitate the Character of PRUDENTIA! — the Happy, and the Happy-making PRUDENTIA!

O Madam! Madam! ſaid the dear Creature, ſmothering me with her even clamorous Kiſſes, PRUDENTIA is YOU! — Is YOU indeed! — It *can* be nobody elſe!—O teach me, good GOD! to follow *your* Example, and I ſhall be a SECOND PRUDENTIA—Indeed I ſhall!

GOD ſend you may, my beloved Miſs! And may he bleſs you more, if poſſible, than *Prudentia* was bleſſed!

And ſo, my dear Lady *G.* you have ſome of my Nurſery Tales; with which, relying on your kind Allowance and Friendſhip, I conclude myſelf,

Your affectionate and faithful

P. B.

CON

CONCLUSION.

ALTHOUGH it will be ſeen, and confeſs'd (notwithſtanding the Sheets, which compoſe theſe Two additional Volumes, might have been eaſily formed into Three) how difficult it was to reduce Materials ſo ample within the Compaſs which the Editor had aſſigned them; yet, being unwilling to deſerve a Suſpicion, that the Extent of this Work was to be meaſur'd but by the Patience of its Readers, He thinks proper to conclude in this Place: Subjoining, in order to elucidate the Whole, a brief Note of the following Facts.

That Mr. *B.* continued (after the Affair that took Date at the Maſquerade, and ſo happily concluded) to be one of the beſt and moſt exemplary of Men, an Honour to his Country, both in his publick and private Capacity, having, at the Inſtances of ſome of his Friends, in very elevated Stations, accepted of an honourable Imployment abroad in the Service of the State; which he diſcharged in ſuch a manner, as might be expected from his Qualifications, and Knowledge of the World: And on his Return, after an Abſence of Three Years, reſiſting all the Temptations of Ambition, devoted himſelf to his privater Duties, and join'd with his excellent Lady in every pious Wiſh of her Heart: Adorning the married Life with all the Warmth of an elegant Tenderneſs: Beloved by his Tenants, reſpected by his Neighbours, ador'd by his Children, and almoſt ador'd by the Poor, in every County where his Eſtates gave him Intereſt, as well for his own bountiful Temper, as for the Charities which he permitted to be diſpenſed, with ſo liberal a Hand, by the Repreſentative of his Heart, his dear Lady.

That ſhe made him the Father of Seven fine Children, Five Sons, and Two Daughters, all adorn'd and accompliſh'd by Nature, to be the Joy and De-

light of ſuch Parents; being educated, in every reſpect, by the Rules of their inimitable Mother, in that Book which ſhe mentions to have written for the Reviſal and Correction of her Conſort; the Contents of which may be gather'd from her Remarks upon Mr. *Locke*'s Treatiſe of Education, in her Letters to Mr. *B.* and in thoſe to Lady *G.*

That Miſs GOODWIN, at the Age of Eighteen, was marry'd to a young Gentleman of fine Parts, and great Sobriety and Virtue: And that both ſhe and her Spouſe, in every material Part of their Conduct, and in their Behaviour to one another, emulated the great and good Examples ſet them by Mr. and Mrs. *B.*

That Lord DAVERS dying Two Years before this Marriage, his Lady went to reſide at the Hall in *Lincolnſhire*, the Place of her Birth, that ſhe might enjoy the Company and Converſation of her excellent Siſter; who, for Conveniency of the Chapel, and Advantage of Room and Situation, had prevail'd upon Mr. *B.* to make that the chief Place of his Reſidence; and there the noble Lady lived long (in the ſtricteſt Friendſhip with the happy Pair) a reſolv'd and an honourable Relict of her affectionate Lord.

That the worthy Mr. ANDREWS, and the happy good Woman his Wife, lived together in the calm, conſcious Sweetneſs, ſet forth in their Letters, for the Space of Twelve Years, at the *Kentiſh* Farm; where the good old Gentlewoman then died firſt, full of Comfort and Years, her dutiful Daughter performing the laſt pious Offices to ſo beloved and ſo loving a Parent: Her Huſband ſurviving her about a Year only.

That Lady *G.* Miſs DARNFORD that was, after a happy Marriage of ſeveral Years, died in Childbed of her Fourth Child; to the inexpreſſible Concern of her affectionate Conſort, and of her dear Friend Mrs. *B.*

That Mr. LONGMAN liv'd to a great Age in the worthy Family, much eſteemed by every one, having trained up a diligent Youth, whom he had recommended,

mended, to eaſe him in his Buſineſs, and who, anſwering Expectation, ſucceeded him in it.

That, at laſt, dying rich, out of his great Love and Gratitude to the honourable Family, in whoſe Service he had acquir'd moſt of his Fortune, and in Diſguſt to his neareſt Relations, who had perverſely diſoblig'd him, he bequeath'd to Three of them One hundred Pounds apiece, and left all the reſt to his honoured Principal Mr. *B*——: Who, as ſoon as he came to know it, being at that Time abroad, directed his Lady to call together the Relations of the old Gentleman; and, after touching them to the Heart with a juſt and effectual Reproof, when ſhe found them fill'd with due Senſe of their Demerit, which had been the Cauſe of their ſuffering, then to divide the Whole, which had been left him, among them, according to their Proximity of Blood: An Action worthy of ſo generous and ennobled a Spirit; and which procured him the Prayers and Bleſſings, not only of the Benefitted, but of all who heard of it. For it is eaſy to imagine, how chearfully and how gracefully his benevolent Lady diſcharged a Command ſo well ſuited to her natural Generoſity.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE being Reaſon to apprehend, from the former Attempts of ſome Imitators, who, ſuppoſing the Story of PAMELA a Fiction, have murder'd that excellent Lady, and miſtaken and miſrepreſented other (ſuppos'd imaginary) CHARACTERS, that Perſons may not be wanting, who will impoſe new Continuations upon the Publick:

It is with a View to ſome Deſigns of this Nature, that the Editor (who is ſorry to find himſelf under a Neceſſity of declaring diſagreeable Truths, and who both hates and would avoid all Occaſion of Offence or Reflection) gives this publick Aſſurance, by way of Prevention, That all the Copies of Mrs. *B.*'s Obſervations and Writings, upon every Subject hinted at in the preceding Four Volumes, and in particular thoſe relating to *Devotion*, *Education*, *Plays*, &c. are now in *One Hand Only:* And that, *if ever* they ſhall be publiſhed, (which at preſent is a Point undetermined) it muſt not be, till after a certain Event, as unwiſhed, as deplorable: And *then*, ſolely, at the Aſſignment of SAMUEL RICHARDSON of *Saliſbury-Court*, *Fleet-ſtreet*, the Editor of theſe Four Volumes of *PAMELA*; or, VIRTUE REWARDED.

30 59 MAY